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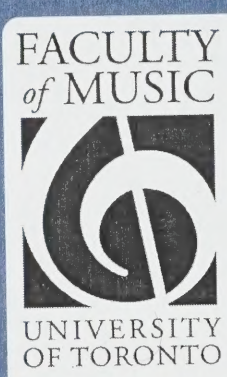
THE MINSTRELSY OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY
ALFRED MOFFAT
NOTES BY
FRANK KIDSON

BAYLEY AND FERGUSON
LONDON AND GLASGOW



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THE
Minstrelsy of England.

A COLLECTION OF 200 ENGLISH SONGS WITH THEIR MELODIES,

POPULAR FROM THE 16TH CENTURY TO THE MIDDLE OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

EDITED AND ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY

ALFRED MOFFAT.

SUPPLEMENTED WITH HISTORICAL NOTES

BY

FRANK KIDSON.

BAYLEY & FERGUSON,

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PREFACE.

THE present volume is the outcome of an attempt to produce a representative Selection of the Songs of the English People, from the sixteenth century to the beginning of the reign of George III., some of an earlier, and some of a later, date being also included. In stopping short at the last-named period it has been necessary to exclude many other English songs equally interesting, but as the change in lyric music was then so greatly marked, it was felt desirable to draw a distinct line separating the music of the subsequent from that of the preceding age. Our scheme, therefore, does not admit the compositions of James Hook, Charles Dibdin, and William Shield, composers worthy to rank with the honoured musicians of an earlier age and different temperament. Should a demand for a further instalment become manifested, there still remains a wealth of untouched material.

The selection of the melodies has been no light task, and many hundreds of volumes of early music (contained in the musical library of the compiler of the historical notes) have been ransacked for suitable material. No pains have been spared to obtain, by the careful comparison of different versions of an air, the most singable and musically correct copy.

In the matter of the words it has been necessary to exercise the greatest care. To the singer there is nothing more annoying than the presentation of the words otherwise than under their respective musical notes, whilst, on the other hand, there is nothing more fatal to effect than the fact that in a song of several verses the words of all the verses are not equally adapted to suit the rhythm of the melody. It must be pointed out that the songs of the period were frequently very loosely fitted to the music, but the alteration of a syllable here and there has sufficed to render them rhythmically correct.

Another and far graver difficulty presented itself in that many very excellent specimens of English music were set to words which could not possibly be tolerated by modern society. In such cases, rather than reject so much that was good, we have not deemed it vandalism to purify the lyrics, and so make them presentable to the public of to-day. In some cases where this was impossible the words have been entirely rewritten.

All important changes have been fully indicated, but it has not always been thought desirable to cumber the notes by drawing attention to the omission of verses or to the slight alterations above referred to, especially as the fullest information is given as to where the originals may be consulted.

In the compilation of the notes great care has been taken to make them as accurate as could be. In all cases where original sources of information have been available recourse has been had thereto. In regard to songs which have been already dealt with by the late Mr. William Chappell and other writers, the statements of those authors have been independently verified, while in many cases their facts have been supplemented.

It may be fairly claimed that considerably more than half the number of the pieces comprised in the present work are resuscitated for the first time, and are therefore fresh material for modern singers; whilst, with the exception of about a dozen old favourites, the remaining songs are not very commonly known.

FRANK KIDSON.
ALFRED MOFFAT.

NOTE.

THE verses of the songs entitled:—

COMELY SWAIN, WHY SITT'ST THOU SO? (except first four lines).

COME YOU NOT FROM NEWCASTLE?
GO FROM MY WINDOW, GO.
THE COUNTRY PARSON.
THE PERILS OF THE ISLE.
TOM TINKER'S MY TRUE LOVE.
WHILE O'ERHEAD THE STORM.

have been written by FRANK KIDSON to replace unsuitable lyrics, or to supply the deficiency where no words of any kind were available.

Miss KATE MOFFAT has contributed the song entitled:—CUPID'S TRICK.

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COME, HERE'S TO ROBIN HOOD. (Words.) Chappell & Co.
THE GOLDEN VANITY. (Words and Tune.) Messrs. Methuen & Co.
CUPID'S TRICK. (Words.) Miss Moffat.
SPOTTED COW. Words and Tune from Frank Kidson's *Traditional Tunes.*
BUCKS A-HUNTING GO. Do. do. do.
PRETTY PLOUGHBOY. Do. do. do.
JUST AS THE TIDE WAS FLOWING. Do. do. do.

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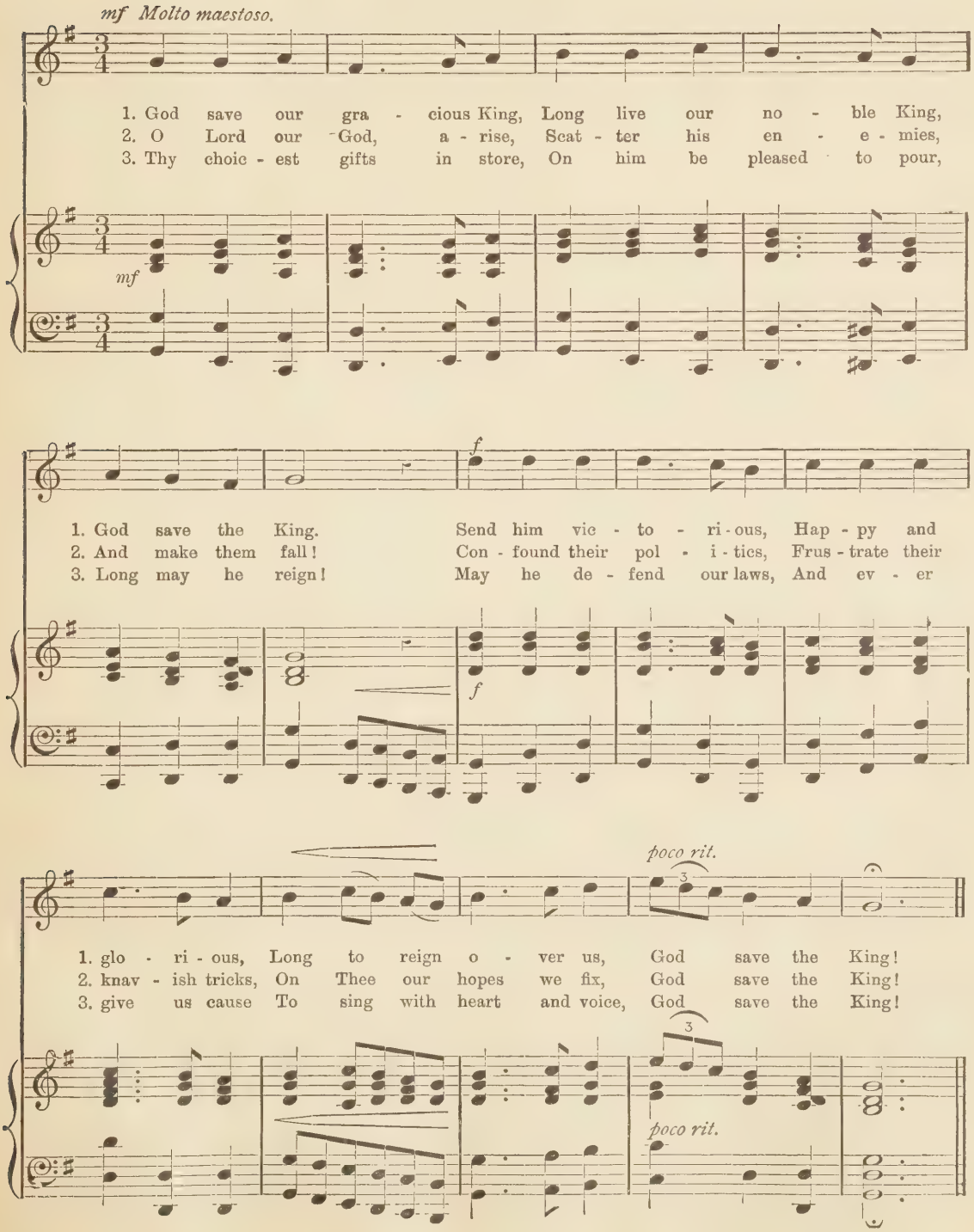
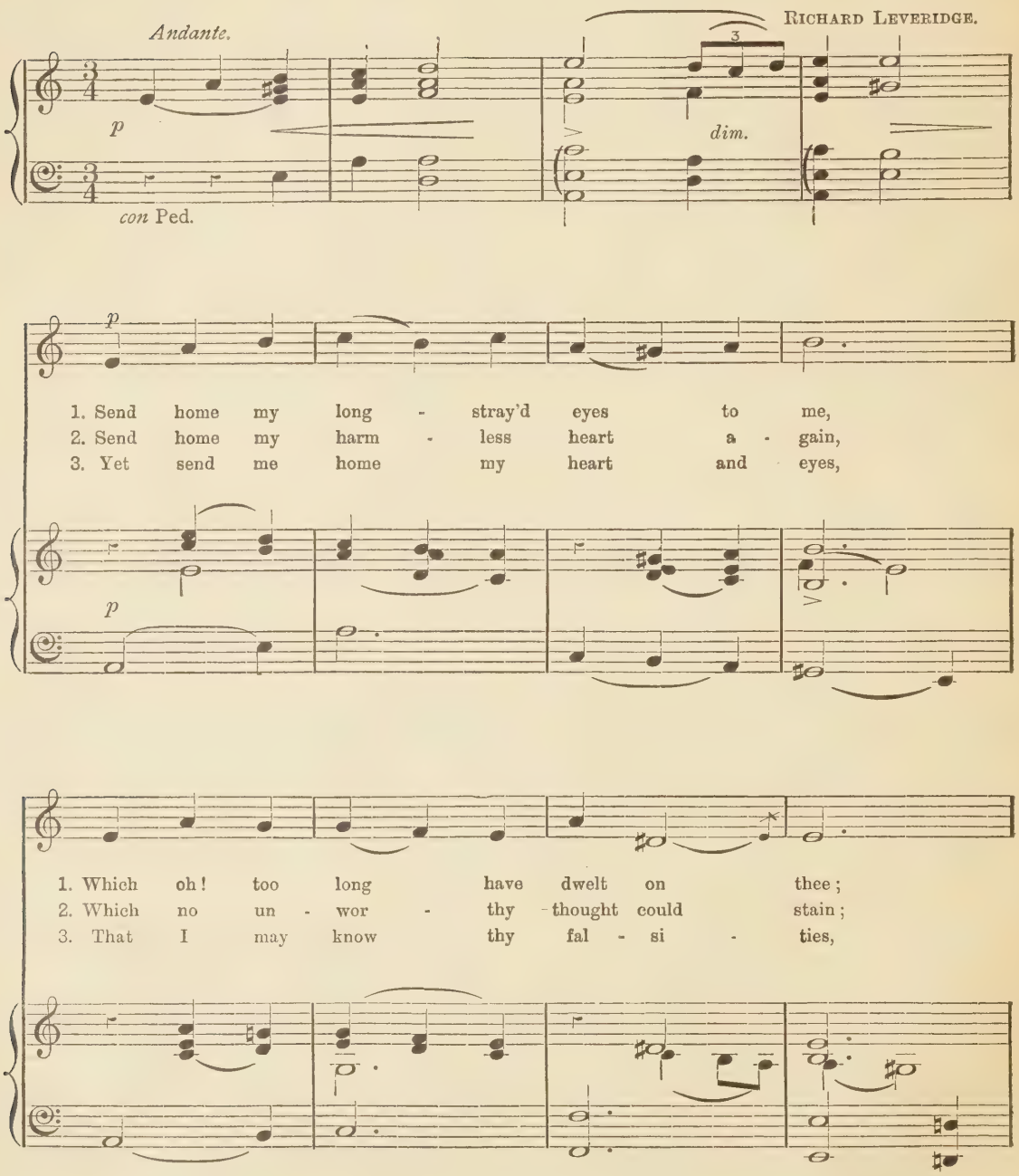
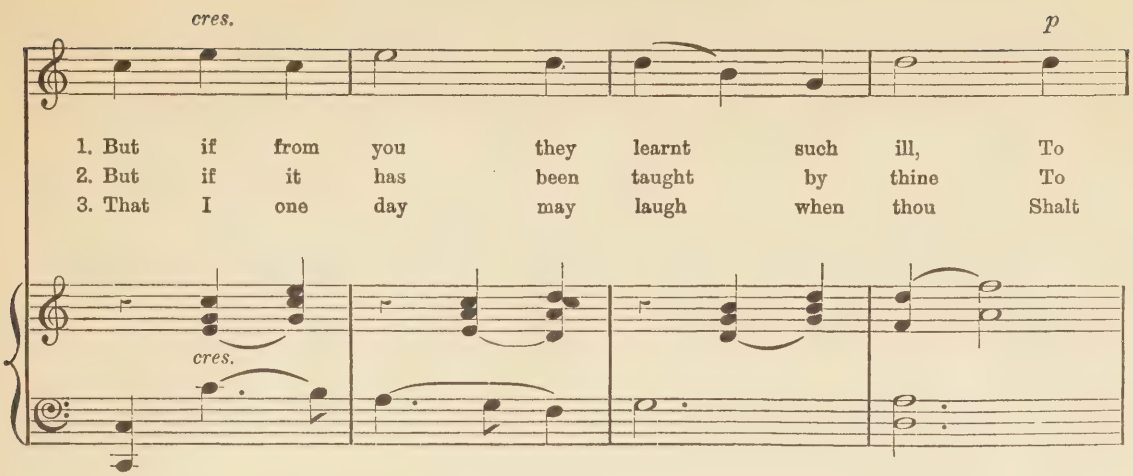
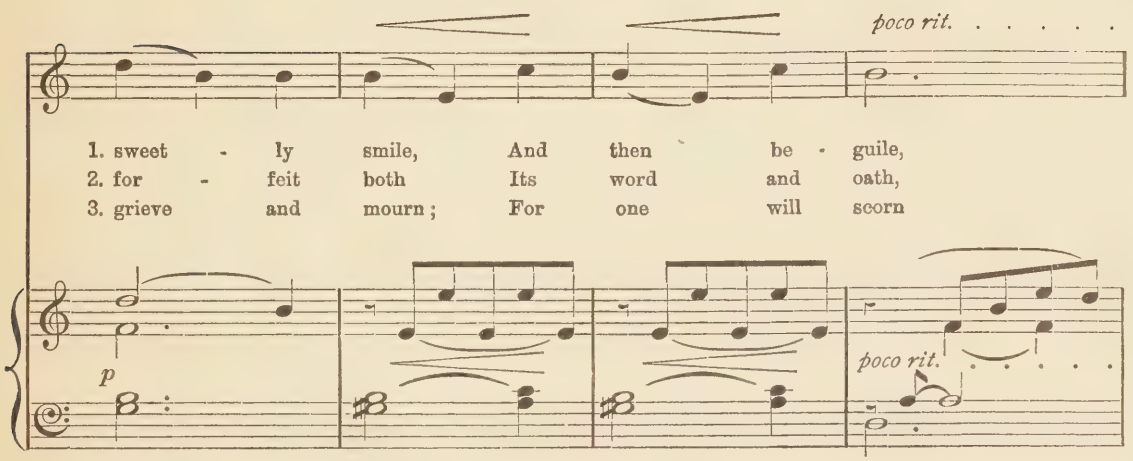
THE MINSTRELSY OF ENGLAND.

God save the King.

mf Molto maestoso.
1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
2. O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies,
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store, On him be pleased to pour,
mf
f
1. God save the King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
2. And make them fall! Con - found their pol - i - tics, Frus - trate their
3. Long may he reign! May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er
f
poco rit.
1. glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King!
2. knav - ish tricks, On Thee our hopes we fix, God save the King!
3. give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the King!
poco rit.

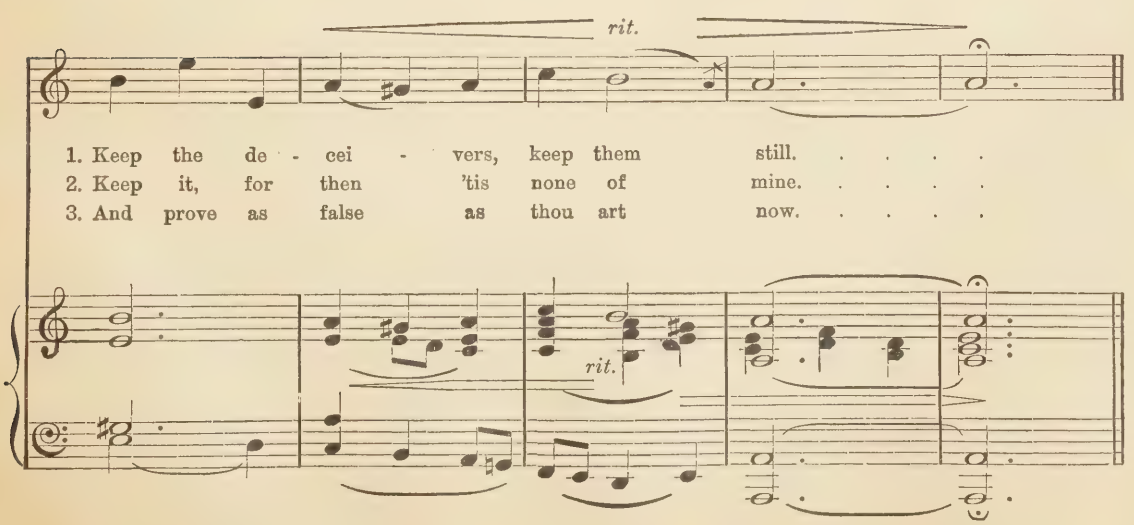
Send Home my Long-stray'd Eyes to me.

RICHARD LEVERIDGE.
Andante.
p
dim.
con Ped.
1. Send home my long - stray'd eyes to me,
2. Send home my harm - less heart a - gain,
3. Yet send me home my heart and eyes,
1. Which oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
2. Which no un - wor - thy thought could stain;
3. That I may know thy fal - si - ties,

This beautiful air is by Richard Leveridge, a clever singer and musician, to whom we are indebted for at least two of our most typical National Melodies, "Black Ey'd Susan" and "The Roast Beef of Old England." The poem is by Dr. Donne, and it has another early but less tuneful setting by Anthony Young. This appears on the same half sheet with Leveridge's air, and was engraved during the early part of the 18th century. Leveridge's tune is also inserted in the second volume of his own *Collection*, published in 1727, 8vo. Copies of the words vary a little, and one version is included in *The Hive*, 1724, vol. ii., to which is appended an *Answer*. The tune is used in various early ballad operas, and, with the words, is in *Watt's Musical Miscellany*, vol. i., 1729.

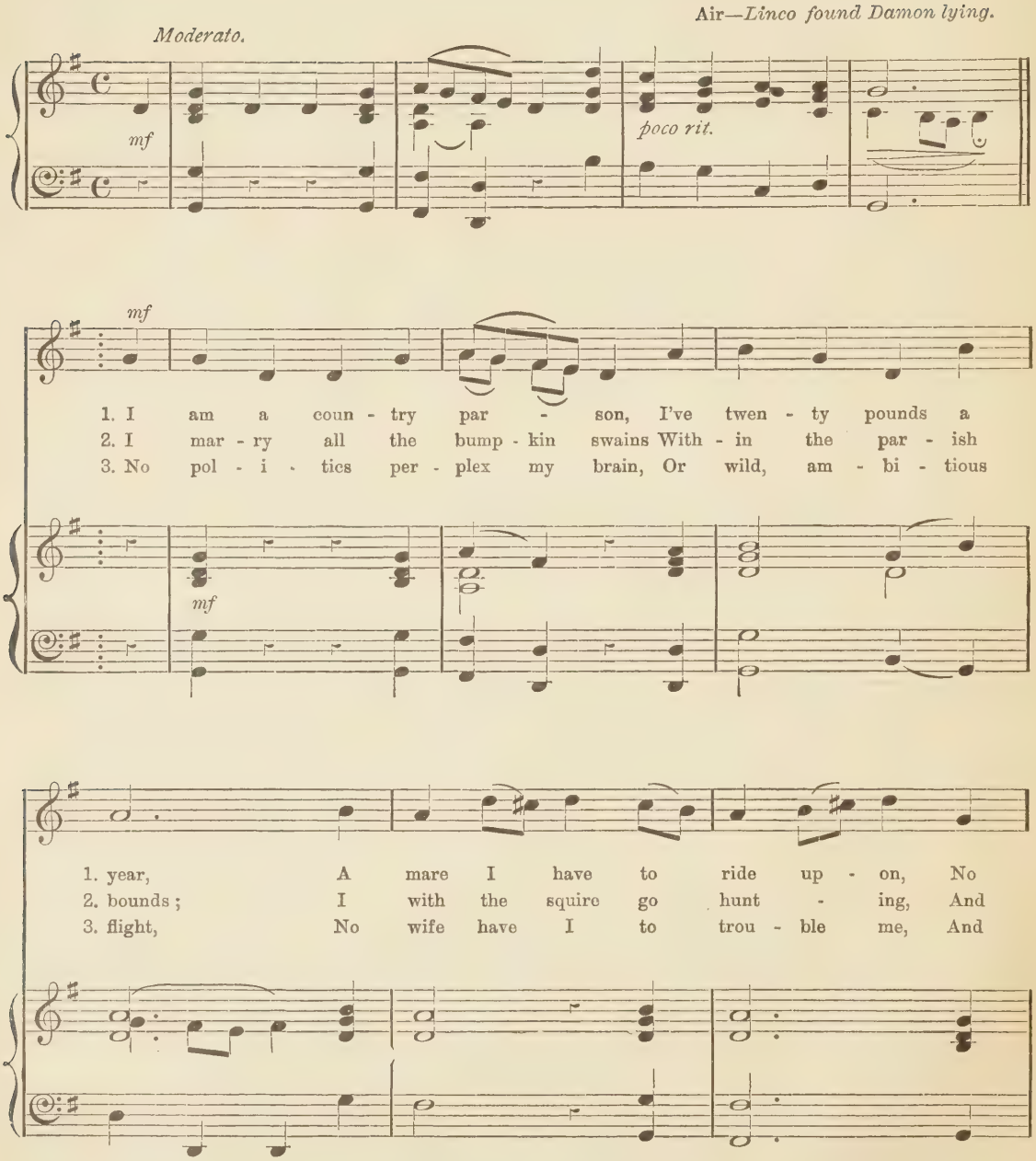

cres.
p
1. But if from you they learnt such ill, To
2. But if it has been taught by thine To
3. That I one day may laugh when thou Shalt
cres.

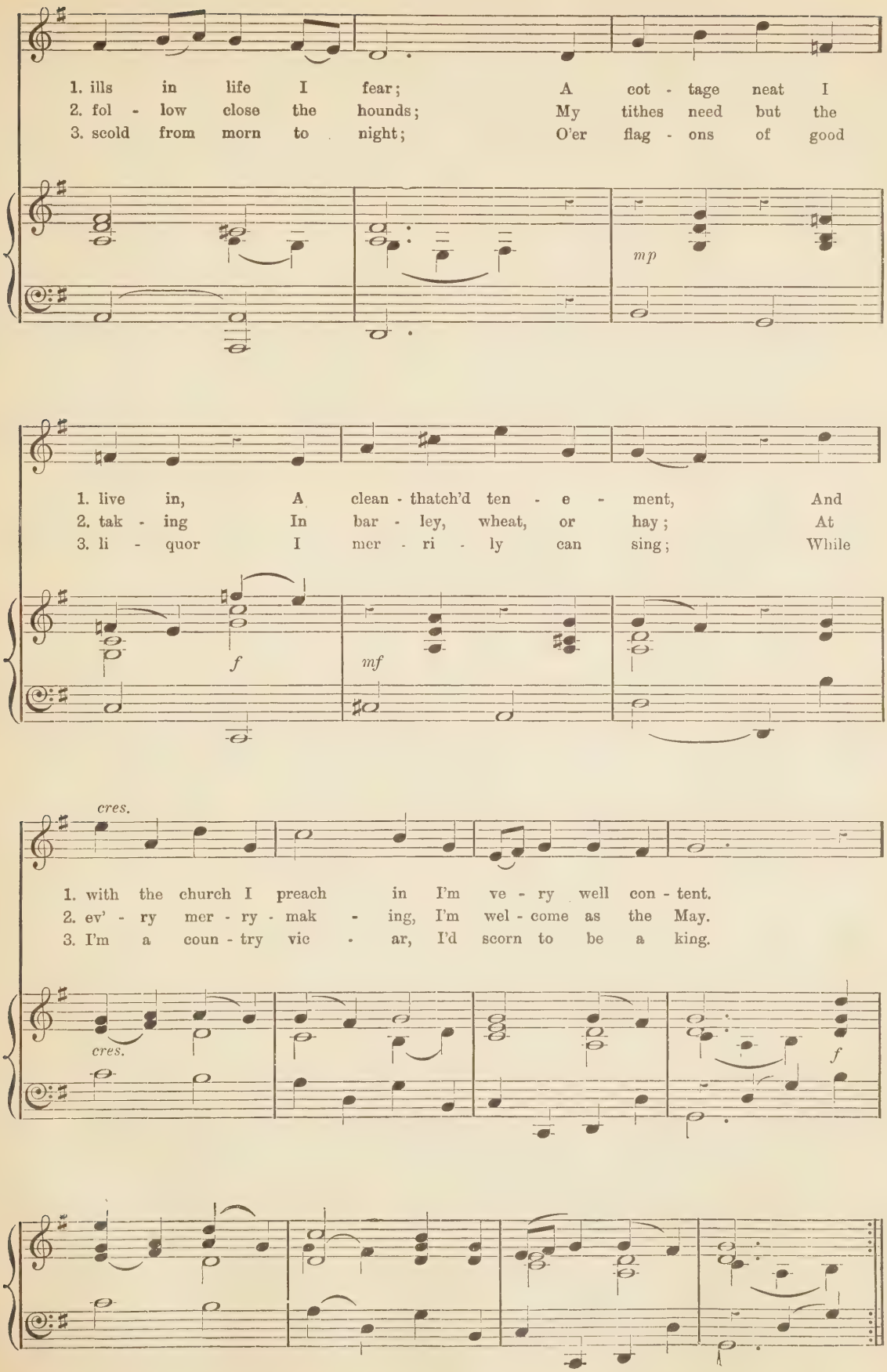


sempre con Ped.

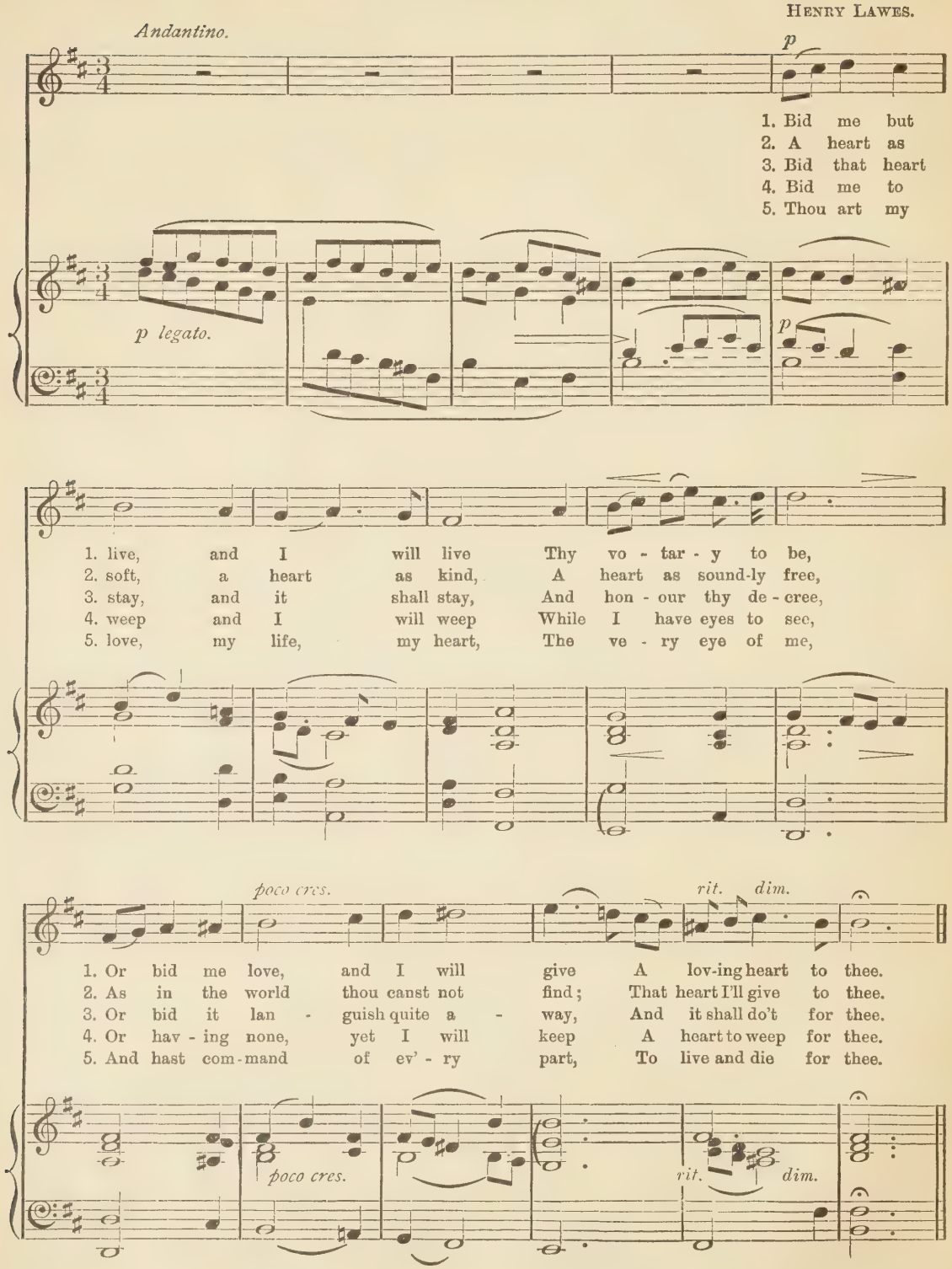


The Country Parson.

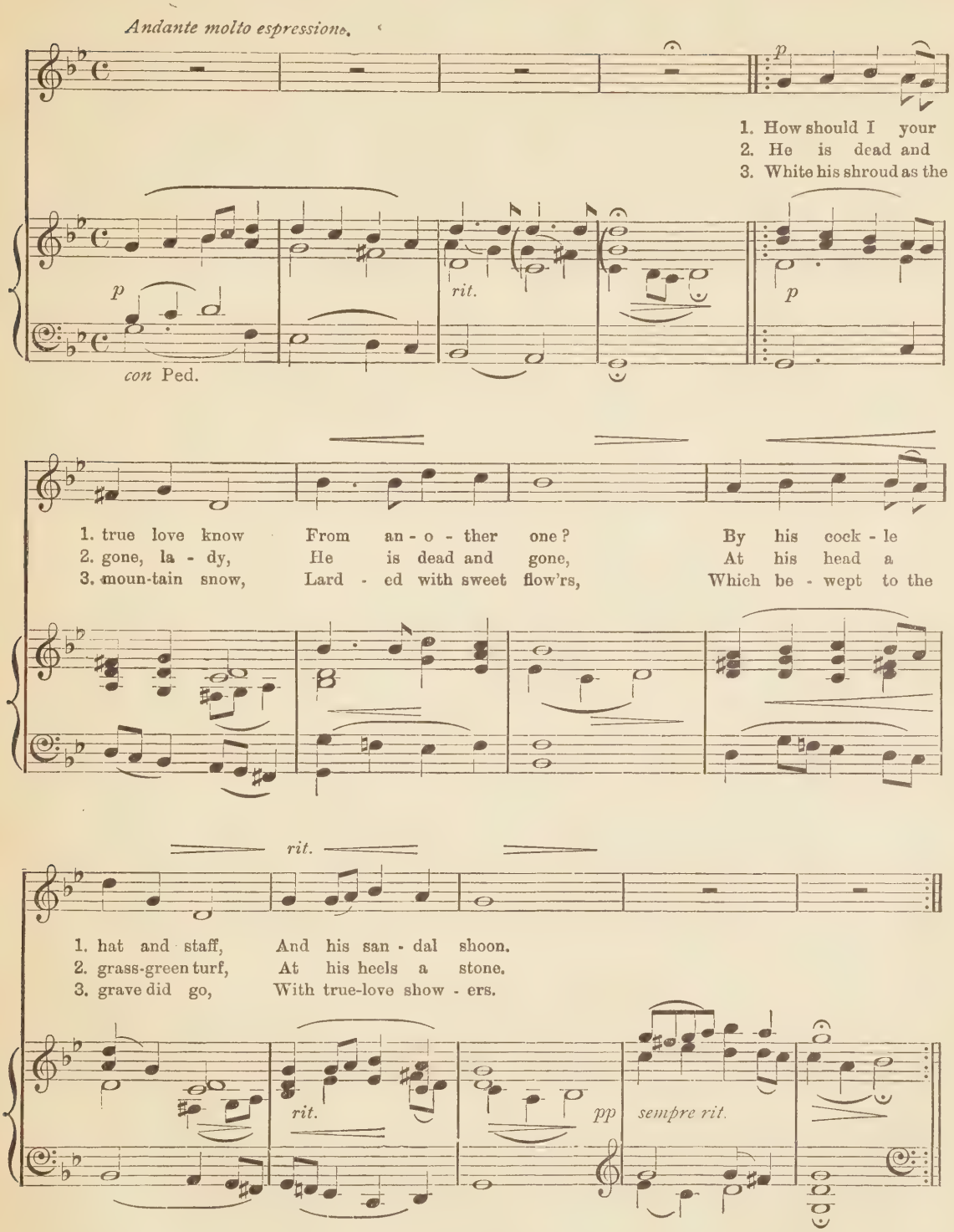
Air—*Linco found Damon lying.*

Moderato.
mf
poco rit.
mf
1. I am a coun - try par - son, I've twen - ty pounds a
2. I mar - ry all the bump - kin swains With - in the par - ish
3. No pol - i - tics per - plex my brain, Or wild, am - bi - tious
mf
1. year, A mare I have to ride up - on, No
2. bounds; I with the squire go hunt - ing, And
3. flight, No wife have I to trou - ble me, And

The tune was originally fitted to the song, "Linco found Damon lying," but as this cannot well be sung at the present day, and as the fine sturdy English air deserves modern revival, a song founded on the theme of an early 18th century lyric has been used in its place. The air and song, "Linco found Damon lying" is printed in Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, vol. ii. [1734], and in *Calliope*, vol. i., 1739, besides being on the usual engraved half sheets.

1. ills in life I fear; A cot - tage neat I
2. fol - low close the hounds; My tithes need but the
3. scold from morn to night; O'er flag - ons of good
mp
1. live in, A clean - thatch'd ten - e - ment, And
2. tak - ing In bar - ley, wheat, or hay; At
3. li - quor I mer - ri - ly can sing; While
f
mf
cres.
1. with the church I preach in I'm ve - ry well con - tent.
2. ev' - ry mer - ry - mak - ing, I'm wel - come as the May.
3. I'm a coun - try vic - ar, I'd scorn to be a king.
cres.
f

Love's Votary.

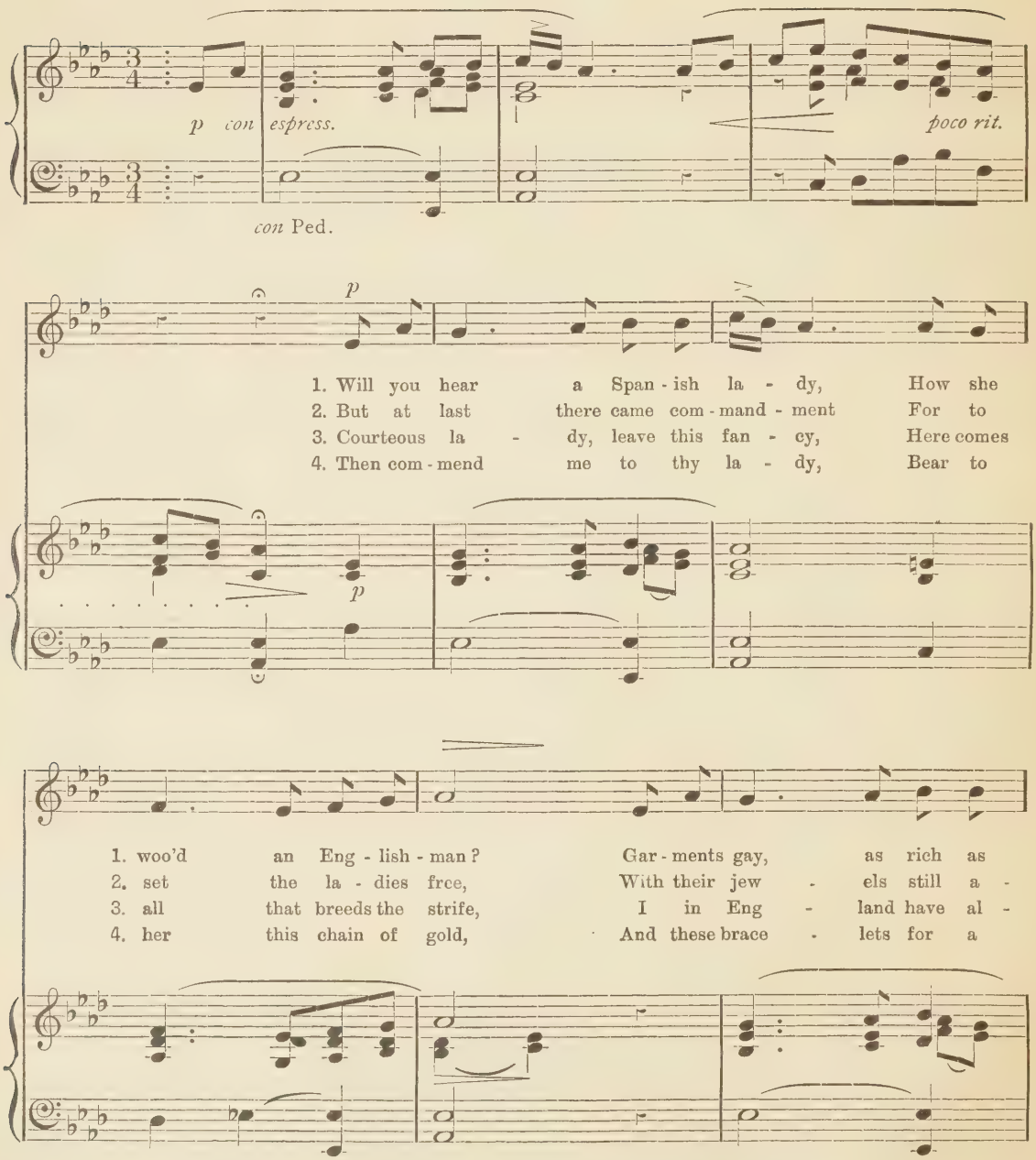
HENRY LAWES.

Andantino.
p
1. Bid me but
2. A heart as
3. Bid that heart
4. Bid me to
5. Thou art my
p legato.
p
1. live, and I will live Thy vo - tar - y to be,
2. soft, a heart as kind, A heart as sound-ly free,
3. stay, and it shall stay, And hon - our thy de - cree,
4. weep and I will weep While I have eyes to see,
5. love, my life, my heart, The ve - ry eye of me,
poco cres.
rit. dim.
1. Or bid me love, and I will give A lov-ing heart to thee.
2. As in the world thou canst not find; That heart I'll give to thee.
3. Or bid it lan - guish quite a - way, And it shall do't for thee.
4. Or hav - ing none, yet I will keep A heart to weep for thee.
5. And hast com-mand of ev' - ry part, To live and die for thee.
poco cres.
rit. dim.

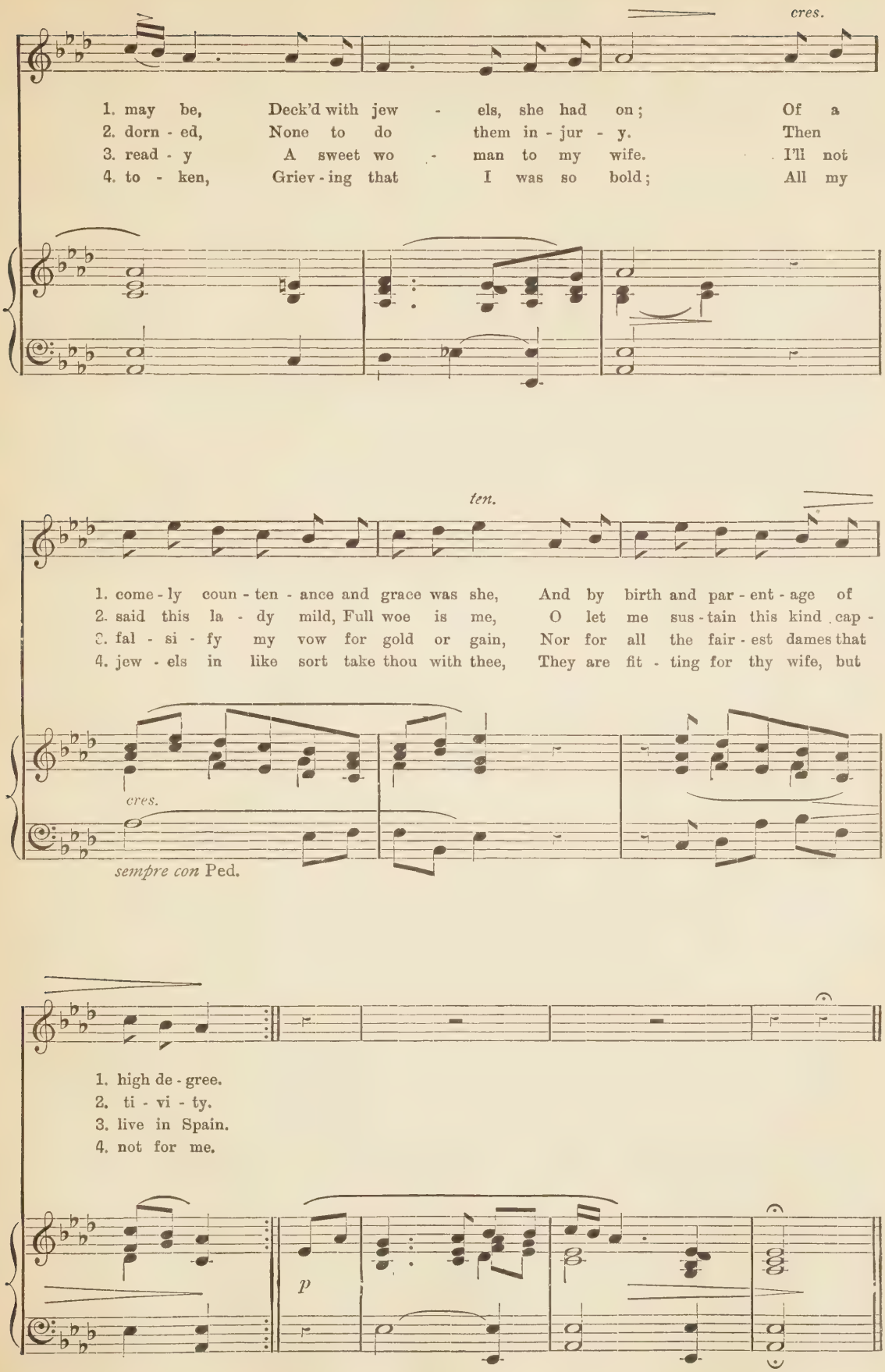
This famous song by Robert Herrick, which in his *Hesperides*, 1648, is titled, "To Anthea, who may command him anything," obtained new life from the splendid modern setting by J. L. Hatton. Probably Hatton did not know of the original music to the song by Henry Lawes. We reprint Lawes' version from Playford's *Treasury of Music*, 1669. It is there given under the name "Love's Votary," with slight verbal differences from other copies.

How should I your True Love know?

Andante molto espressione.
p
1. How should I your
2. He is dead and
3. White his shroud as the
p
rit.
p
con Ped.
1. true love know From an - o - ther one? By his cock - le
2. gone, la - dy, He is dead and gone, At his head a
3. moun-tain snow, Lard - ed with sweet flow'rs, Which be - wept to the
rit.
1. hat and staff, And his san - dal shoon.
2. grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.
3. grave did go, With true-love show - ers.
rit.
pp
sempre rit.

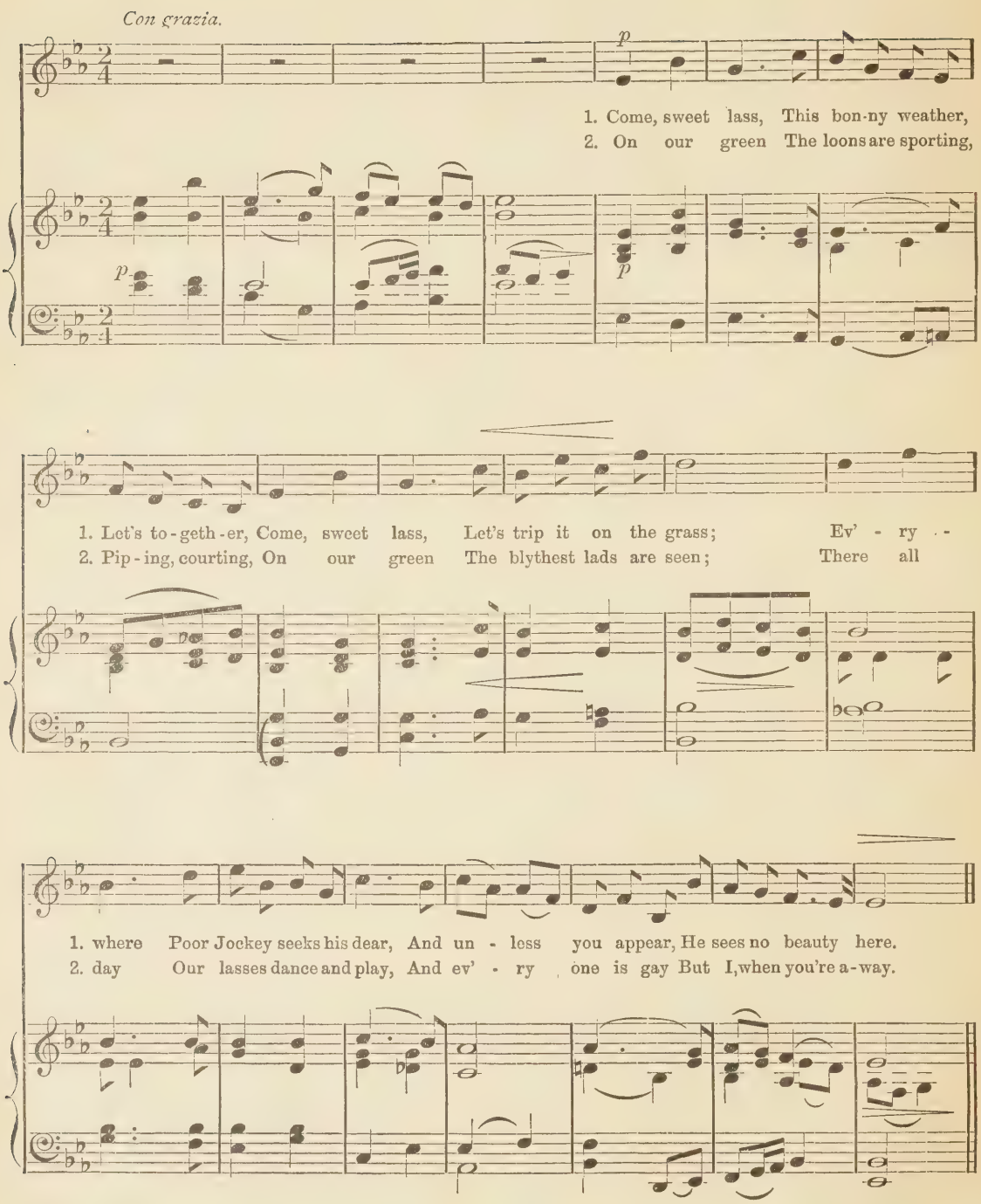
The beautiful ballad air is undoubtedly very old, and is a traditional stage melody set to Ophelia's song in *Hamlet*. Shakespeare no doubt employed an old song for his purpose, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the air we give has been united to the song prior to his time. John Gay used the tune for words in *The Beggar's Opera*. 1727-8:—"You'll think ere many days ensue," but in all copies of the opera the name of this particular tune is not given, though the old titles of airs are present in other cases. The tune is also set to a song in the ballad opera, *The Generous Freemason*, and in both operas there is an additional refrain of two bars of music fitted to the words, "Twang dang dilly dee," which is supposed to indicate a harper's or crowder's rough symphony between the verses of the ballad. Another curious but excellent version of the air is set in *Love in a Riddle*, 1729, to the words, "My simple heart is fled away." This tune I give in the Appendix.

The Spanish Lady's Love.

Andante con molto espressione.

p con espress.
poco rit.
con Ped.
p
1. Will you hear a Span - ish la - dy, How she
2. But at last there came com - mand - ment For to
3. Courteous la - dy, leave this fan - cy, Here comes
4. Then com - mend me to thy la - dy, Bear to
p
1. woo'd an Eng - lish - man? Gar - ments gay, as rich as
2. set the la - dies free, With their jew - els still a -
3. all that breeds the strife, I in Eng - land have al -
4. her this chain of gold, And these brace - lets for a

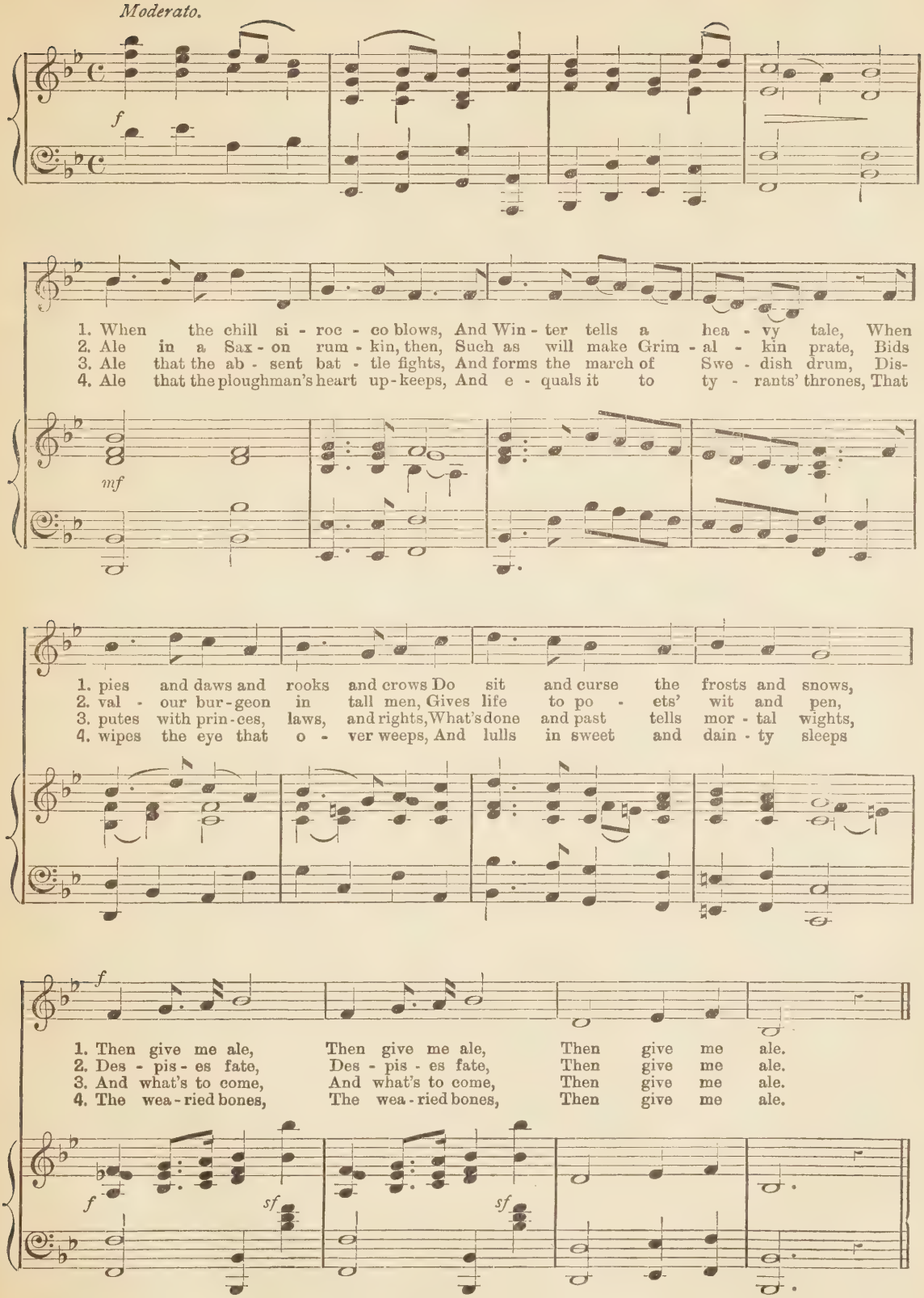
We are only able to select four verses of this pretty ballad which may be seen in full in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii., 1765, p. 227, and later ballad collections. Percy says that it "probably took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of Queen Elizabeth." He gives it as printed from "an ancient black letter copy corrected in part by the editor's folio MS." Bishop Percy in his later editions hazards certain conjectures as to the hero of the piece. There are in existence several black letter versions, and the ballad is referred to in 17th century works. The tune is used in the ballad operas, *The Quaker's Opera*, 1728, and *The Jovial Crew*, 1731, where it is named "Did you not hear of a Spanish lady?" We have adopted the popular form of the melody as being the more vocal, though it has but very slight difference from the ballad opera copies. There is a tune in *The Skene MS.* named "The Spanish Lady," but while Dauney in his commentary assumes that it belongs to the ballad, there is nothing to confirm the connection. He gives however a valuable traditional version, which we reprint in our Appendix.

cres.
1. may be, Deck'd with jew - els, she had on; Of a
2. dorn - ed, None to do them in - jur - y. Then
3. read - y A sweet wo - man to my wife. I'll not
4. to - ken, Griev - ing that I was so bold; All my
ten.
1. come - ly coun - ten - ance and grace was she, And by birth and par - ent - age of
2. said this la - dy mild, Full woe is me, O let me sus - tain this kind cap -
3. fal - si - fy my vow for gold or gain, Nor for all the fair - est dames that
4. jew - els in like sort take thou with thee, They are fit - ting for thy wife, but
cres.
sempre con Ped.
1. high de - gree.
2. ti - vi - ty.
3. live in Spain.
4. not for me.
p

Come, Sweet Lass.

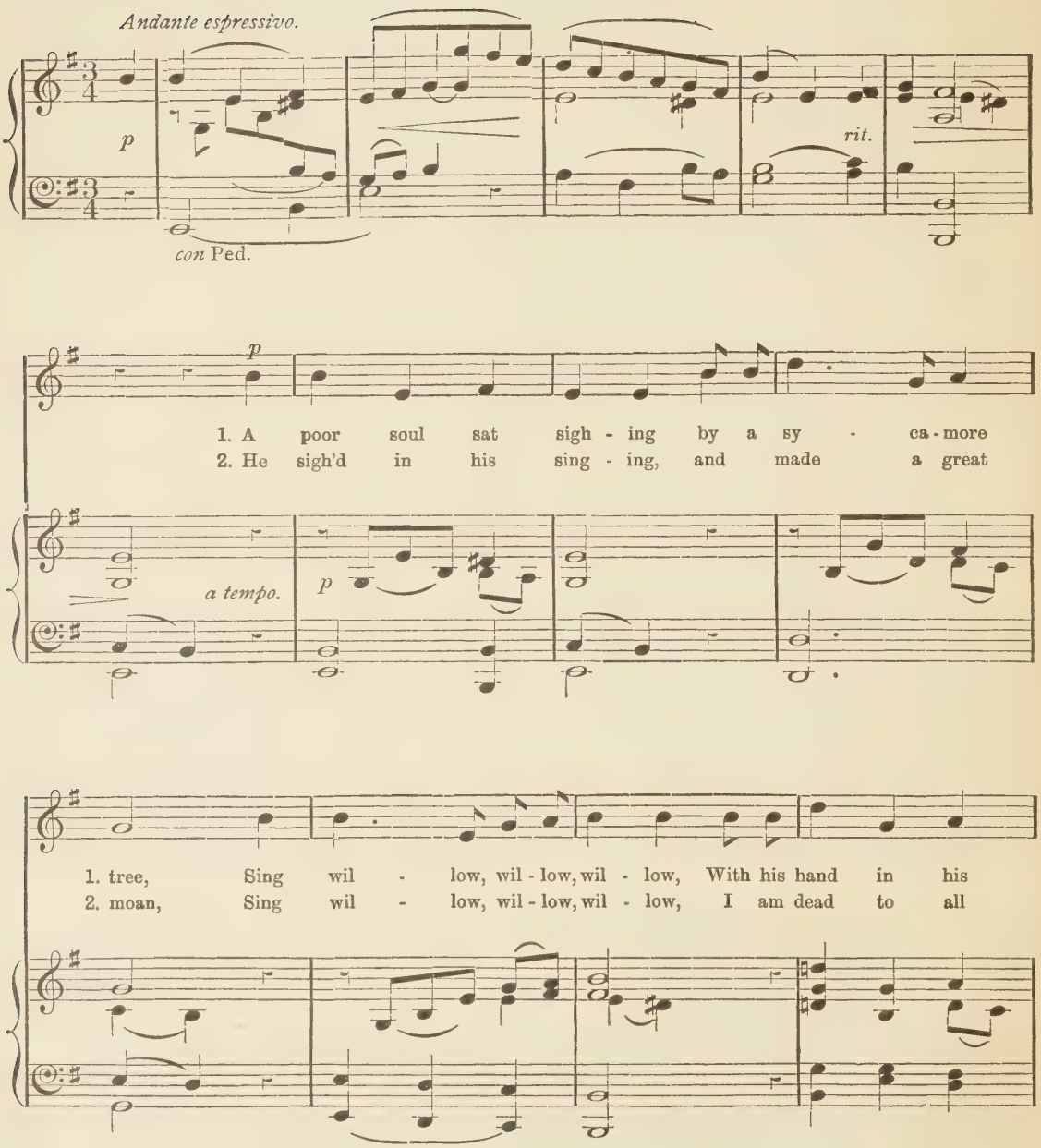

Con grazia.
p
1. Come, sweet lass, This bon-ny weather,
2. On our green The loons are sporting,
p
p
1. Let's to-geth-er, Come, sweet lass, Let's trip it on the grass; Ev' - ry -
2. Pip-ing, courting, On our green The blythest lads are seen; There all
1. where Poor Jockey seeks his dear, And un - less you appear, He sees no beauty here.
2. day Our lasses dance and play, And ev' - ry one is gay But I, when you're a-way.

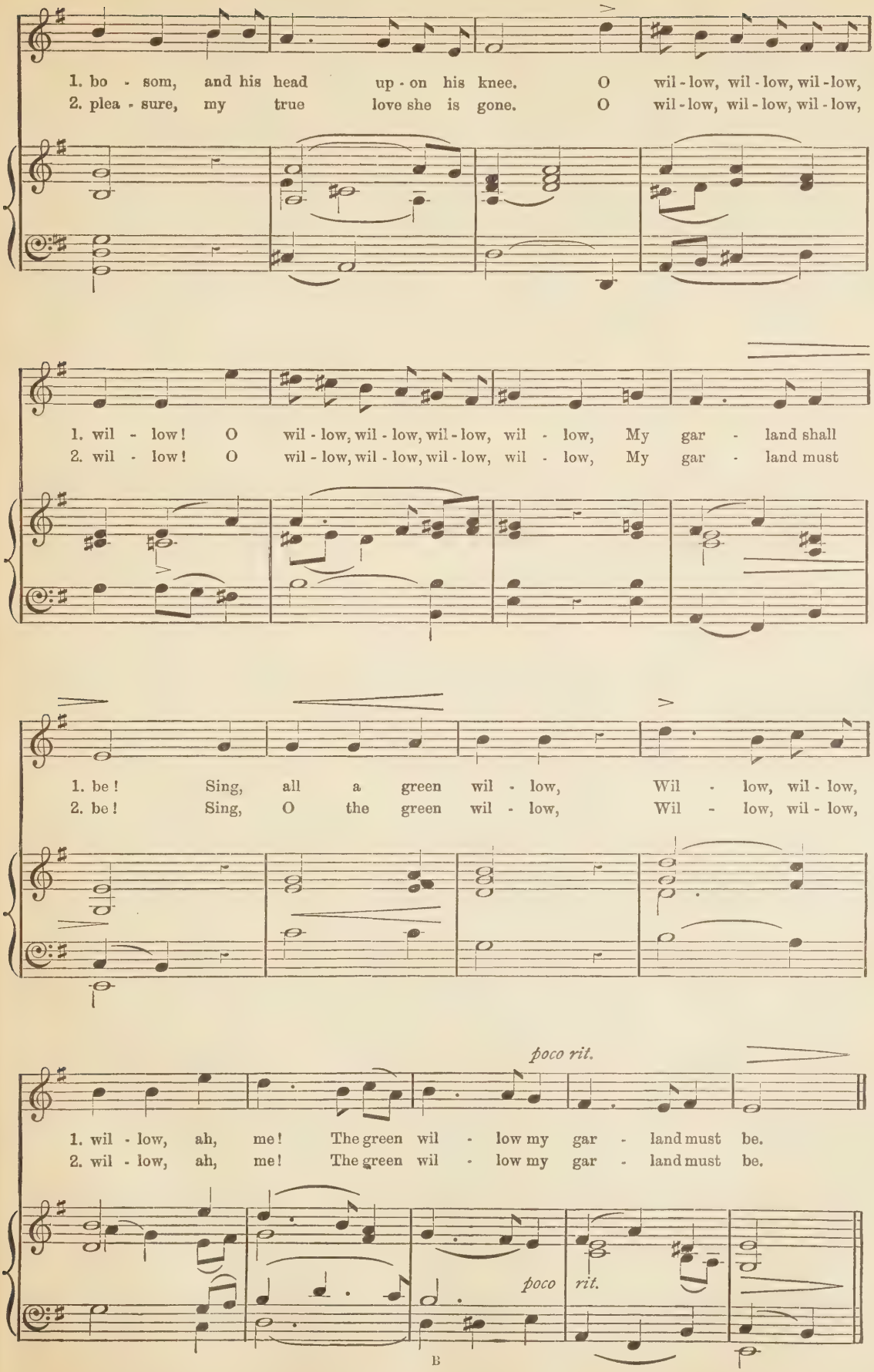
A pretty tune which, under the title "Greenwich Park," is in the second part of the *Dancing Master*, 2nd edition, 1698, p. 33; in the 12th edition of the *Dancing Master*, 1703; 16th edition, 1716, etc. Associated with the words, "Come, Sweet Lass," the air is in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. i., 1707, and vol. iii., 1719. The tune afterwards got into Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book ii., and from this reason appeared in other Scottish collections, as Aird's *Selection*, iii.; *The Caledonian Muse*, etc. The air was also employed by Gay in *The Beggars' Opera*, 1728, in a song sung by Lucy Lockit. "Come, Sweet Lass," is one of those pseudo Scottish productions very popular at the end of the 17th century, and was probably written by Thomas D'Urfey, who compiled the collection in which it first appeared.

In Praise of Ale.

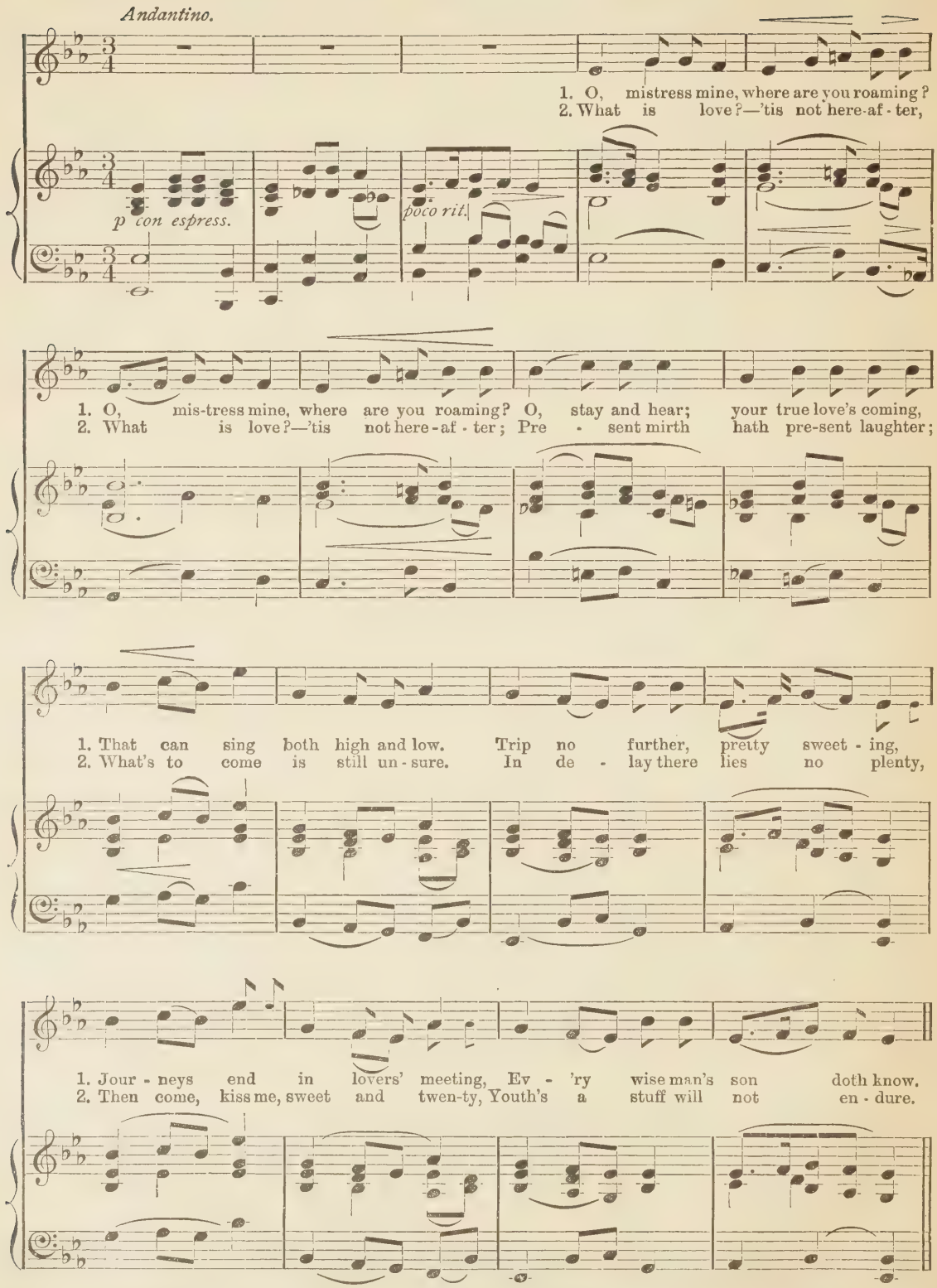
Moderato.

f
1. When the chill si - roc - co blows, And Win - ter tells a hea - vy tale, When
2. Ale in a Sax - on rum - kin, then, Such as will make Grim - al - kin prate, Bids
3. Ale that the ab - sent bat - tle fights, And forms the march of Swe - dish drum, Dis-
4. Ale that the ploughman's heart up-keeps, And e - quals it to ty - rants' thrones, That
mf
1. pies and daws and rooks and crows Do sit and curse the frosts and snows,
2. val - our bur-geon in tall men, Gives life to po - ets' wit and pen,
3. putes with prin-ces, laws, and rights, What's done and past tells mor - tal wights,
4. wipes the eye that o - ver weeps, And lulls in sweet and dain - ty sleeps
f
1. Then give me ale, Then give me ale, Then give me ale.
2. Des - pis - es fate, Des - pis - es fate, Then give me ale.
3. And what's to come, And what's to come, Then give me ale.
4. The wea - ried bones, The wea - ried bones, Then give me ale.
f
sf
sf

A fine old ditty which, with the air, is printed in Joseph Ritson's *Collection of English Songs*, 1783. The song was taken and set to a different tune for Shield's opera of *Robin Hood*, acted 1784, and with the melody as given by Ritson, which we here use, is also in *Calliope; or, The Musical Miscellany*, Edinburgh, 1788.

O Willow, Willow!

Andante espressivo.
p
rit.
con Ped.
p
1. A poor soul sat sigh - ing by a sy - ca - more
2. He sigh'd in his sing - ing, and made a great
a tempo.
p
1. tree, Sing wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, With his hand in his
2. moan, Sing wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, I am dead to all

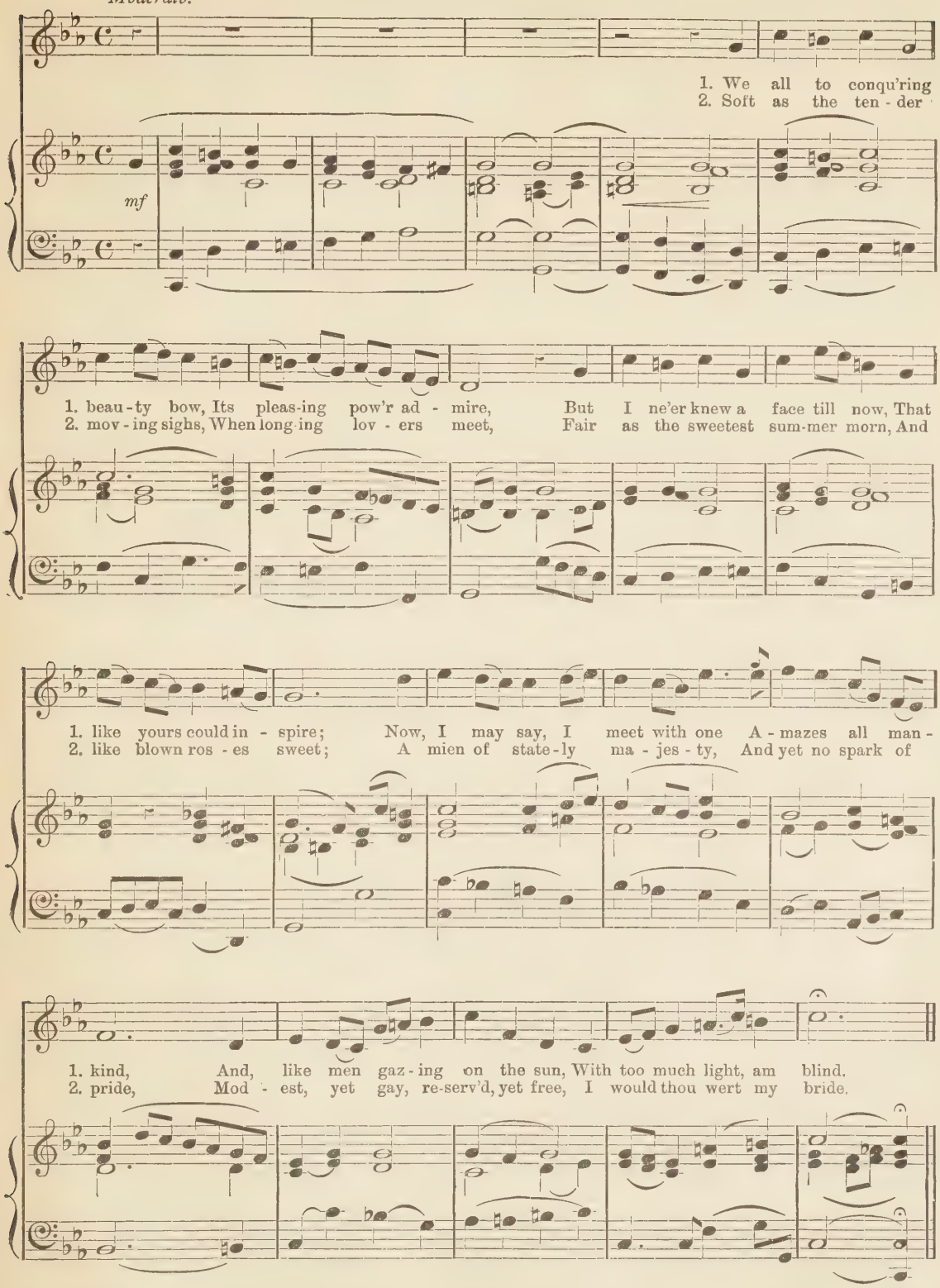
Shakespeare makes Desdemona sing a version of this song in *Othello*, act iv., sc. 3. A setting of the air under the title "All a greene willow," is in a manuscript lute book, dated 1583, in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. The song and air are also in other early manuscripts in the British Museum, and the ballad alone is among the Roxburghe and Pepys' collection of broadsides. From these printed sources Bishop Percy reprinted it in his *Reliques*, 1765. The ballad title is:—"A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his love; To a pleasant tune." The melody we have used is the 16th century one, but the plaintive words have never lacked musical settings. One by Pelham Humphreys originally printed in 1673, is in Stafford Smith's *Musica Antiqua*. There are later ones by Wm. Linley and James Hook; Hook's composition had much popularity owing to its being sung by Mrs. Jordan, who accompanied herself on the lute. The burden, "Willow, willow," was in frequent use among old song writers.

1. bo - som, and his head up - on his knee. O wil - low, wil - low, wil - low,
2. plea - sure, my true love she is gone. O wil - low, wil - low, wil - low,
1. wil - low! O wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, My gar - land shall
2. wil - low! O wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, My gar - land must
1. be! Sing, all a green wil - low, Wil - low, wil - low,
2. be! Sing, O the green wil - low, Wil - low, wil - low,
poco rit.
1. wil - low, ah, me! The green wil - low my gar - land must be.
2. wil - low, ah, me! The green wil - low my gar - land must be.
poco rit.

O, Mistress Mine.

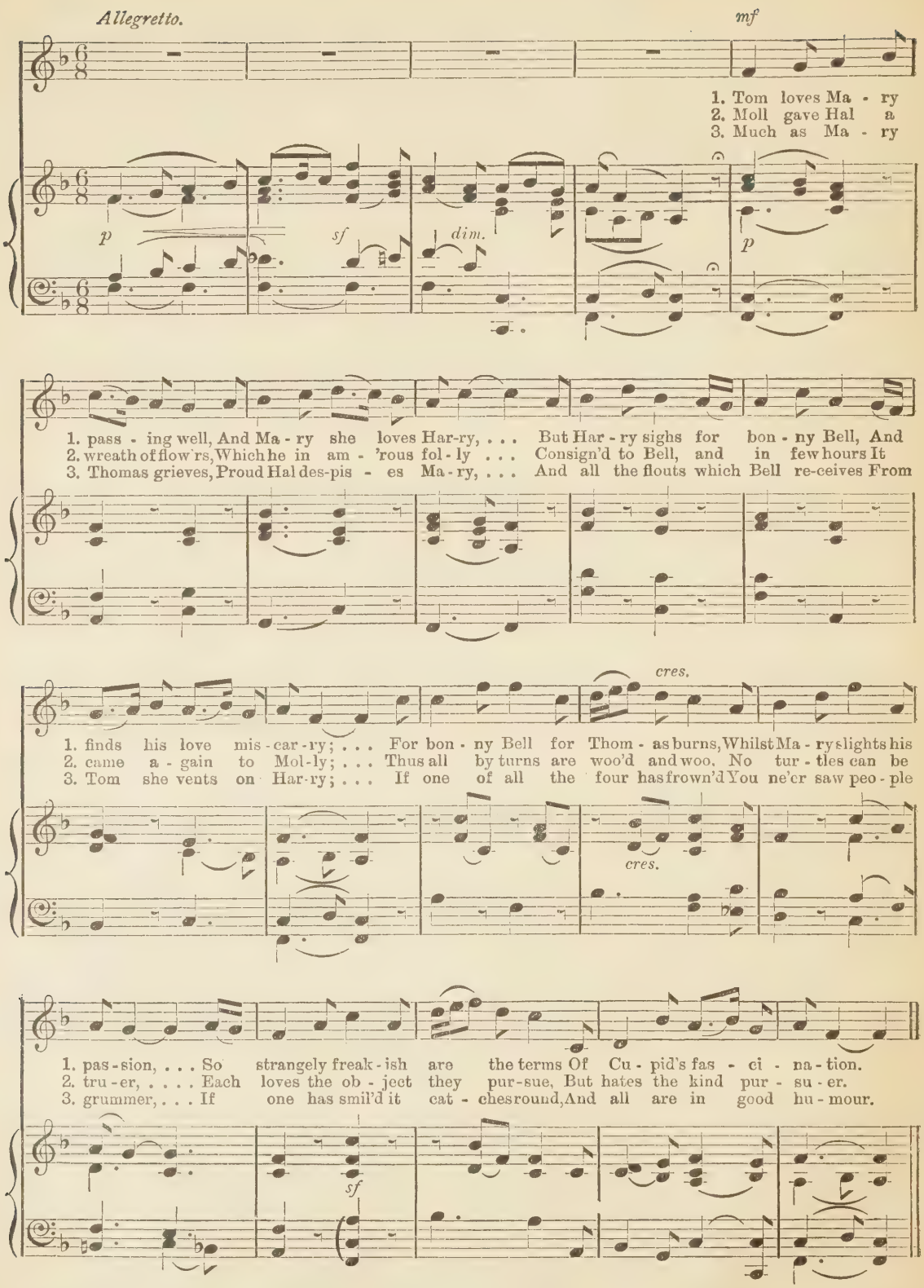

Andantino.
1. O, mistress mine, where are you roaming?
2. What is love?—'tis not here-af-ter,
p con espress.
poco rit.
1. O, mis-tress mine, where are you roaming? O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
2. What is love?—'tis not here-af-ter; Pre-sent mirth hath pre-sent laughter;
1. That can sing both high and low. Trip no further, pretty sweet-ing,
2. What's to come is still un-sure. In de-lay there lies no plenty,
1. Jour-neys end in lovers' meeting, Ev-'ry wise man's son doth know.
2. Then come, kiss me, sweet and twen-ty, Youth's a stuff will not en-dure.

The words occur in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, and are either a song written by him for the play, or bodily lifted into it from another source, for it seems uncertain as to whether the play was acted prior to 1599, at which date "O Mistress Mine" was printed with the tune in Morley's *Consort Lessons*. It is also in the 1611 edition of the last-named work, and the tune under its name is in the Fitzwilliam Lute Manuscript. Thomas Morley's *First Book of Consort Lessons made by divers exquisite authors, ... collected by Thomas Morley*, folio, 1599. is a unique volume in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. A copy of the second edition of 1611 is among the books which formed the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

We all to Conqu'ring Beauty Bow.

Moderato. Dr. JOHN BLOW.

1. We all to conqu'ring
2. Soft as the ten - der
mf
1. beau - ty bow, Its pleas-ing pow'r ad - mire, But I ne'er knew a face till now, That
2. mov - ing sighs, When long-ing lov - ers meet, Fair as the sweetest sum-mer morn, And
1. like yours could in - spire; Now, I may say, I meet with one A - mazes all man -
2. like blown ros - es sweet; A mien of state - ly ma - jes - ty, And yet no spark of
1. kind, And, like men gaz - ing on the sun, With too much light, am blind.
2. pride, Mod - est, yet gay, re-serv'd, yet free, I would thou wert my bride.

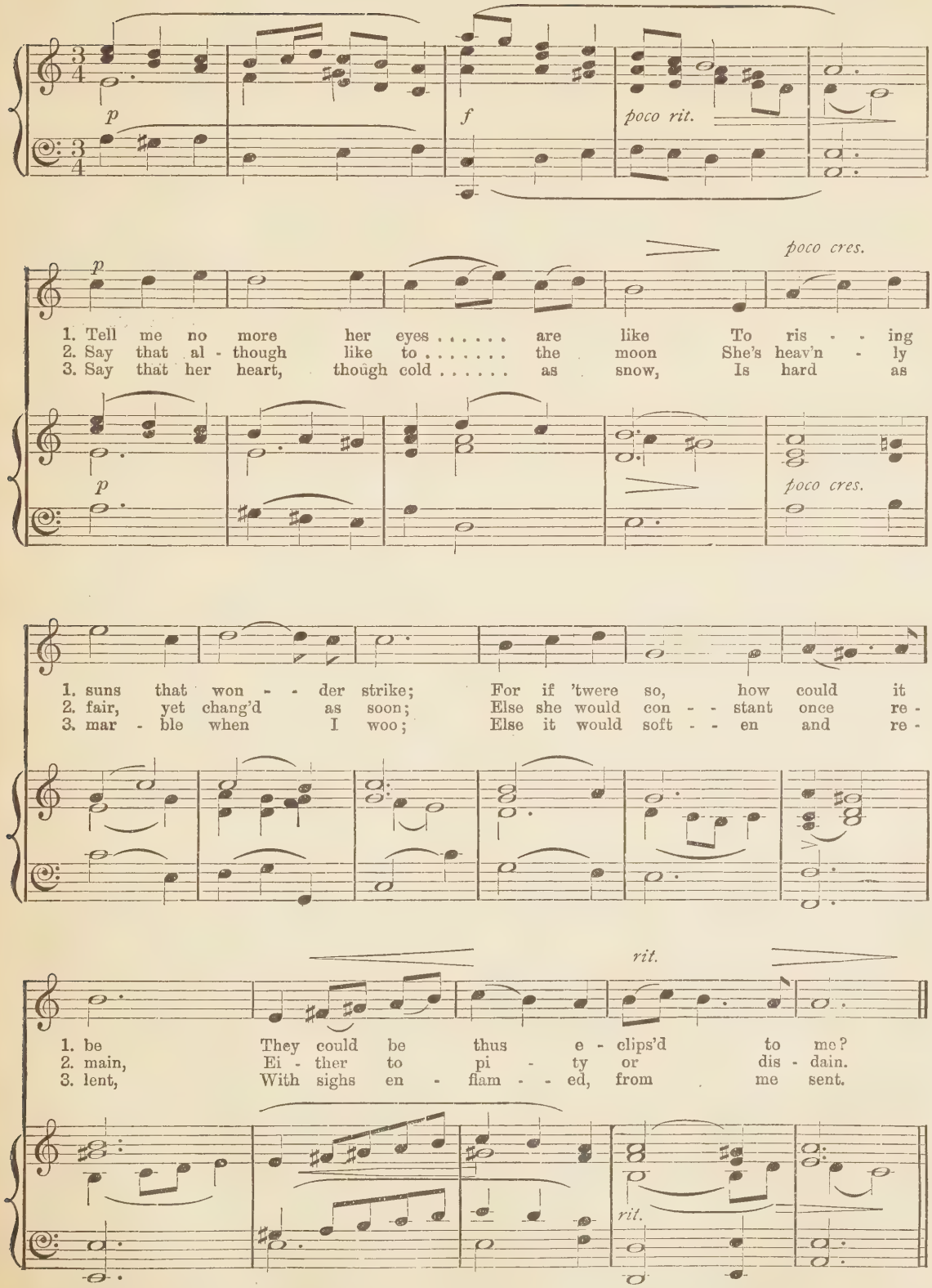
This song is by Tom D'Urfey, the fashionable Tory poet and song writer, at the close of the 17th century. It was written in honour of the Duchess of Grafton, a patroness of D'Urfey, and the fine air by Dr. John Blow carried it down to a later age. It appeared in D'Urfey's *Third Collection of New Songs*, folio, 1685, under the title, "The Perfection: a new song to the Duchess, set to music by Dr. John Blow." It is also present in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, Ritson's *English Songs*, 1783, etc. The original song consists of three verses, the second, as given above, has undergone some slight alterations.

Cross Purposes.

Allegretto.
mf
1. Tom loves Ma - ry
2. Moll gave Hal a
3. Much as Ma - ry
p
sf
dim.
p
1. pass - ing well, And Ma - ry she loves Har-ry, . . . But Har - ry sighs for bon - ny Bell, And
2. wreath of flow'rs, Which he in am - 'rous fol - ly . . . Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours It
3. Thomas grieves, Proud Hal des-pis - es Ma - ry, . . . And all the flouts which Bell re-ceives From
cres.
1. finds his love mis - car - ry; . . . For bon - ny Bell for Thom - as burns, Whilst Ma - ry slights his
2. came a - gain to Mol-ly; . . . Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo. No tur - tles can be
3. Tom she vents on Har-ry; . . . If one of all the four has frown'd You ne'er saw peo - ple
cres.
1. pas - sion, . . . So strangely freak - ish are the terms Of Cu - pid's fas - ci - na - tion.
2. tru - er, ... Each loves the ob - ject they pur-sue, But hates the kind pur - su - er.
3. grummer, . . . If one has smil'd it cat - ches round, And all are in good hu - mour.
sf

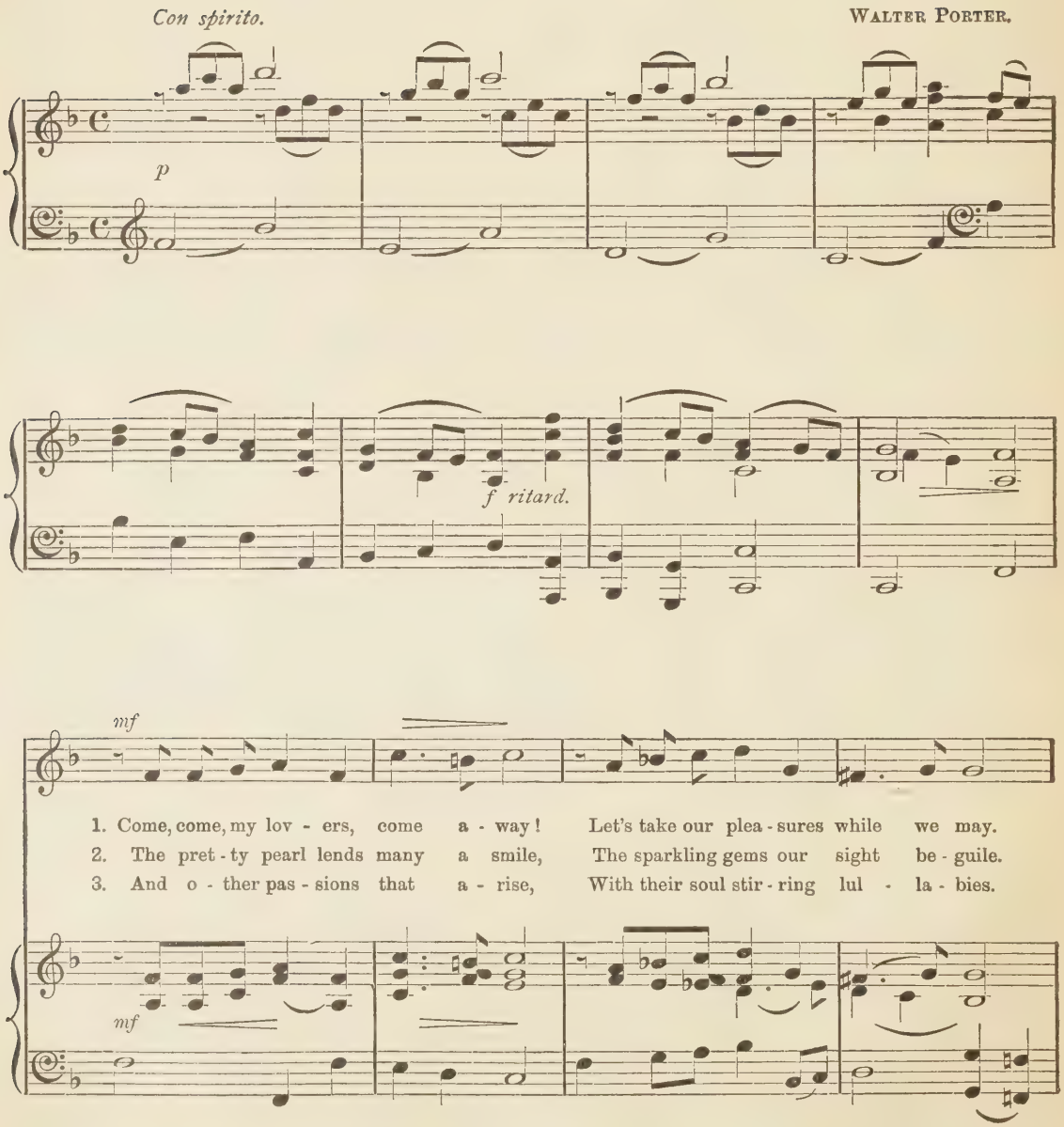
This quaint little fantasy was popular during the last half of the 18th century, under the name, "Cross Purposes." It is stated in old song books to have been sung at Ranelagh. I have not been able to discover the author of the clever words, or the composer of the music. The air, with the words as "sung by Mr. Beard," are in *Clio and Euterpe*, 1758, vol. i., p. 91, and the air as a country dance under the name, "Tom and Mary," is in Peter Thompson's *Country Dances*, vol. i., in that portion which is apparently the yearly set for 1751. Ritson in 1783 also prints the song and tune, and it is found in many other similar collections.

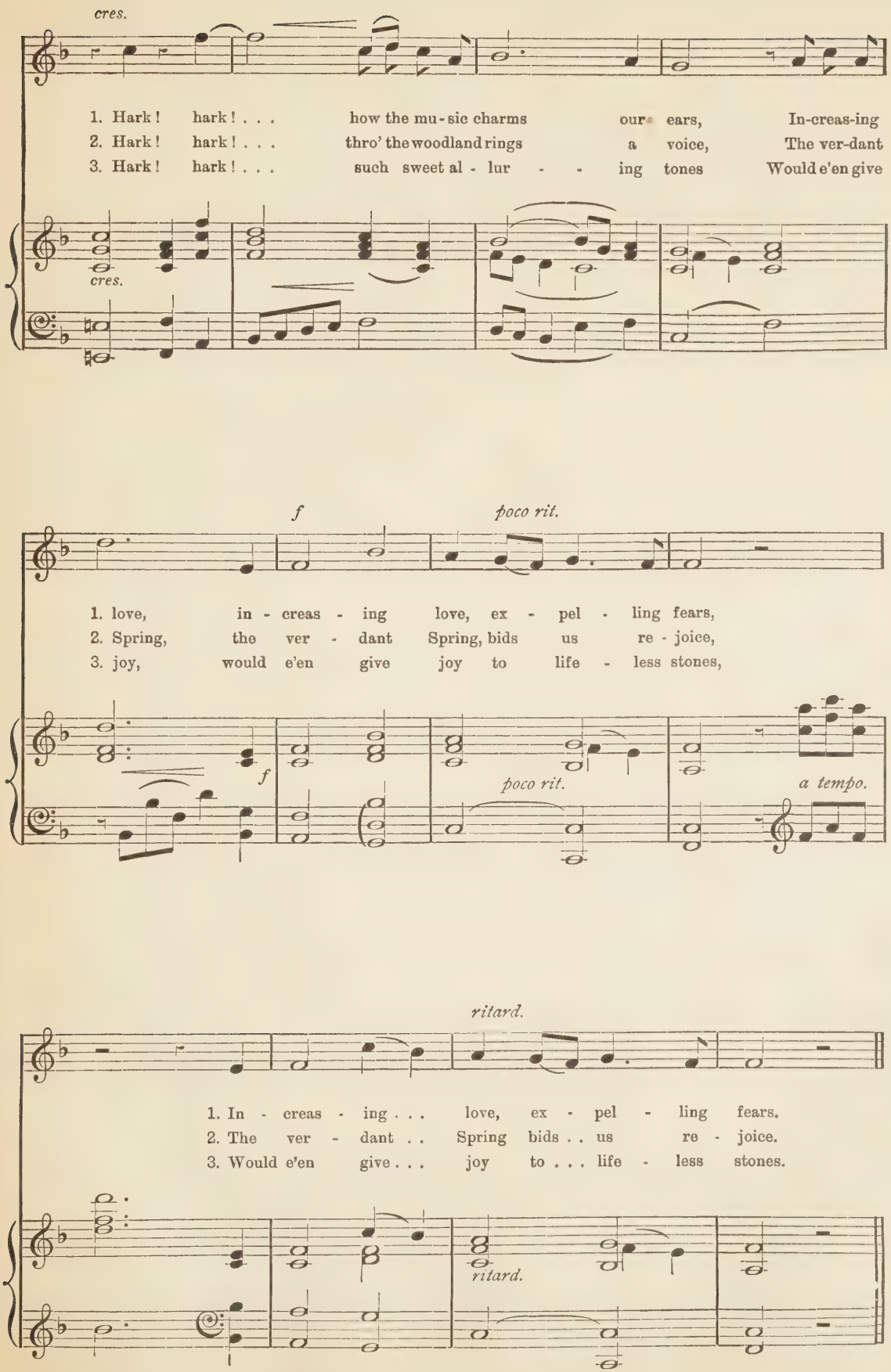
Beauty in Eclipse.

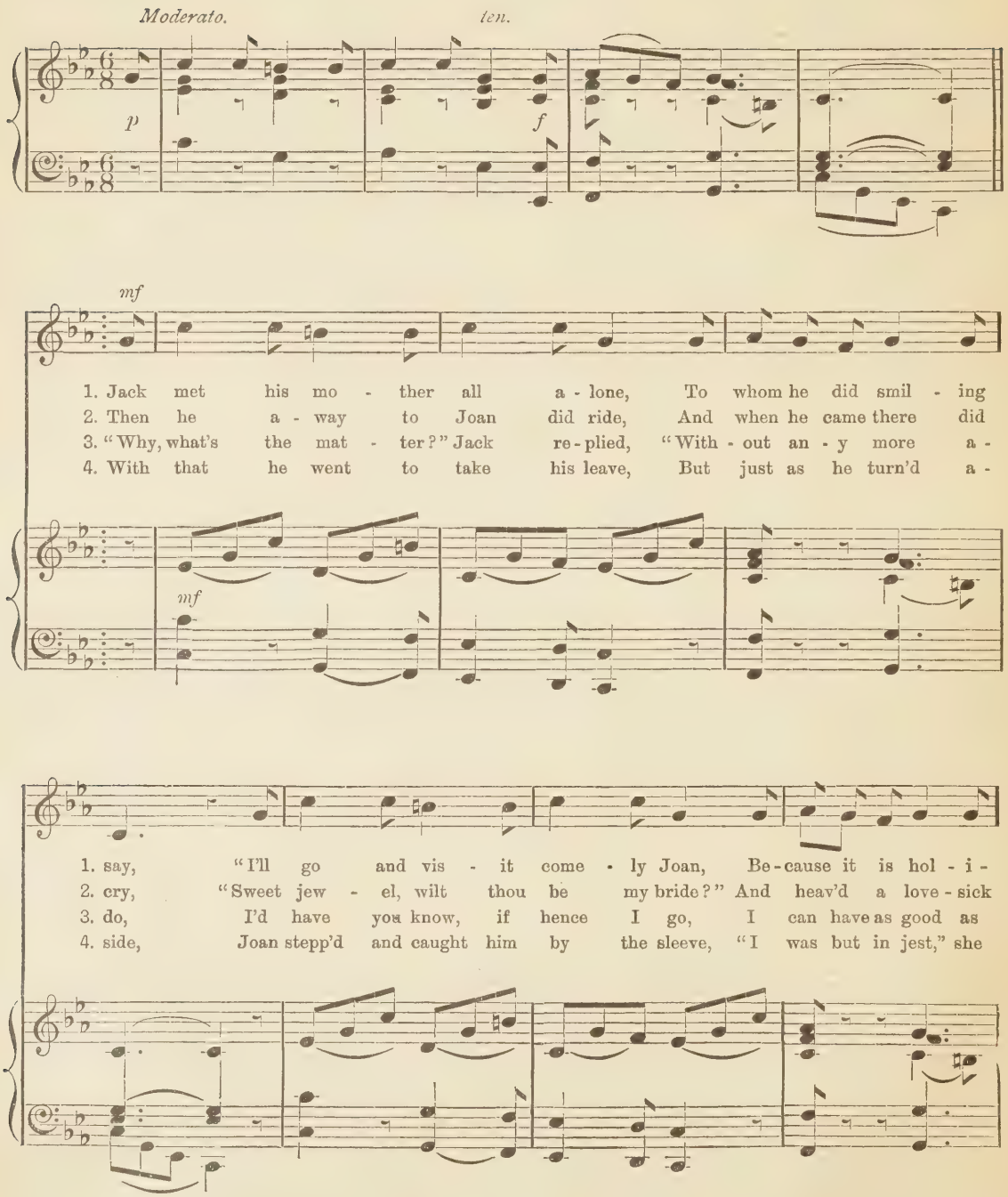
WILLIAM LAWES.

Andantino.

p
f
poco rit.
poco cres.
1. Tell me no more her eyes . . . . . are like To ris - - ing
2. Say that al - though like to . . . . . the moon She's heav'n - ly
3. Say that her heart, though cold . . . . . as snow, Is hard as
1. suns that won - - der strike; For if 'twere so, how could it
2. fair, yet chang'd as soon; Else she would con - - stant once re -
3. mar - ble when I woo; Else it would soft - - en and re -
rit.
1. be They could be thus e - clips'd to me?
2. main, Ei - ther to pi - ty or dis - dain.
3. lent, With sighs en - flam - - ed, from me sent.

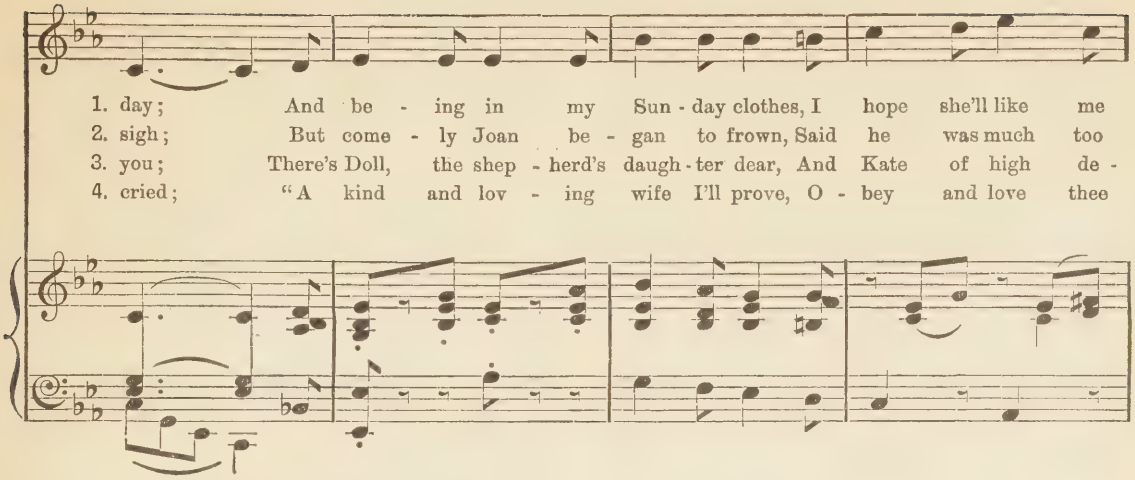
Taken from Playford's *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, book i., 1669. The air is by William Lawes, the talented brother of the better known Henry Lawes.

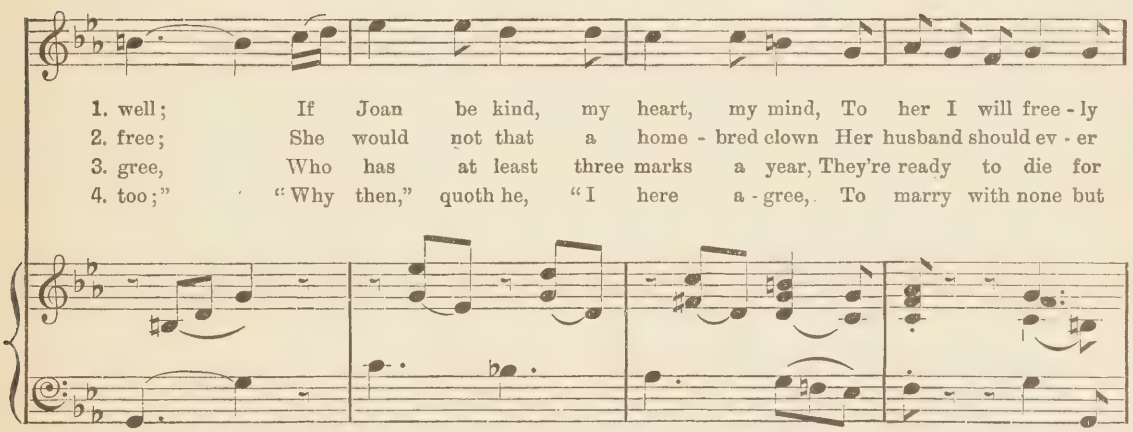
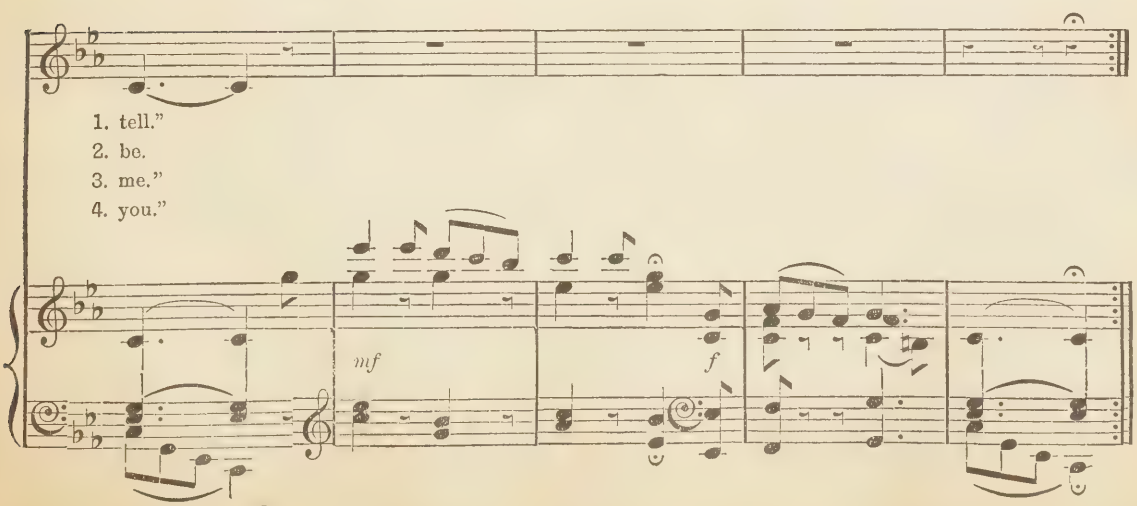
Come, come, my Lovers.

Con spirito.
WALTER PORTER.
p
f ritard.
mf
1. Come, come, my lov - ers, come a - way! Let's take our plea - sures while we may.
2. The pret - ty pearl lends many a smile, The sparkling gems our sight be - guile.
3. And o - ther pas - sions that a - rise, With their soul stir - ring lul - la - bies.
mf

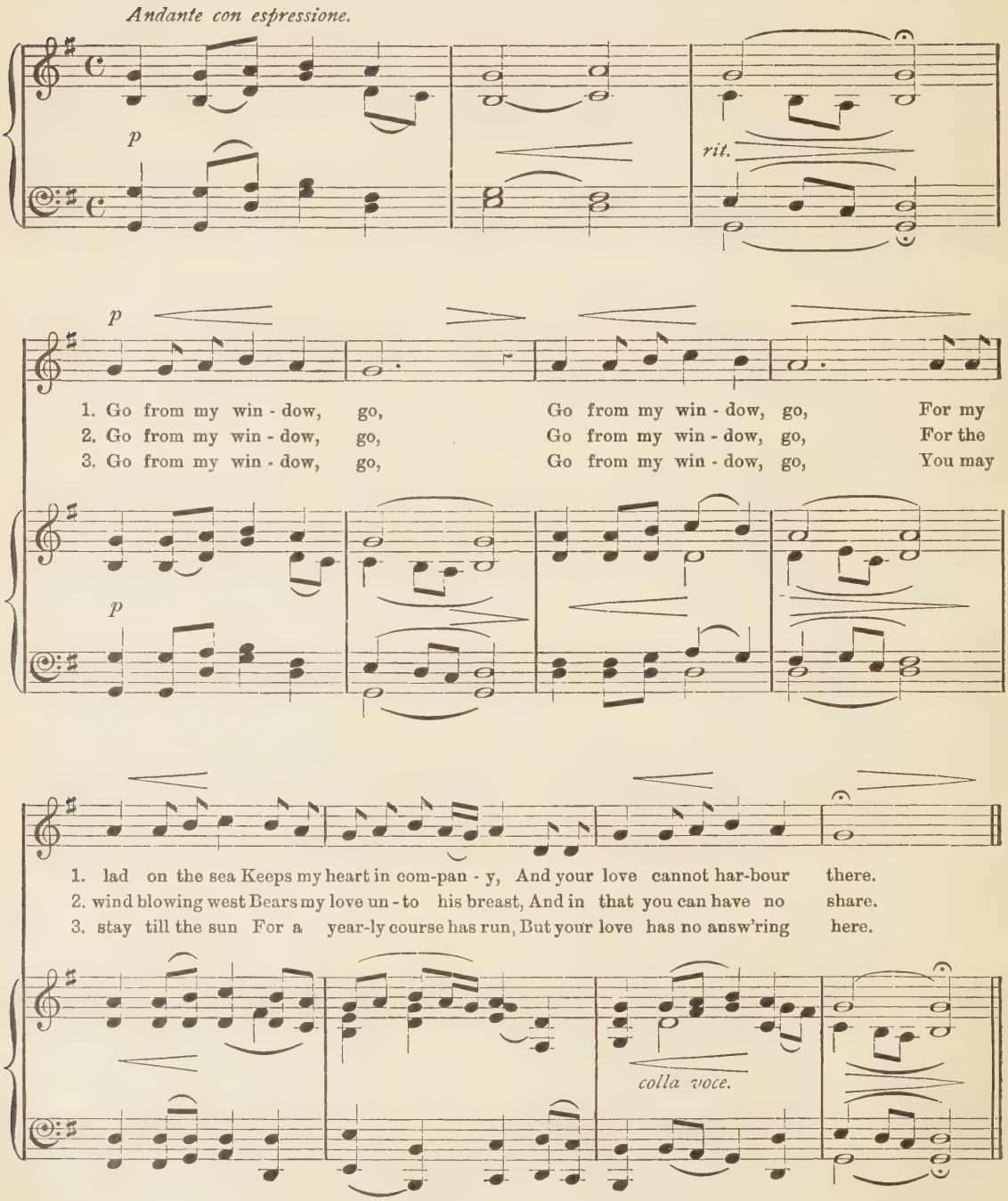
The song, with the air "by Mr. Porter," is in *New Ayres and Dialogues composed for Voices and Viols . . . together with lessons for Viols or Violins, by John Banister . . . and Thomas Low*, London, 1678, 12mo. The "Mr. Porter" in question is apparently Walter Porter who died about 1659, and much of whose music was printed in the various collections by Playford.

cres.
1. Hark! hark! . . . how the mu-sic charms our ears, In-creas-ing
2. Hark! hark! . . . thro' the woodland rings a voice, The ver-dant
3. Hark! hark! . . . such sweet al - lur - - ing tones Would e'en give
cres.
f
poco rit.
1. love, in - creas - ing love, ex - pel - ling fears,
2. Spring, the ver - dant Spring, bids us re - joice,
3. joy, would e'en give joy to life - less stones,
f
poco rit.
a tempo.
ritard.
1. In - creas - ing . . . love, ex - pel - ling fears.
2. The ver - dant . . Spring bids . . us re - joice.
3. Would e'en give . . . joy to . . . life - less stones.
ritard.

Jack met his Mother all Alone.

Moderato.
ten.
p
f
mf
1. Jack met his mo - ther all a - lone, To whom he did smil - ing
2. Then he a - way to Joan did ride, And when he came there did
3. "Why, what's the mat - ter?" Jack re - plied, "With - out an - y more a -
4. With that he went to take his leave, But just as he turn'd a -
mf
1. say, "I'll go and vis - it come - ly Joan, Be - cause it is hol - i -
2. cry, "Sweet jew - el, wilt thou be my bride?" And heav'd a love - sick
3. do, I'd have you know, if hence I go, I can have as good as
4. side, Joan stepp'd and caught him by the sleeve, "I was but in jest," she

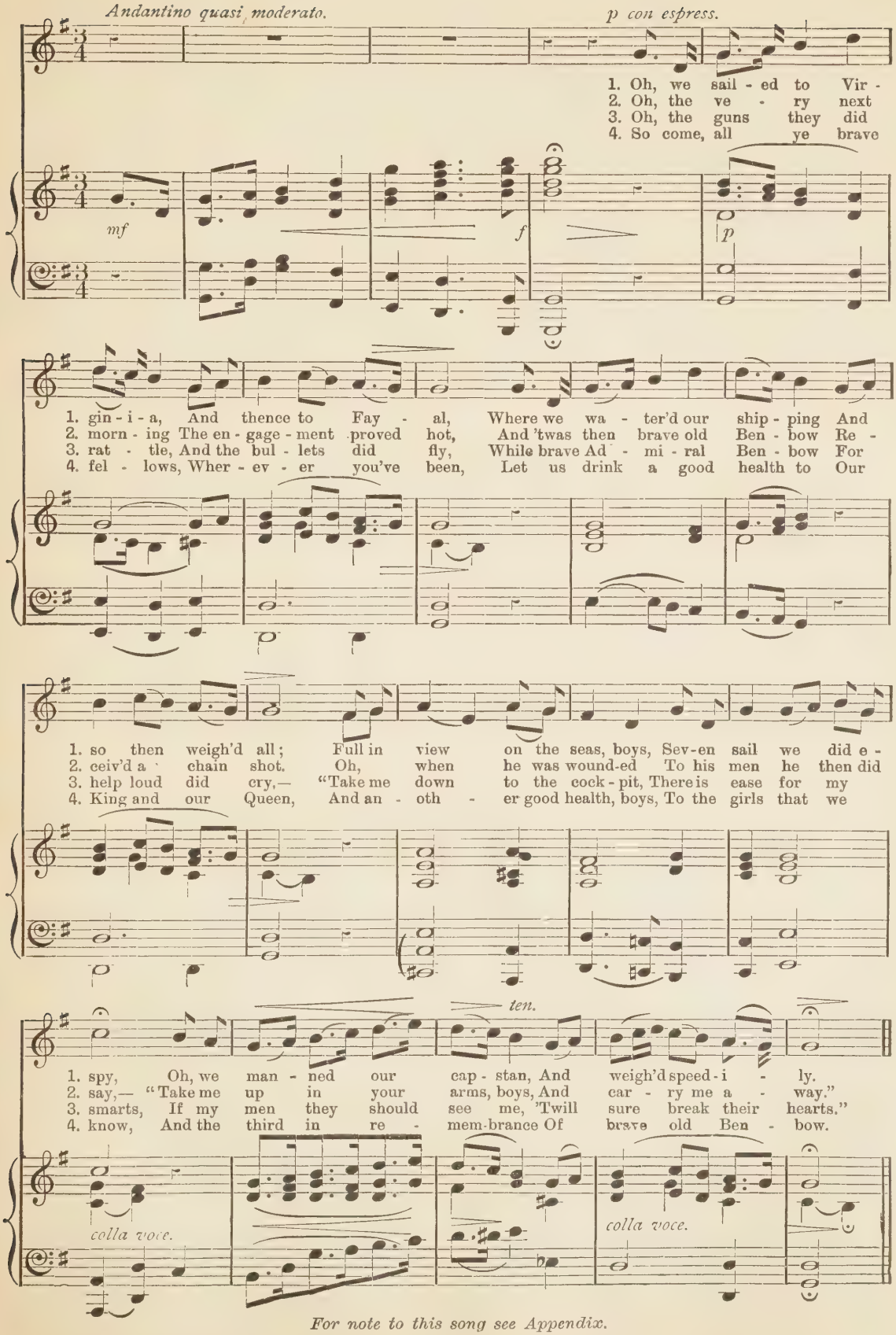
The melody to this song is more generally known by the title of another one sung to it: "An old woman poor and blind," and under this heading it occurs in *The Village Opera*, *The Fashionable Lady*, and other of the ballad operas. In the several volumes of *Pills* are numerous other songs to the air. The present, "Jack met his mother all alone," is found on early ballad sheets in the Roxburghe and other collections. The theme is a fairly common one among old songs, one printed in Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany* and in *The Robin*, 1749, commences, "Young Roger of the Mill."


1. day; And be - ing in my Sun - day clothes, I hope she'll like me
2. sigh; But come - ly Joan be - gan to frown, Said he was much too
3. you; There's Doll, the shep - herd's daugh - ter dear, And Kate of high de -
4. cried; "A kind and lov - ing wife I'll prove, O - bey and love thee

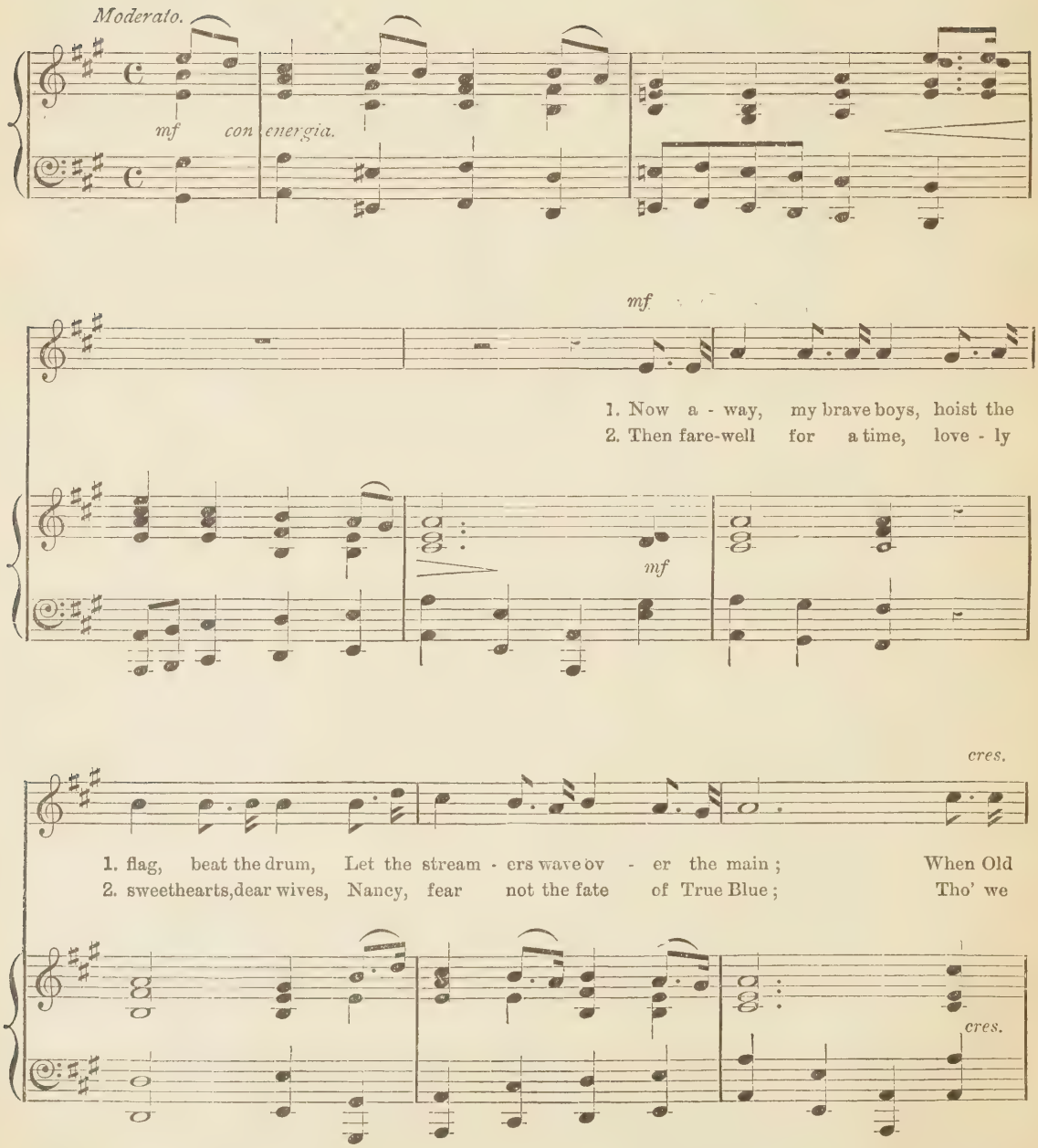

1. well; If Joan be kind, my heart, my mind, To her I will free - ly
2. free; She would not that a home - bred clown Her husband should ev - er
3. gree, Who has at least three marks a year, They're ready to die for
4. too;" "Why then," quoth he, "I here a - gree, To marry with none but

1. tell."
2. be.
3. me."
4. you."
mf
f

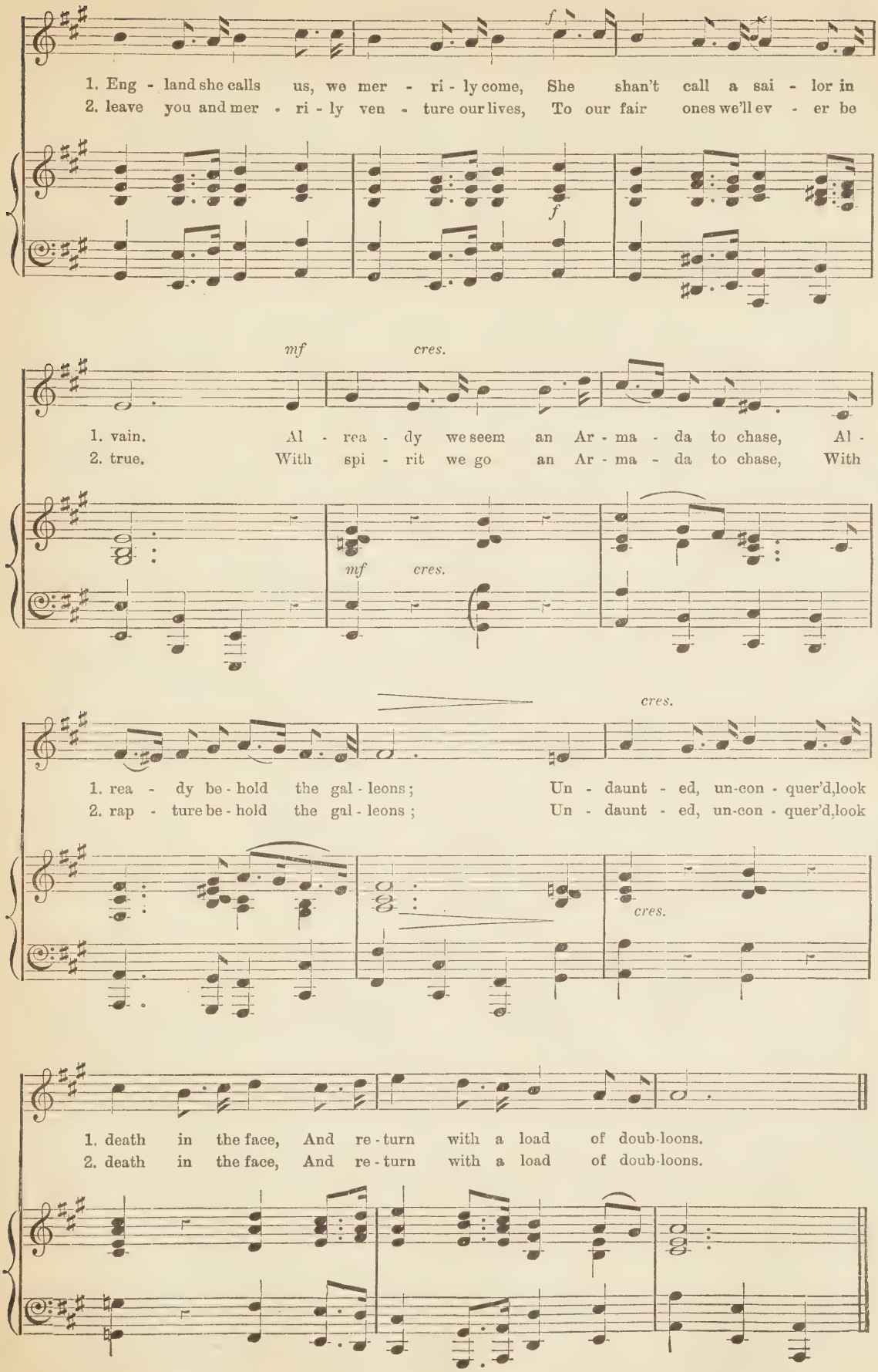
Go from my Window, Go.

Andante con espressione.
p
rit.
p
1. Go from my win - dow, go, Go from my win - dow, go, For my
2. Go from my win - dow, go, Go from my win - dow, go, For the
3. Go from my win - dow, go, Go from my win - dow, go, You may
p
1. lad on the sea Keeps my heart in com-pan - y, And your love cannot har-bour there.
2. wind blowing west Bears my love un - to his breast, And in that you can have no share.
3. stay till the sun For a year-ly course has run, But your love has no answ'ring here.
colla voce.

Two copies of the air under this same title, arranged respectively by Thomas Morley and by John Munday, are in the manuscript volume of Virginal music now at Cambridge, and commonly, though erroneously named, *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*. The tune is also found in print in several early printed musical works, as: *A New Book of Tablature*, 1596; Morley's *First Book of Consort Lessons*, 1599, 1611. It is apparently a folk ballad tune, and portions of the words with parodies are met with in old plays. A few of what appear to be the old lines are quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, and a ballad, "Goe from the window," was licensed for printing in 1587-8. Chappell quotes also a traditional version. For sufficient reasons we have decided to reject all old copies of the words, and for the purpose of popularizing the exquisite old melody, have adopted the above verses.

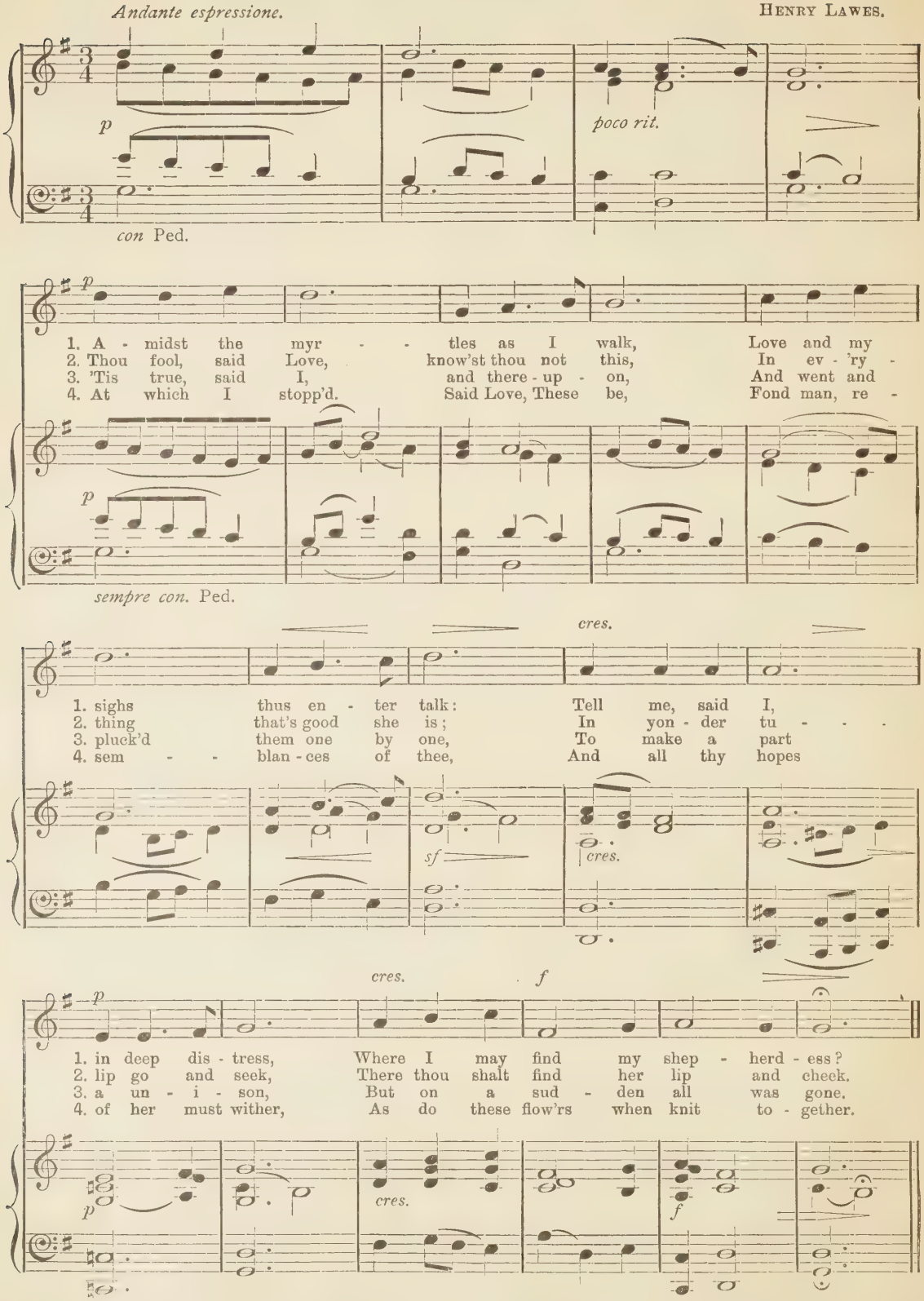
Admiral Benbow.

Andantino quasi moderato.
p con espress.
1. Oh, we sail - ed to Vir -
2. Oh, the ve - ry next
3. Oh, the guns they did
4. So come, all ye brave
mf
f
p
1. gin - i - a, And thence to Fay - al, Where we wa - ter'd our ship - ping And
2. morn - ing The en - gage - ment proved hot, And 'twas then brave old Ben - bow Re -
3. rat - tle, And the bul - lets did fly, While brave Ad - mi - ral Ben - bow For
4. fel - lows, Wher - ev - er you've been, Let us drink a good health to Our
1. so then weigh'd all; Full in view on the seas, boys, Sev-en sail we did e -
2. ceiv'd a chain shot. Oh, when he was wound-ed To his men he then did
3. help loud did cry,— "Take me down to the cock - pit, There is ease for my
4. King and our Queen, And an - oth - er good health, boys, To the girls that we
ten.
1. spy, Oh, we man - ned our cap - stan, And weigh'd speed - i - ly.
2. say,— "Take me up in your arms, boys, And car - ry me a - way."
3. smarts, If my men they should see me, 'Twill sure break their hearts."
4. know, And the third in re - mem-brance Of brave old Ben - bow.
colla voce.
colla voce.

For note to this song see Appendix.

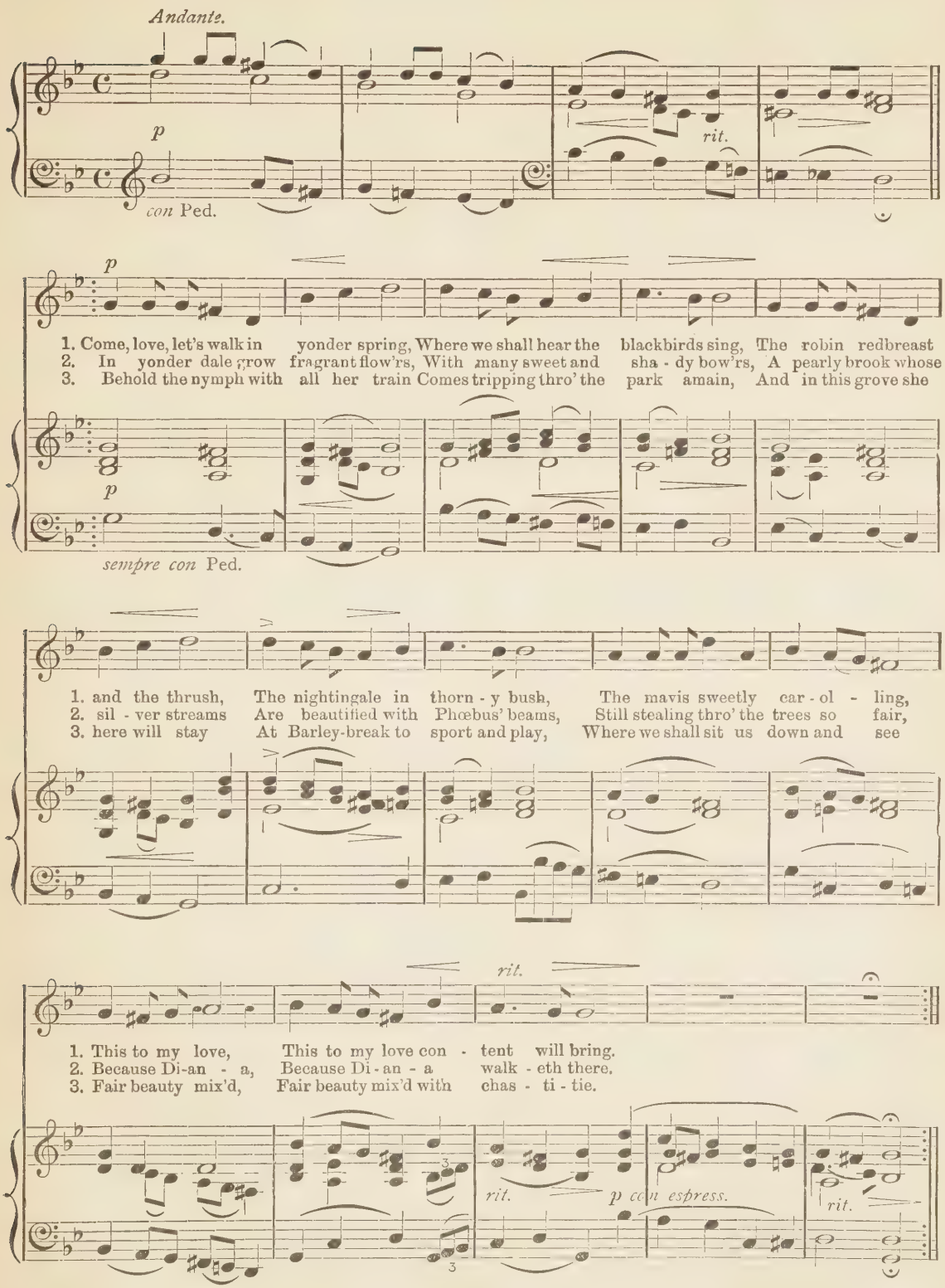
Now Away, my Brave Boys.

Moderato.
mf con energia.
mf
1. Now a - way, my brave boys, hoist the
2. Then fare-well for a time, love - ly
mf
cres.
1. flag, beat the drum, Let the stream - ers wave ov - er the main ; When Old
2. sweethearts, dear wives, Nancy, fear not the fate of True Blue ; Tho' we
cres.

The above was sung by the character "Captain Dreadnought," in a small musical play, named *True Blue; or, the Press Gang*, acted in 1781. The piece was concocted out of a much earlier one by Henry Carey, entitled, *Nancy; or, the Parting Lovers*, produced in 1739. Several of the songs in *True Blue* were taken from the earlier play, and it is most probable that the song in question was one of these. If this is the case the words and music are probably by Carey, although they are not included among the songs from *Nancy; or, the Parting Lovers*, which are given in *The Musical Century*, 1740. Copies of "Now away, my brave boys" will be found with the music in Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress*, 1783, and in Dr. Kitchiner's *Sea Songs*, 1823; the words alone are in *The Royalty Songster*, 1788.

1. Eng - land she calls us, we mer - ri - ly come, She shan't call a sai - lor in
2. leave you and mer - ri - ly ven - ture our lives, To our fair ones we'll ev - er be
f
f
mf cres.
1. vain. Al - rea - dy we seem an Ar - ma - da to chase, Al -
2. true. With spi - rit we go an Ar - ma - da to chase, With
mf cres.
cres.
1. rea - dy be - hold the gal - leons; Un - daunt - ed, un-con - quer'd, look
2. rap - ture be - hold the gal - leons; Un - daunt - ed, un-con - quer'd, look
cres.
1. death in the face, And re - turn with a load of doub-loons.
2. death in the face, And re - turn with a load of doub-loons.

Amidst the Myrtles as I Walk.

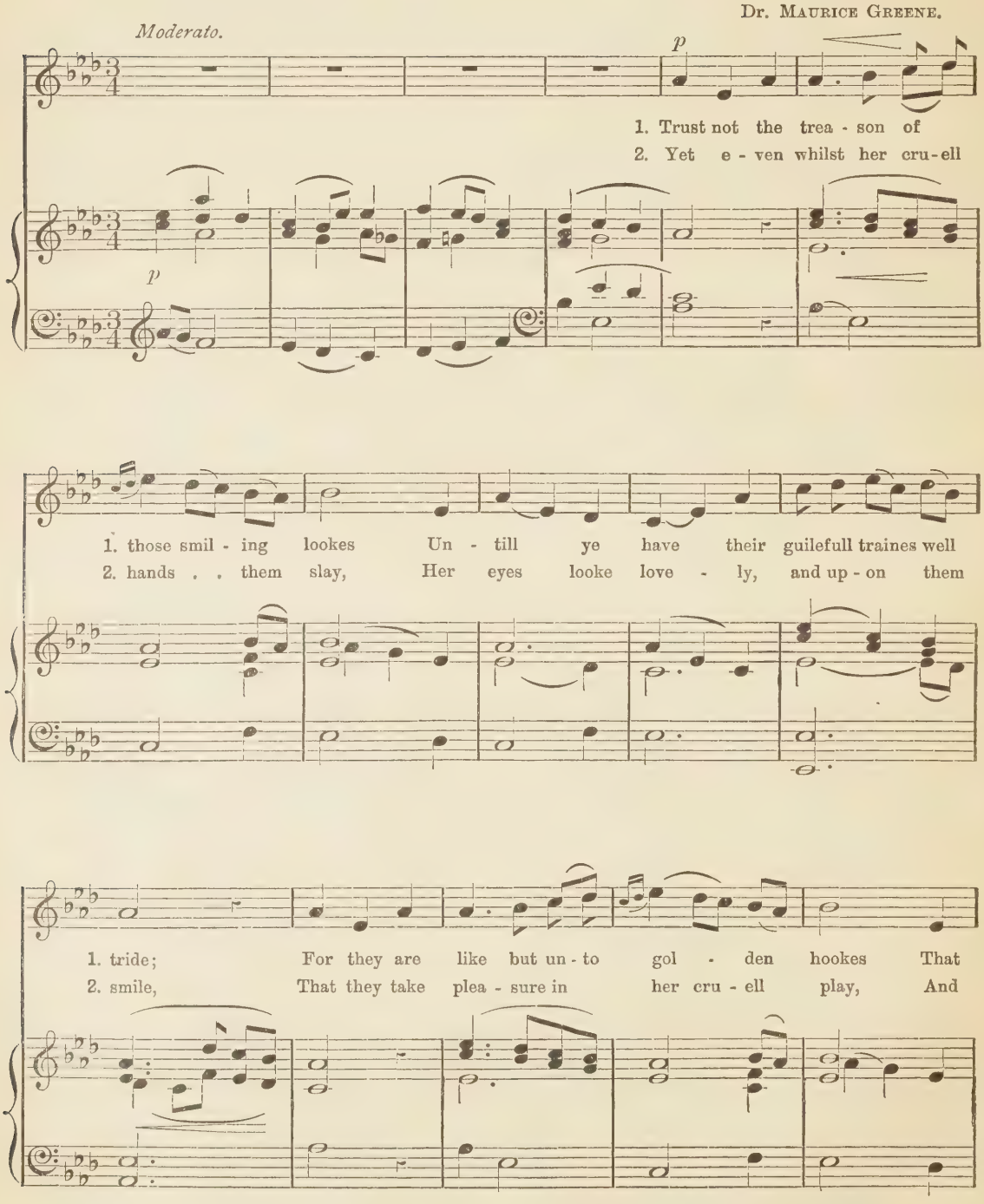
Andante espressione. HENRY LAWES.

p
poco rit.
con Ped.
1. A - midst the myr - - tles as I walk, Love and my
2. Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this, In ev - 'ry -
3. 'Tis true, said I, and there - up - on, And went and
4. At which I stopp'd. Said Love, These be, Fond man, re -
sempre con. Ped.
cres.
1. sighs thus en - ter talk: Tell me, said I,
2. thing that's good she is; In yon - der tu - - -
3. pluck'd them one by one, To make a part
4. sem - - blan - ces of thee, And all thy hopes
sf
cres.
cres. f
1. in deep dis - tress, Where I may find my shep - herd - ess?
2. lip go and seek, There thou shalt find her lip and cheek.
3. a un - i - son, But on a sud - den all was gone.
4. of her must wither, As do these flow'rs when knit to - gether.
cres.
f

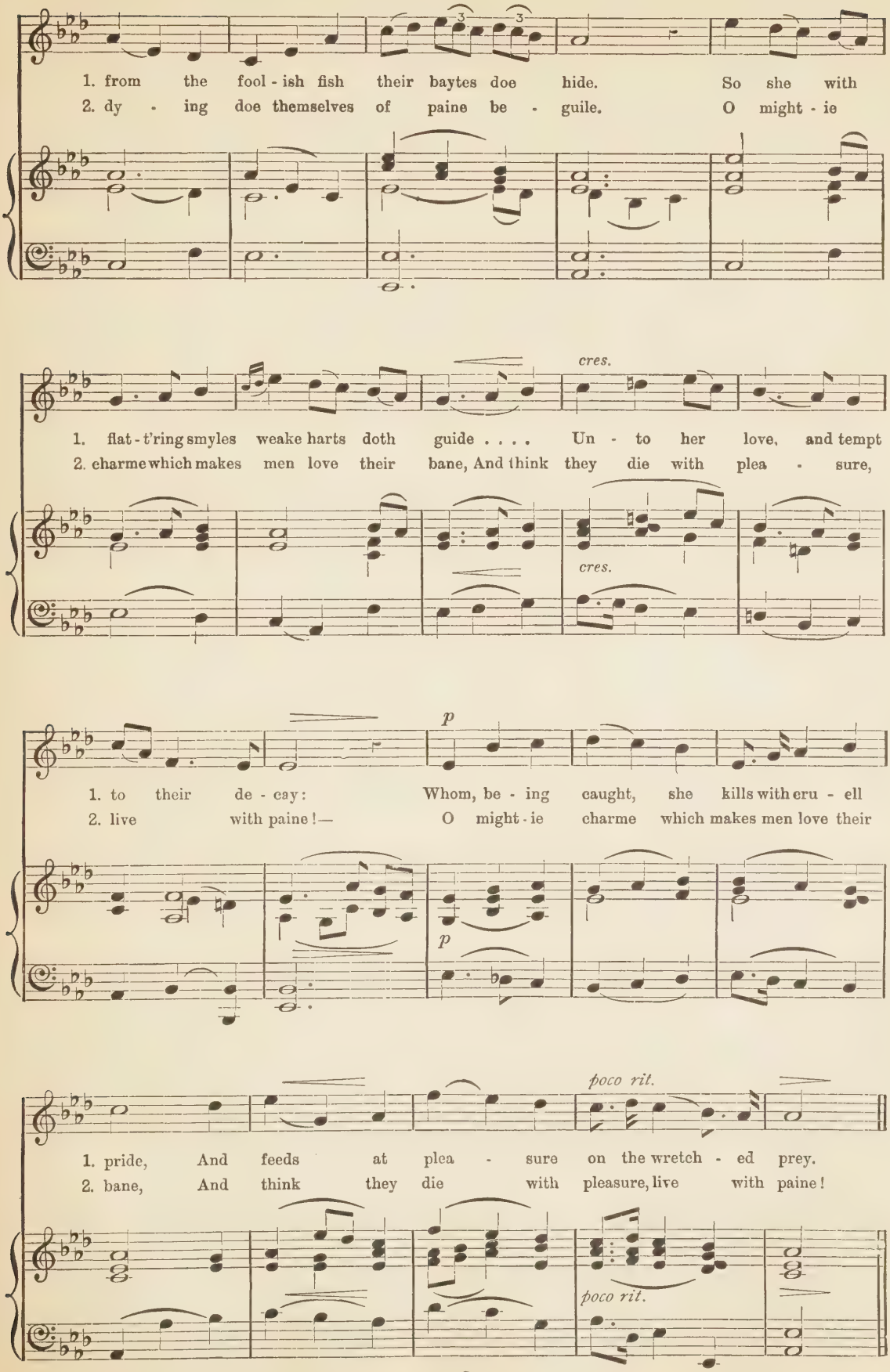
As "Love's Sweet Repose," the song, with the air by Henry Lawes, is printed in *The Treasury of Musick*, 1669, *The Musical Companion*, 1673, and many other of Playford's publications. During the 18th century the words set to music by Jonathan Battishill became in great vogue. This latter setting of them is to be found in John Arnold's *Essex Harmony*, vol. ii., 1769, and many later glee books—*Apollonian Harmony*, Sibbald's *Glees*, 1780, etc.

Come, Love, let's walk in yonder Spring.

Andante.
p
con Ped.
rit.
p
1. Come, love, let's walk in yonder spring, Where we shall hear the blackbirds sing, The robin redbreast
2. In yonder dale grow fragrant flow'rs, With many sweet and sha - dy bow'rs, A pearly brook whose
3. Behold the nymph with all her train Comes tripping thro' the park amain, And in this grove she
p
sempre con Ped.
1. and the thrush, The nightingale in thorn - y bush, The mavis sweetly car - ol - ling,
2. sil - ver streams Are beautified with Phœbus' beams, Still stealing thro' the trees so fair,
3. here will stay At Barley-break to sport and play, Where we shall sit us down and see
rit.
1. This to my love, This to my love con - tent will bring.
2. Because Di-an - a, Because Di - an - a walk - eth there.
3. Fair beauty mix'd, Fair beauty mix'd with chas - ti - tie.
3
3
rit.
p con espress.
rit.

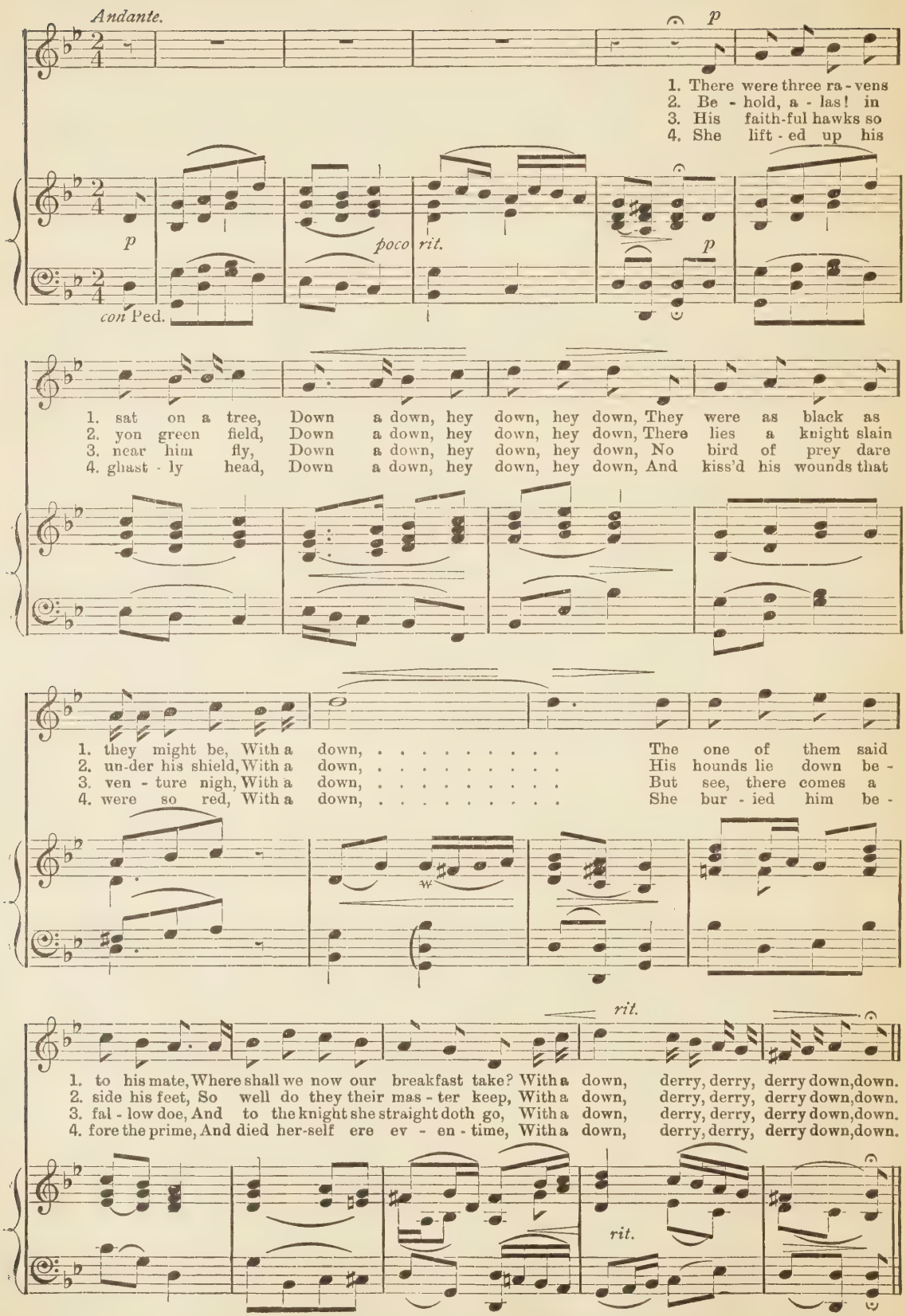
Though the air for this song appears early in the 17th century, in the Scottish Manuscript of Music in Tablature, named the *Skene MS.*, as well as in the Aberdeen *Cantus*, the structure of the melody proclaims it English. There are some differences in the air as written in the *Skene MS.* from the one we adopt, which is taken with the words from *Cantus: Songs and Fancies to three, four and five parts . . . Aberdeen, John Forbes, 1632*, oblong quarto. The song is also in the earlier editions of 1662 and 1666, and in its original form has five verses.

Trust not the Treason of those Smiling Lookes.

Dr. MAURICE GREENE.

Moderato.
p
1. Trust not the trea - son of
2. Yet e - ven whilst her cru - ell
p
1. those smil - ing lookes Un - till ye have their guilefull traines well
2. hands . . them slay, Her eyes looke love - ly, and up - on them
1. tride; For they are like but un - to gol - den hookes That
2. smile, That they take plea - sure in her cru - ell play, And

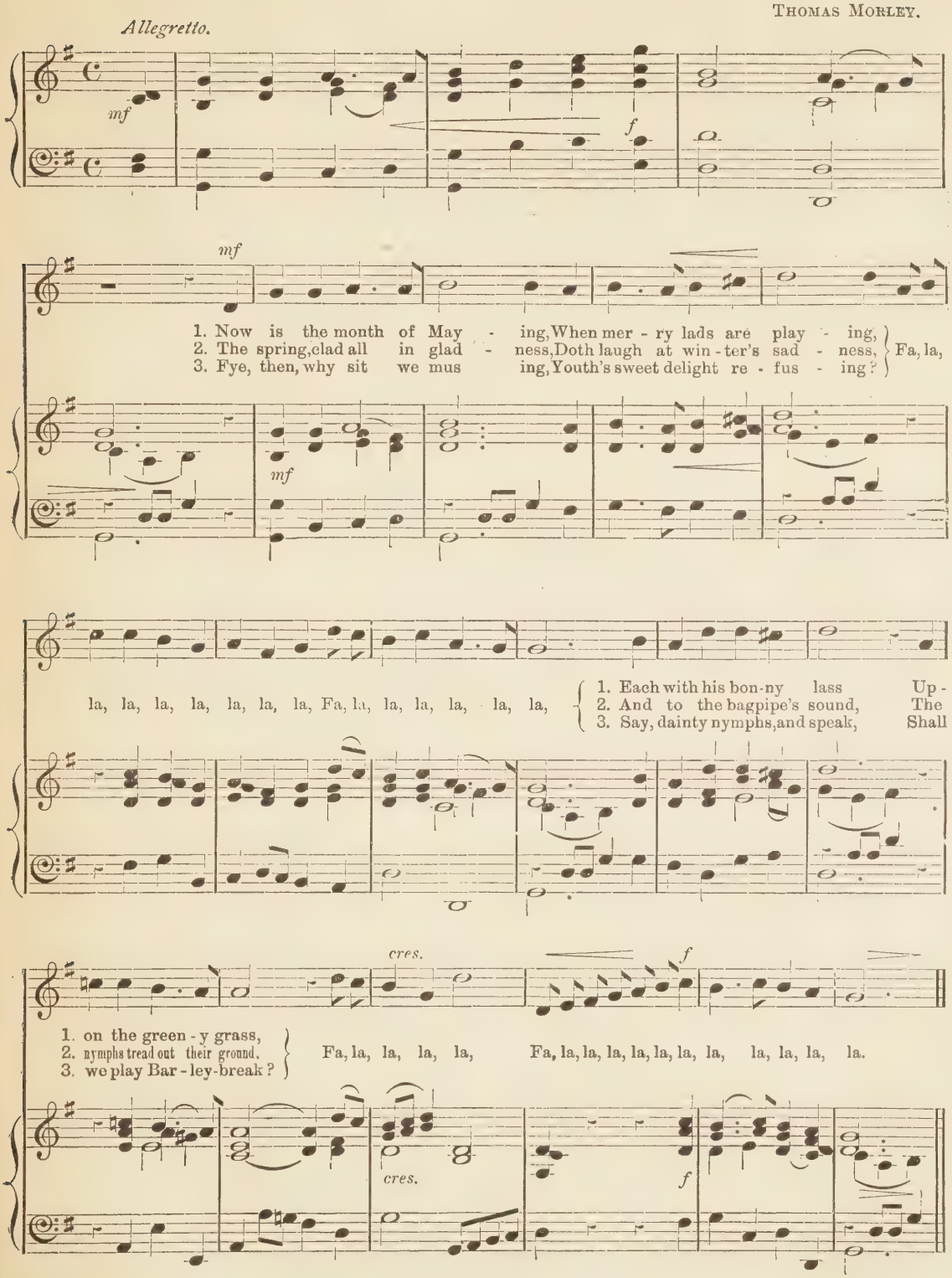
One of Spenser's sonnets, and included in the musical publication named *Spenser's Amoretti, set to music by Dr. Greene; printed for Jno. Walsh, in Catherine Street in the Strand, circa* 1735-40, oblong folio.

1. from the fool - ish fish their baytes doe hide. So she with
2. dy - ing doe themselves of paine be - guile. O might - ie
cres.
1. flat - t'ring smyles weake harts doth guide . . . . Un - to her love, and tempt
2. charme which makes men love their bane, And think they die with plea - sure,
cres.
p
1. to their de - cay: Whom, be - ing caught, she kills with cru - ell
2. live with paine!— O might - ie charme which makes men love their
p
poco rit.
1. pride, And feeds at plea - sure on the wretch - ed prey.
2. bane, And think they die with pleasure, live with paine!
poco rit.

The Three Ravens.


Andante.
p
1. There were three ra - vens
2. Be - hold, a - las! in
3. His faith-ful hawks so
4. She lift - ed up his
p
poco rit.
p
con Ped.
1. sat on a tree, Down a down, hey down, hey down, They were as black as
2. yon green field, Down a down, hey down, hey down, There lies a knight slain
3. near him fly, Down a down, hey down, hey down, No bird of prey dare
4. ghast - ly head, Down a down, hey down, hey down, And kiss'd his wounds that
1. they might be, With a down, ... The one of them said
2. un-der his shield, With a down, ... His hounds lie down be -
3. ven - ture nigh, With a down, ... But see, there comes a
4. were so red, With a down, ... She bur - ied him be -
rit.
1. to his mate, Where shall we now our breakfast take? With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.
2. side his feet, So well do they their mas - ter keep, With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.
3. fal - low doe, And to the knight she straight doth go, With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.
4. fore the prime, And died her-self ere ev - en - time, With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.
rit.

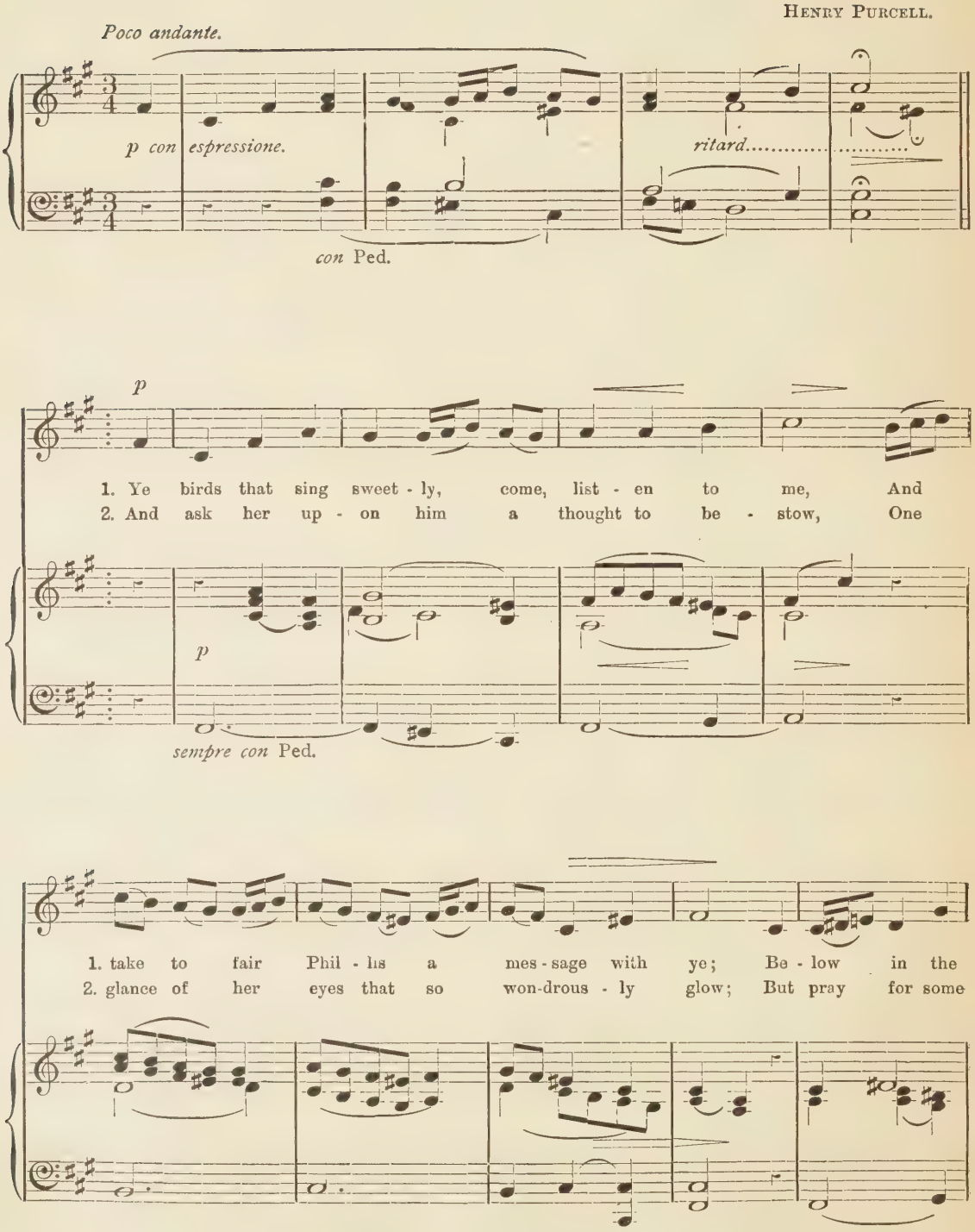
For note to this song see Appendix.

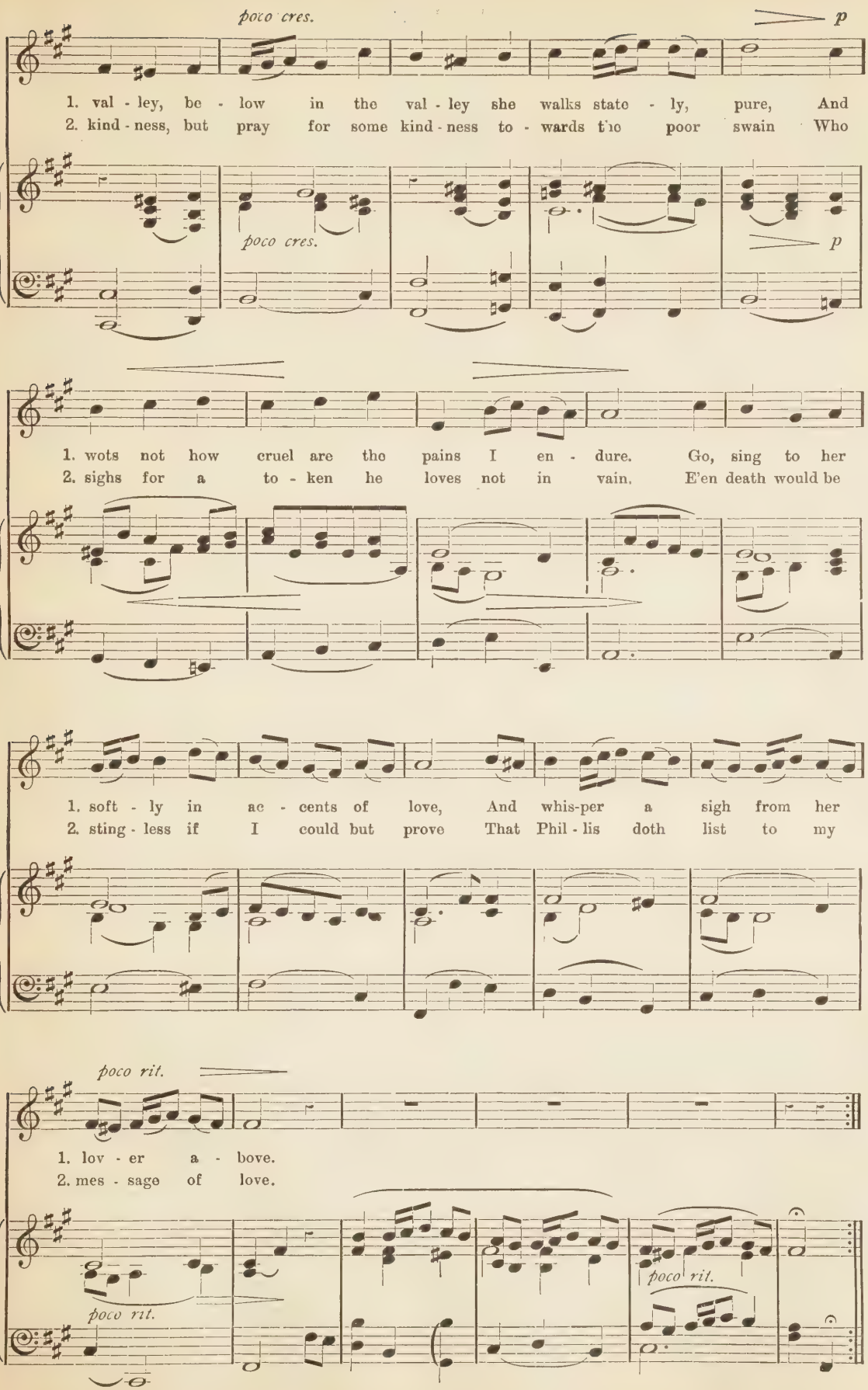
Now is the month of Maying.

THOMAS MORLEY.

Allegretto.
mf
f
mf
1. Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are play - ing,
2. The spring, clad all in glad - ness, Doth laugh at win - ter's sad - ness,
3. Fye, then, why sit we mus - ing, Youth's sweet delight re - fus - ing?
Fa, la,
mf
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
1. Each with his bon-ny lass Up -
2. And to the bagpipe's sound, The
3. Say, dainty nymphs, and speak, Shall
cres.
f
1. on the green - y grass,
2. nymphs tread out their ground.
3. we play Bar - ley-break?
Fa, la, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
cres.
f

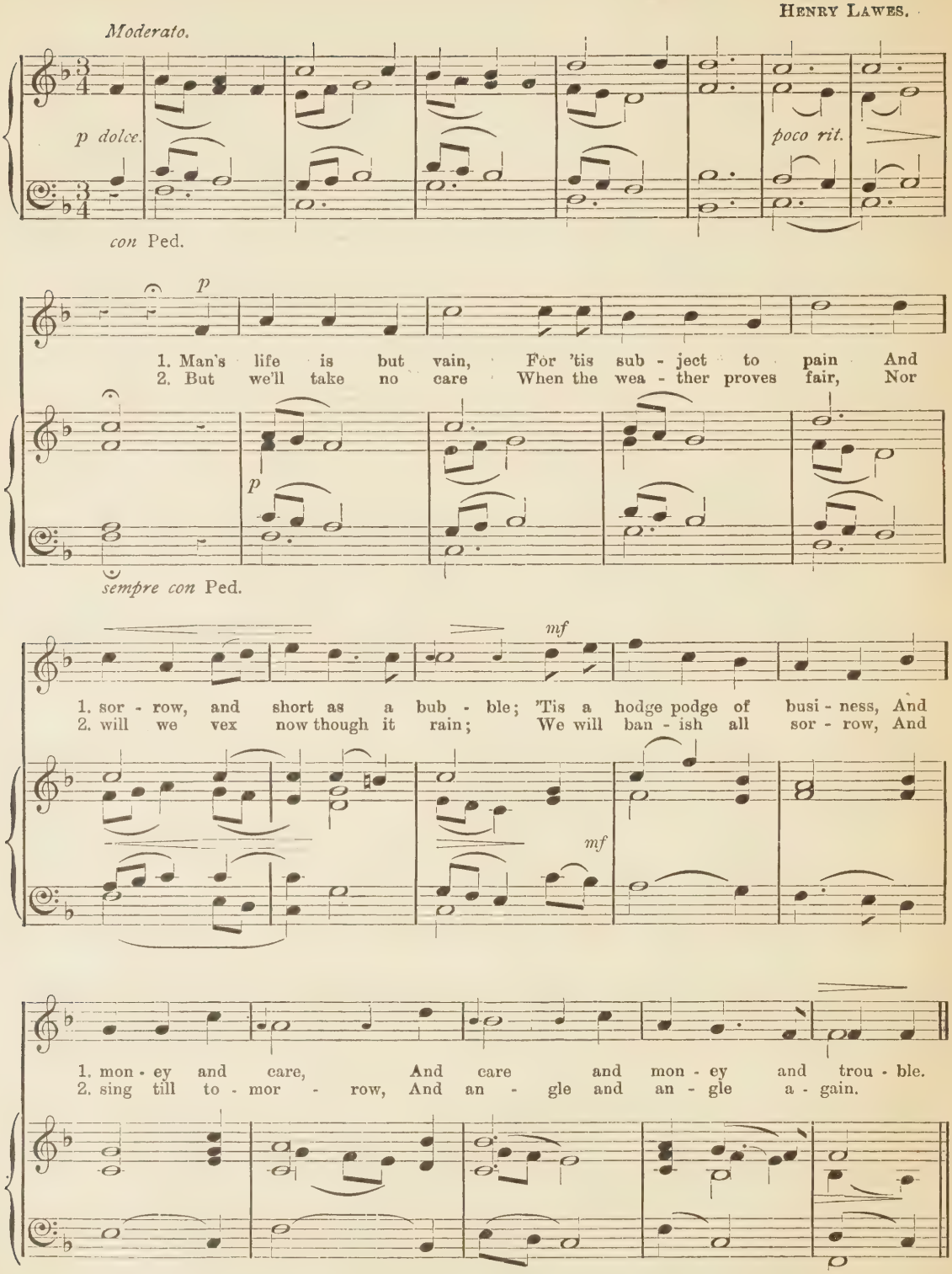
A pastoral which has been popular from its first appearance in print down to our own time. The air is by Thomas Morley, perhaps the most talented of the Elizabethan musicians. It was printed in his *First Booke of Balletts to five Voyces*, printed in 1595; the work was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth's minister, Sir Robert Cecil. John Playford republished the song many times in the 17th century, and it also appears in the Aberdeen *Cantus*, 1682, etc. During the 18th century it stood pre-eminent as a part-song, and is included in most books of catches and glees. The tune was used by Thomas Linley as a finale to his opera, *The Duenna*, 1776, with the words, "Come now for jest and smiling."

The Message.

HENRY PURCELL.

Poco andante.
p con espressione.
ritard.
con Ped.
p
1. Ye birds that sing sweet - ly, come, list - en to me, And
2. And ask her up - on him a thought to be - stow, One
p
sempre con Ped.
1. take to fair Phil - lis a mes - sage with ye; Be - low in the
2. glance of her eyes that so won-drous - ly glow; But pray for some

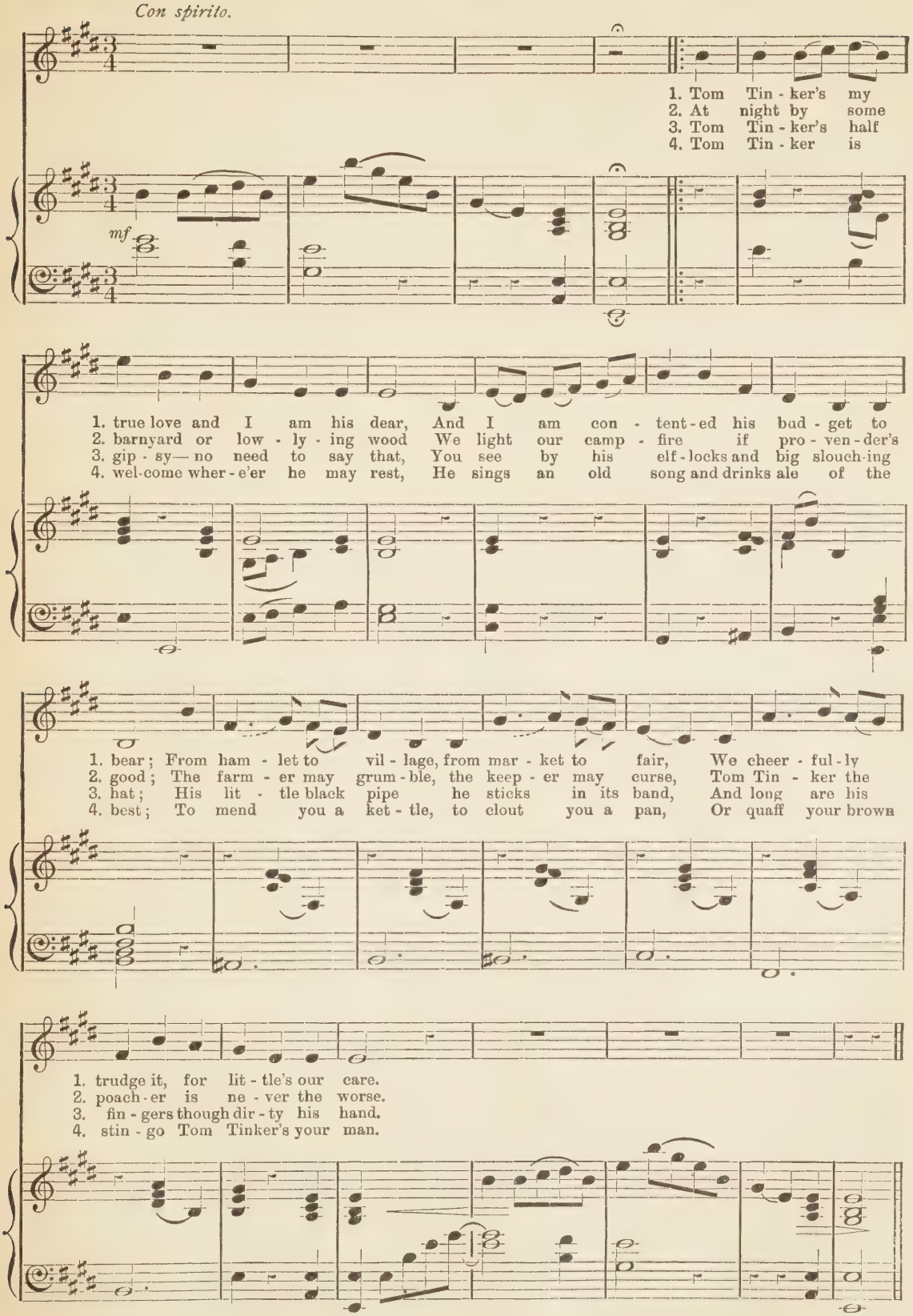
One of the many fine lyrics by Henry Purcell. This great musician was one of a musical family, his father, uncle, brother, and son having made their mark in the art. He was born in 1658, and died at Westminster, November 21, 1695, in the middle of a brilliant career. The above air appeared in *The Indian Queen*, to words beginning, "They tell me that you mighty powers."

poco cres.
p
1. val - ley, be - low in the val - ley she walks state - ly, pure, And
2. kind - ness, but pray for some kind - ness to - wards the poor swain Who
poco cres.
p
1. wots not how cruel are the pains I en - dure. Go, sing to her
2. sighs for a to - ken he loves not in vain. E'en death would be
1. soft - ly in ac - cents of love, And whis-per a sigh from her
2. sting - less if I could but prove That Phil - lis doth list to my
poco rit.
1. lov - er a - bove.
2. mes - sage of love.
poco rit.
poco rit.

The Angler's Song.

HENRY LAWES.

Moderato.
p dolce.
poco rit.
con Ped.
p
1. Man's life is but vain, For 'tis sub - ject to pain And
2. But we'll take no care When the wea - ther proves fair, Nor
p
sempre con Ped.
mf
1. sor - row, and short as a bub - ble; 'Tis a hodge podge of busi - ness, And
2. will we vex now though it rain; We will ban - ish all sor - row, And
mf
1. mon - ey and care, And care and mon - ey and trou - ble.
2. sing till to - mor - row, And an - gle and an - gle a - gain.

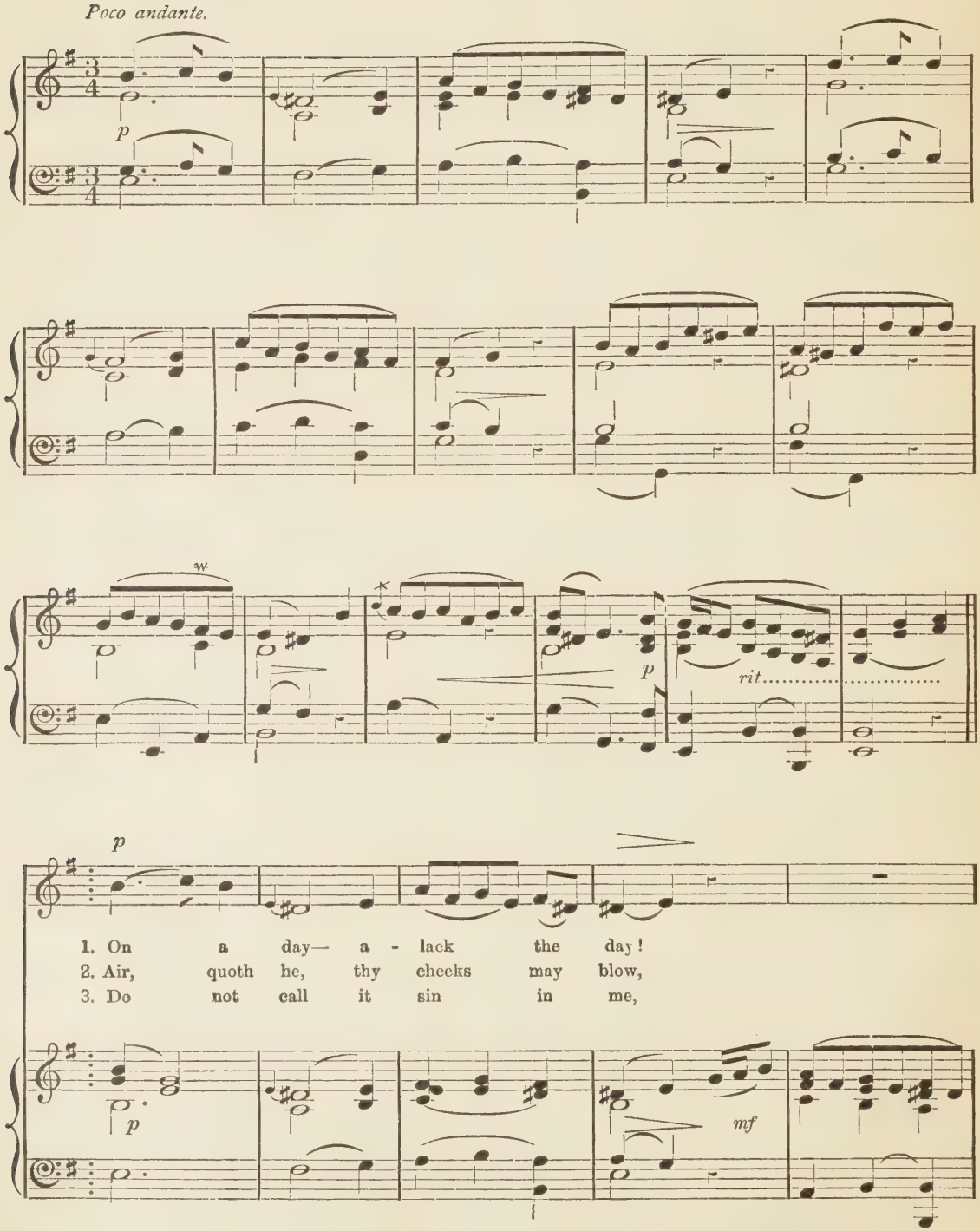
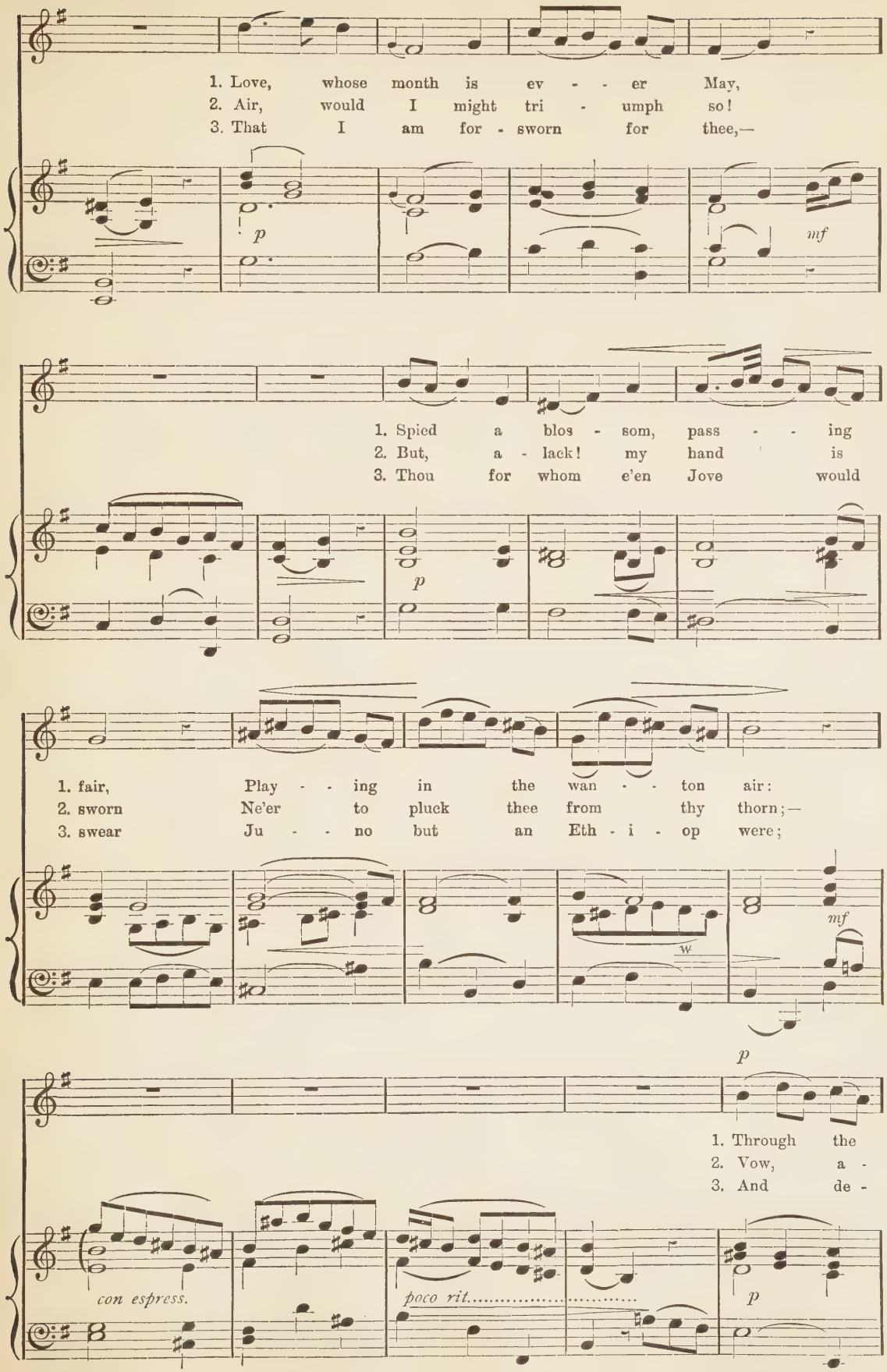
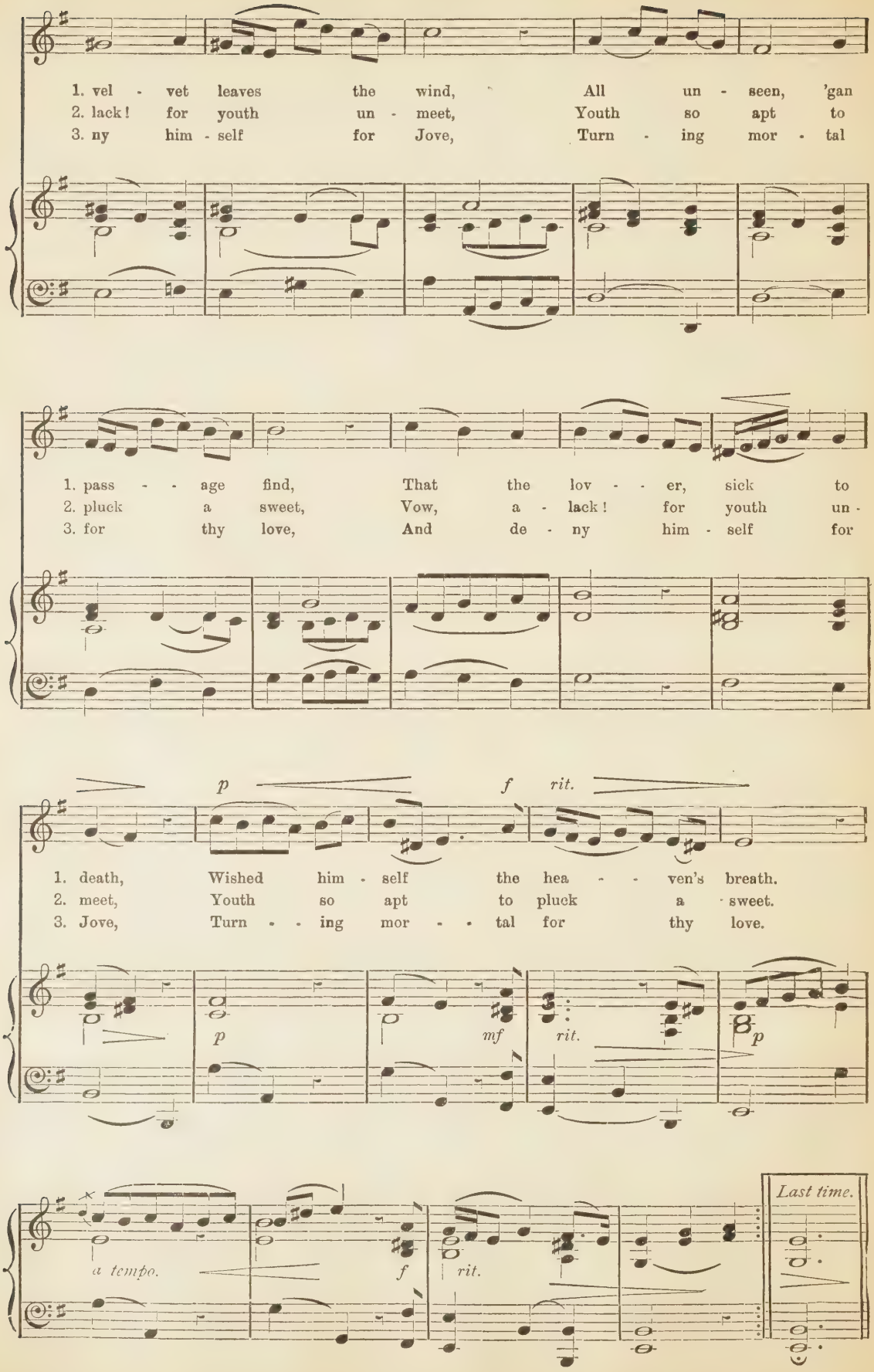
Old Izaak Walton in his *Compleat Angler*, 1653, introduces the song thus:—"Gentlemen, these were a part of the thoughts that then possessed me, and I have made a conversion of a piece of an old catch and added more to it, fitting them to be sung by us anglers. Come, master, you can sing well. you must sing a part of it, as it is here in this paper." Then follows the song with the music, one part of which is printed upside down as was then the fashion for the placing of part-songs. The arrangement thus made rendered it more convenient for the singing of two or three people from the one book. A wiseacre some little time ago informed the public through the press that the first edition of Walton's *Compleat Angler* could be known by "the mistake which the printer had made in imposing one half of the music upside down."!! The tune is by Henry Lawes, and is also in *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, 1659, *Musick's Delights on the Cithren*, 1666, Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1667, and 1672-3, etc. The words are understood to be by John Chalkhill.

Tom Tinker's my True Love.

Con spirito.

1. Tom Tin - ker's my
2. At night by some
3. Tom Tin - ker's half
4. Tom Tin - ker is
mf
1. true love and I am his dear, And I am con - tent - ed his bud - get to
2. barnyard or low - ly - ing wood We light our camp - fire if pro - ven - der's
3. gip - sy— no need to say that, You see by his elf - locks and big slouch - ing
4. wel - come wher - e'er he may rest, He sings an old song and drinks ale of the
1. bear; From ham - let to vil - lage, from mar - ket to fair, We cheer - ful - ly
2. good; The farm - er may grum - ble, the keep - er may curse, Tom Tin - ker the
3. hat; His lit - tle black pipe he sticks in its band, And long are his
4. best; To mend you a ket - tle, to clout you a pan, Or quaff your brown
1. trudge it, for lit - tle's our care.
2. poach - er is ne - ver the worse.
3. fin - gers though dir - ty his hand.
4. stin - go Tom Tinker's your man.

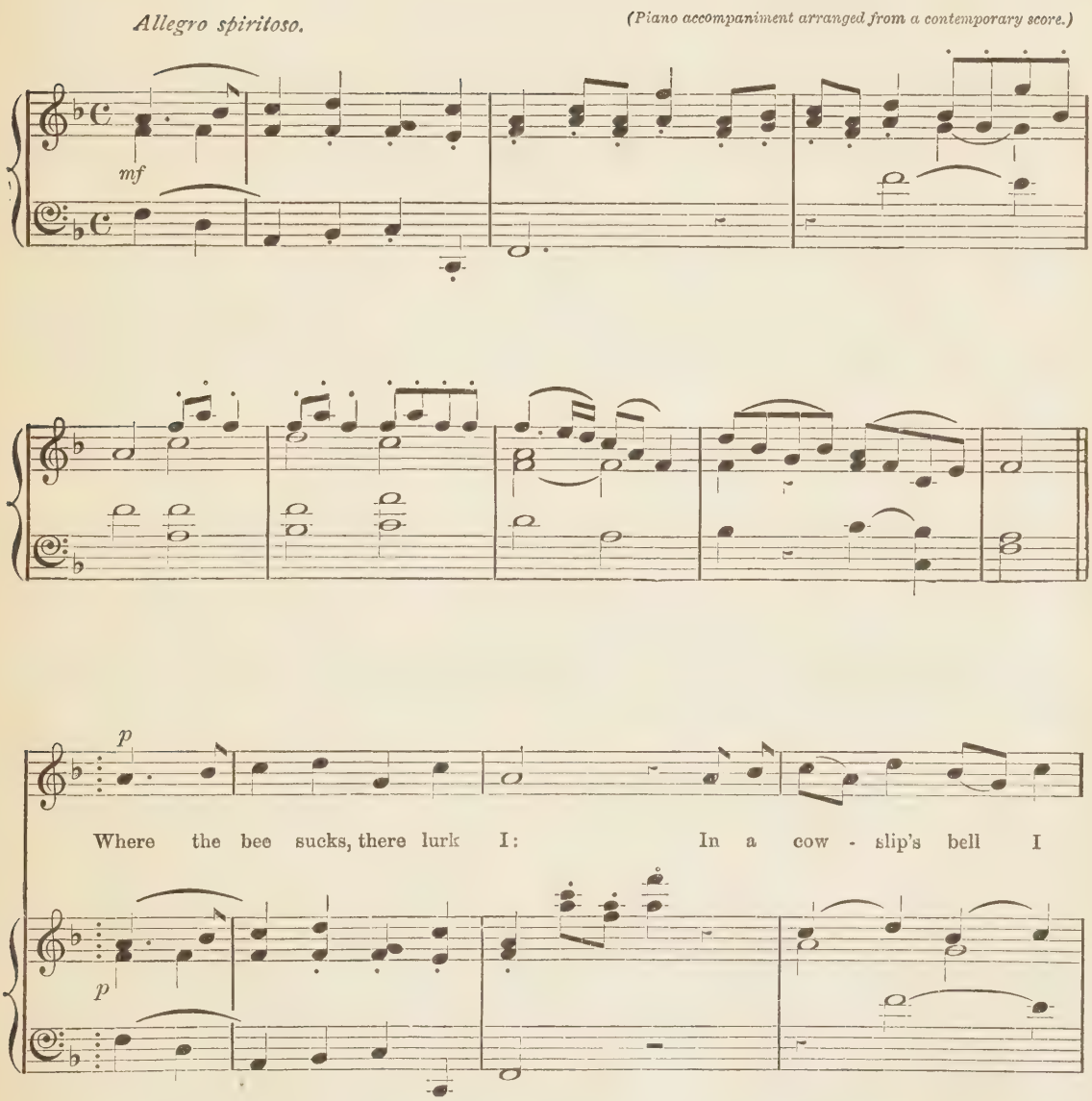
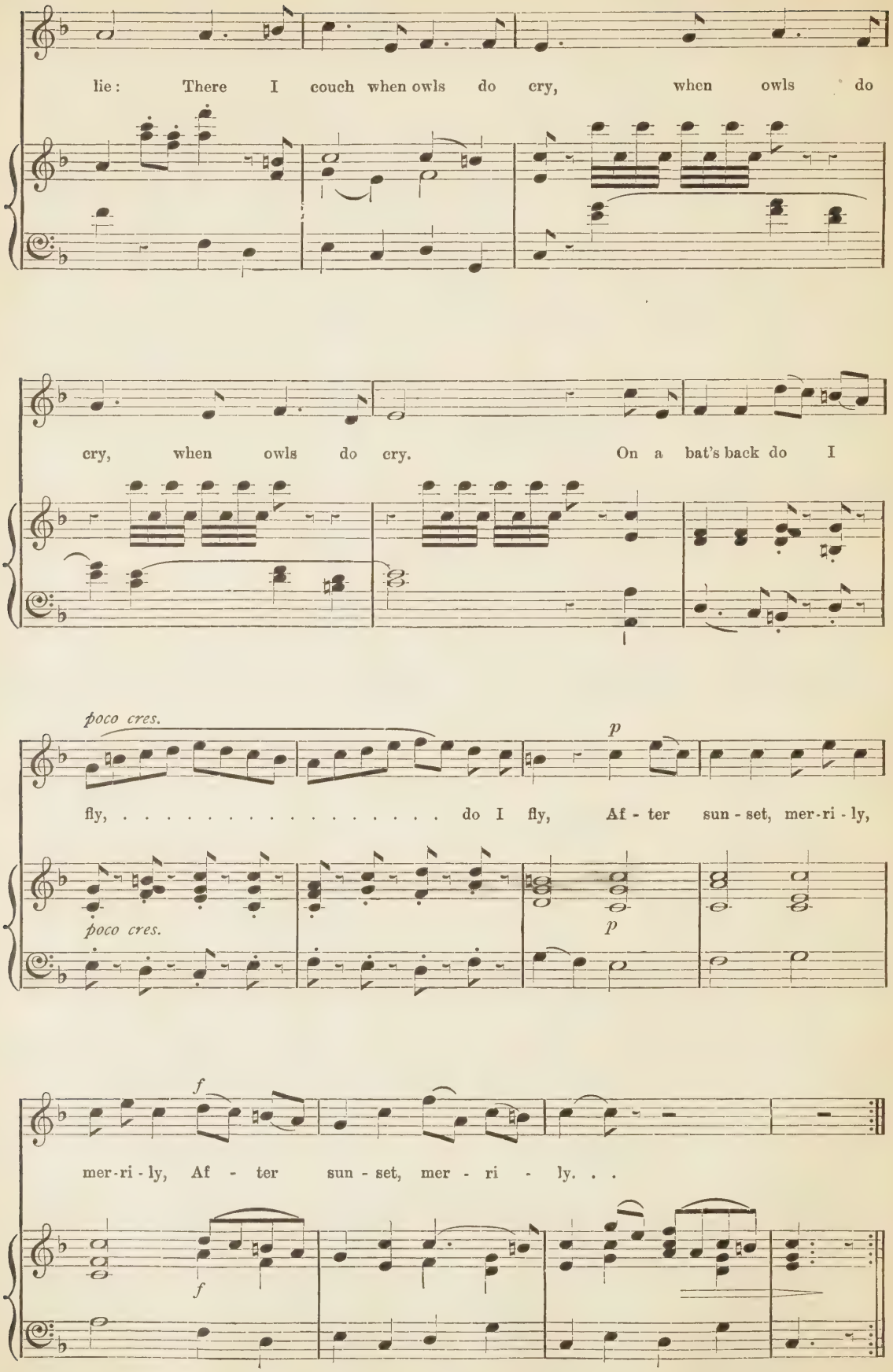
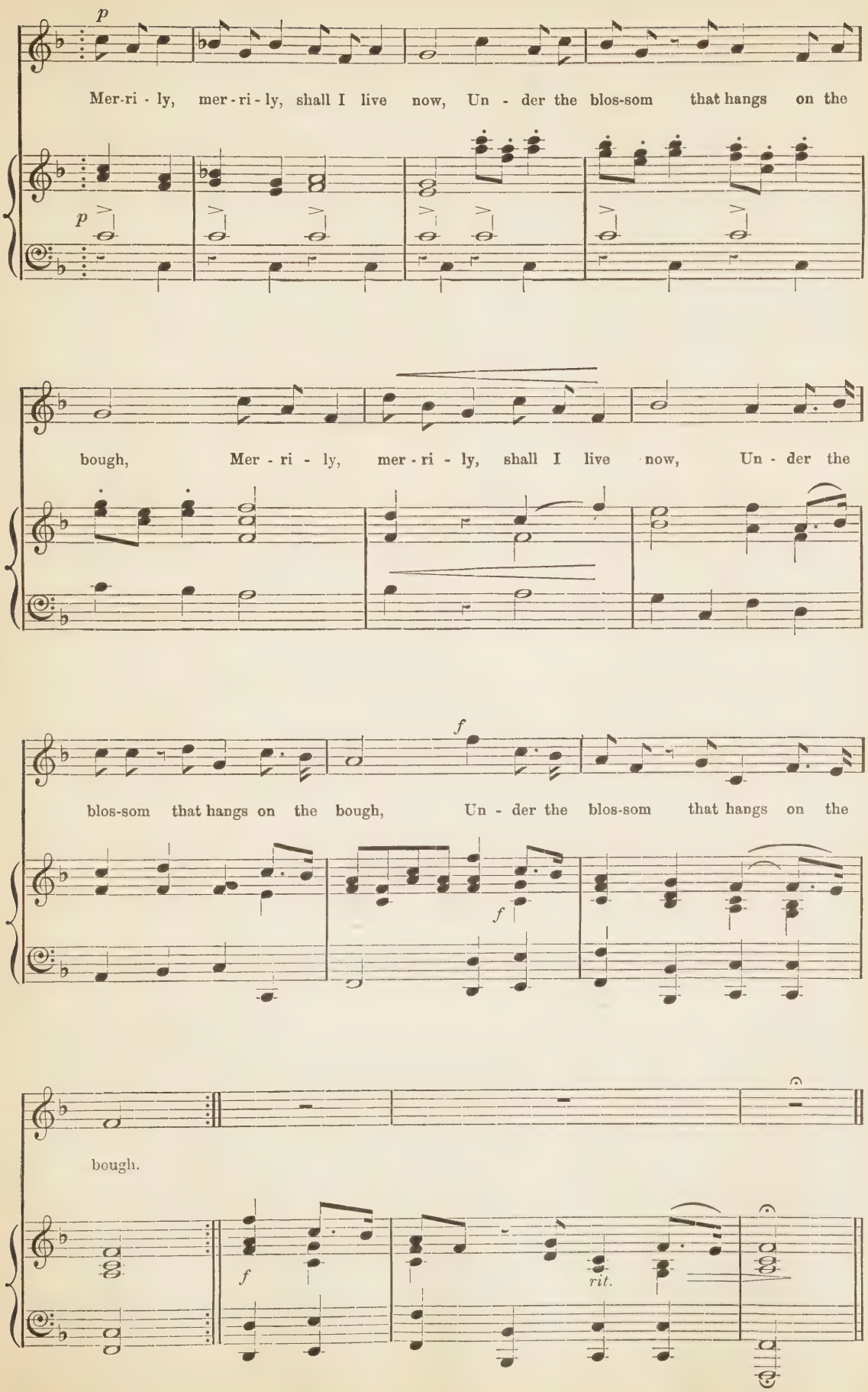
For note to this song see Appendix.

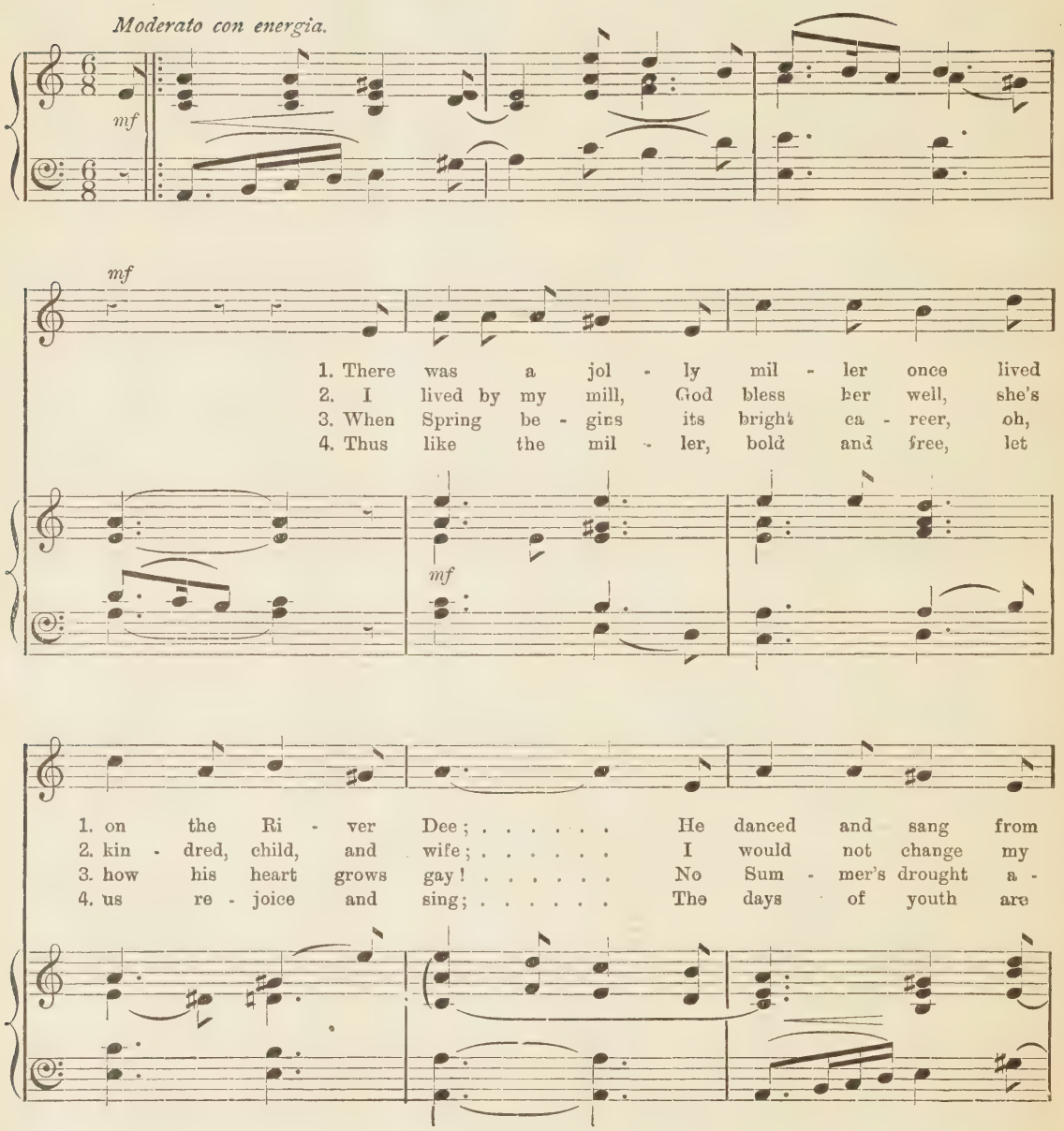
On a Day—alack the Day!

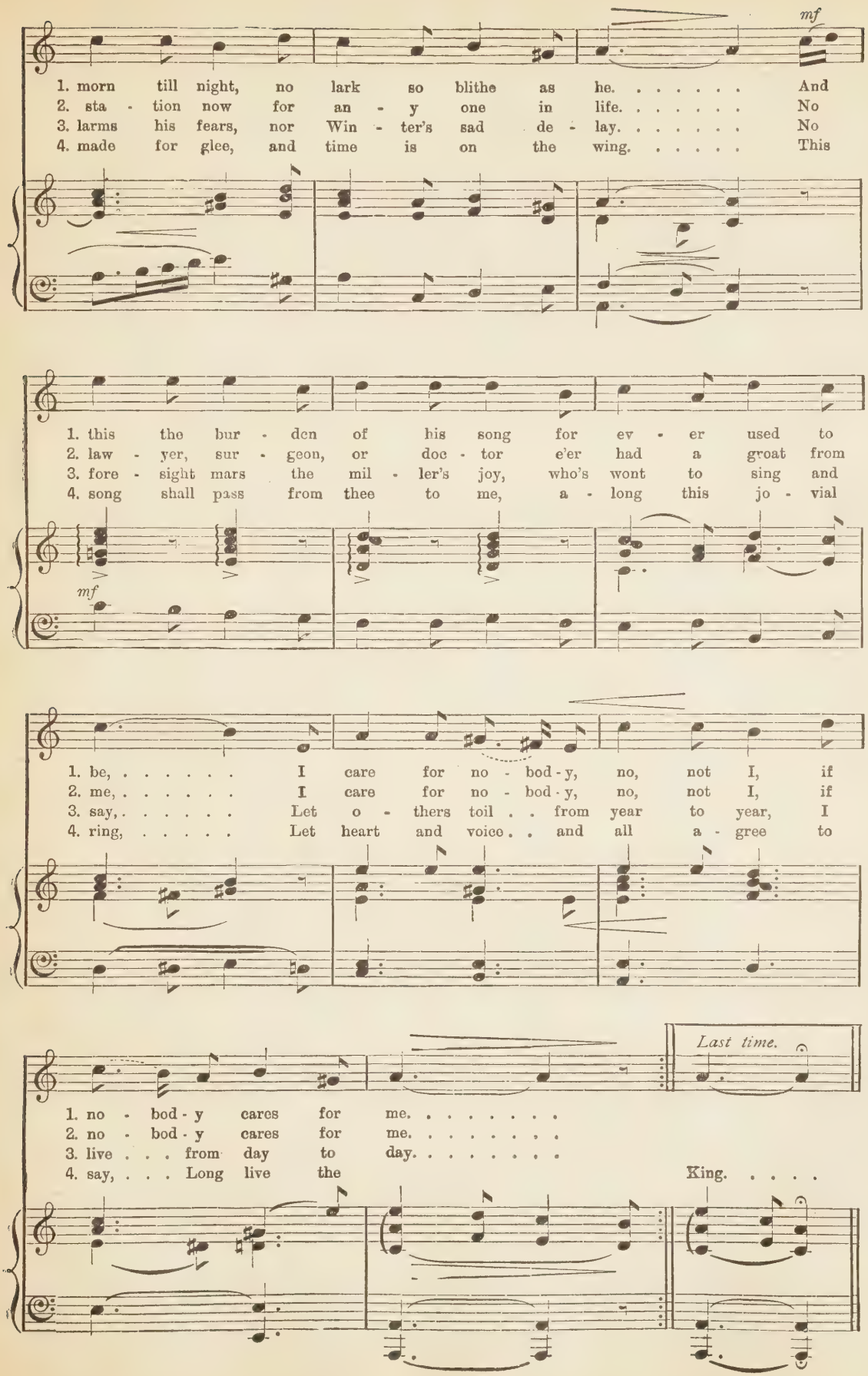
THOMAS CHILCOT.

The words are by Shakespeare, and occur in *The Passionate Pilgrim* and in *Love's Labour Lost.* The melody is by Thomas Chilcot, a clever Bath musician who was organist of the Abbey Church. He published about 1745-50 *Twelve English Songs, the words by Shakespeare and other celebrated poets,* from which the present is taken. Chilcot died in 1766. The song has been also set by Bishop and others.

1. Love, whose month is ev - - er May,
2. Air, would I might tri - umph so!
3. That I am for - sworn for thee,—
p
mf
1. Spied a blos - som, pass - - ing
2. But, a - lack! my hand is
3. Thou for whom e'en Jove would
p
1. fair, Play - - ing in the wan - - ton air:
2. sworn Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;—
3. swear Ju - - no but an Eth - i - op were;
mf
w
p
1. Through the
2. Vow, a -
3. And de -
con espress.
poco rit.
p

1. vel - vet leaves the wind, All un - seen, 'gan
2. lack! for youth un - meet, Youth so apt to
3. ny him - self for Jove, Turn - ing mor - tal
1. pass - - age find, That the lov - - er, sick to
2. pluck a sweet, Vow, a - lack! for youth un -
3. for thy love, And de - ny him - self for
p
f
rit.
1. death, Wished him - self the hea - - ven's breath.
2. meet, Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
3. Jove, Turn - - ing mor - - tal for thy love.
p
mf
rit.
p
a tempo.
f
rit.
Last time.

Where the Bee sucks.

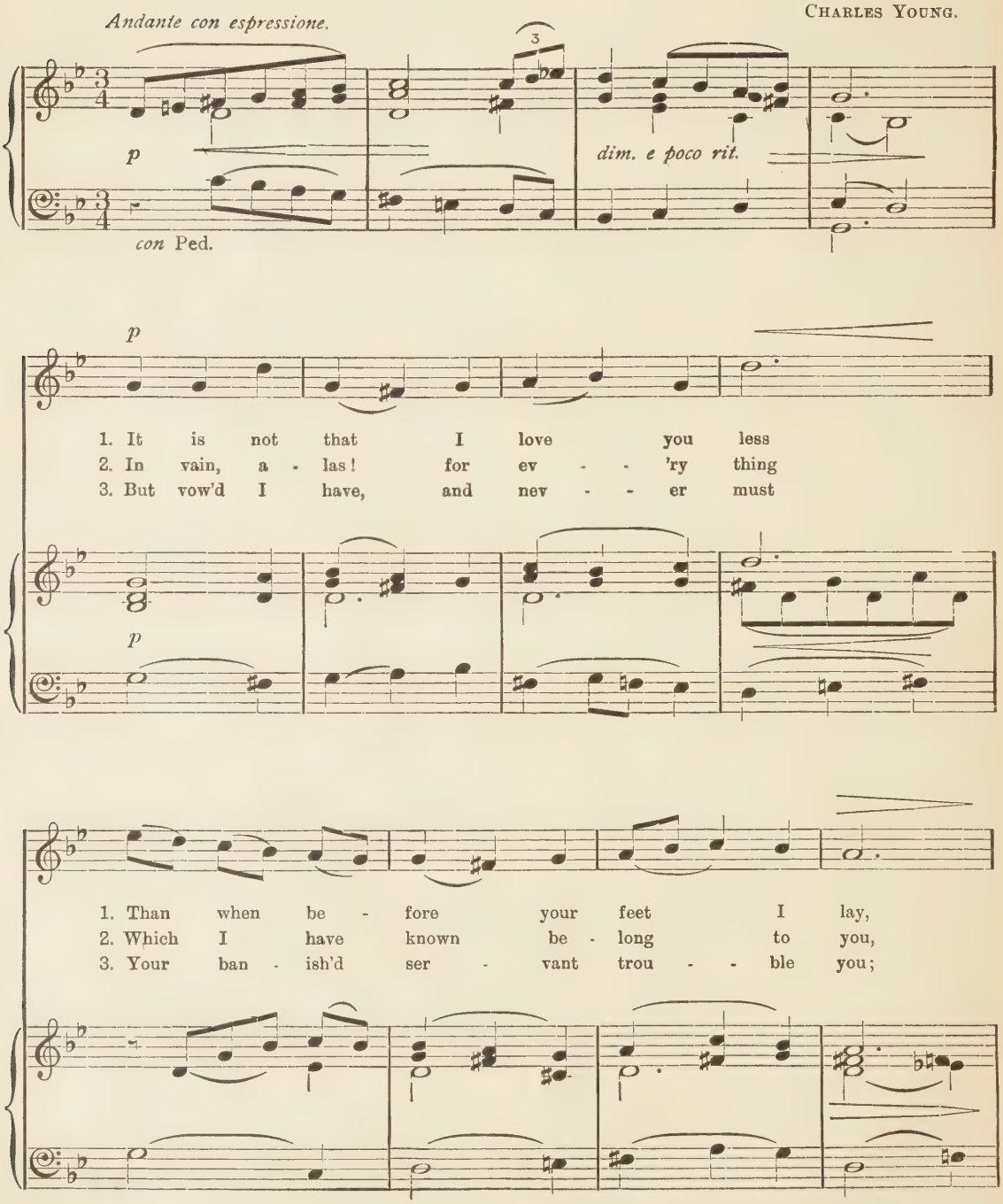
THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

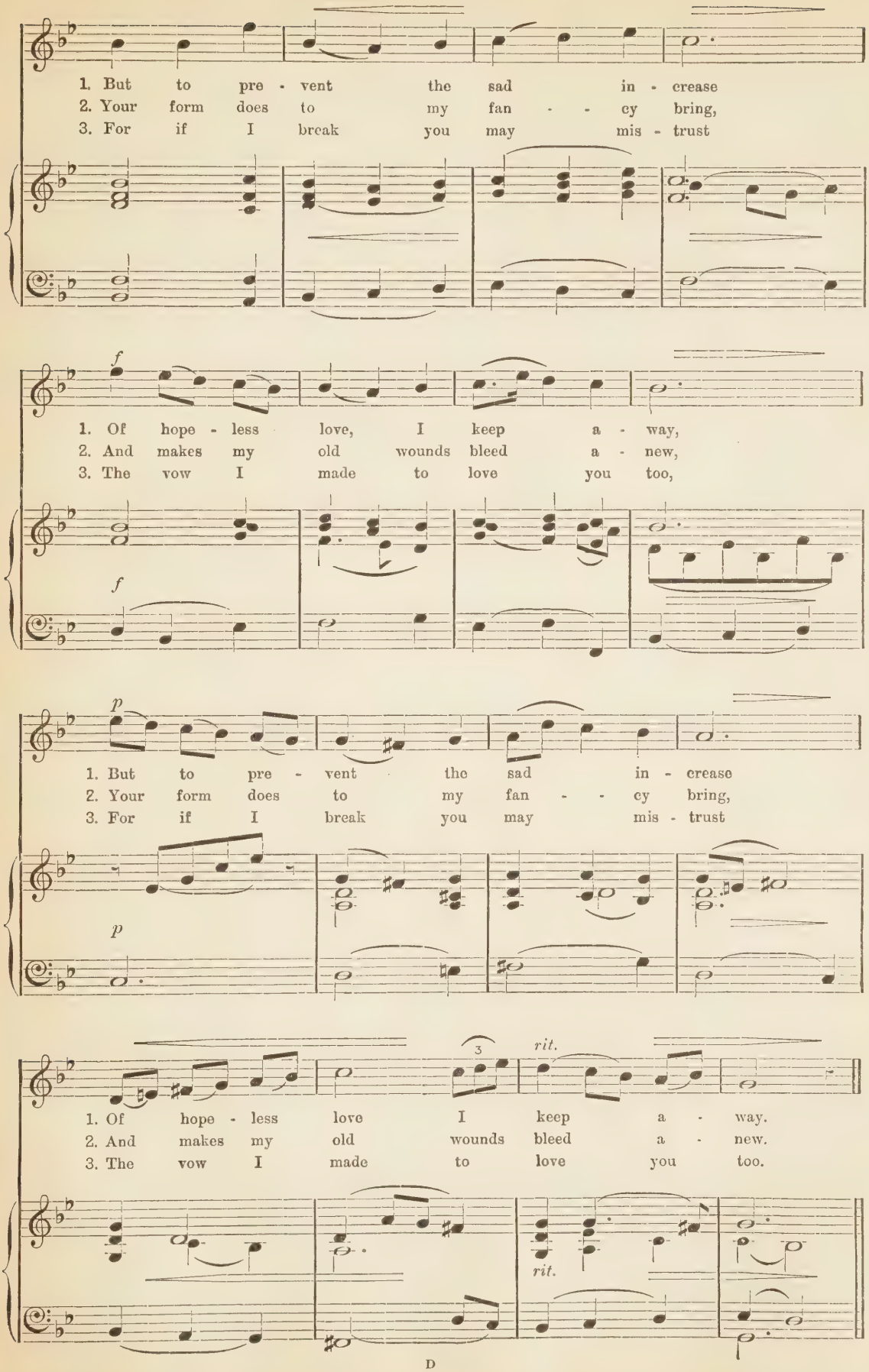
(Piano accompaniment arranged from a contemporary score.)

One of Dr. Arne's most beautiful melodies, set to Ariel's song in the *Tempest*. Arne's tune was among his earlier productions, and was probably first issued about the year 1746. Besides being on contemporary half sheet music, it is included in *Clio and Euterpe*, vol. i., 1758, and *The Delightful Pocket Companion for the German-Flute, circa* 1746. Previous settings of the words had been made by Robert Johnson, early in the 17th century, and by Purcell.

lie: There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do
cry, when owls do cry. On a bat's back do I
poco cres.
p
fly, ... do I fly, Af - ter sun - set, mer - ri - ly,
poco cres.
p
f
mer - ri - ly, Af - ter sun - set, mer - ri - ly. . .
f

p
Mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live now, Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the
p
bough, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live now, Un - der the
f
blos-som that hangs on the bough, Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the
f
bough.
f
rit.

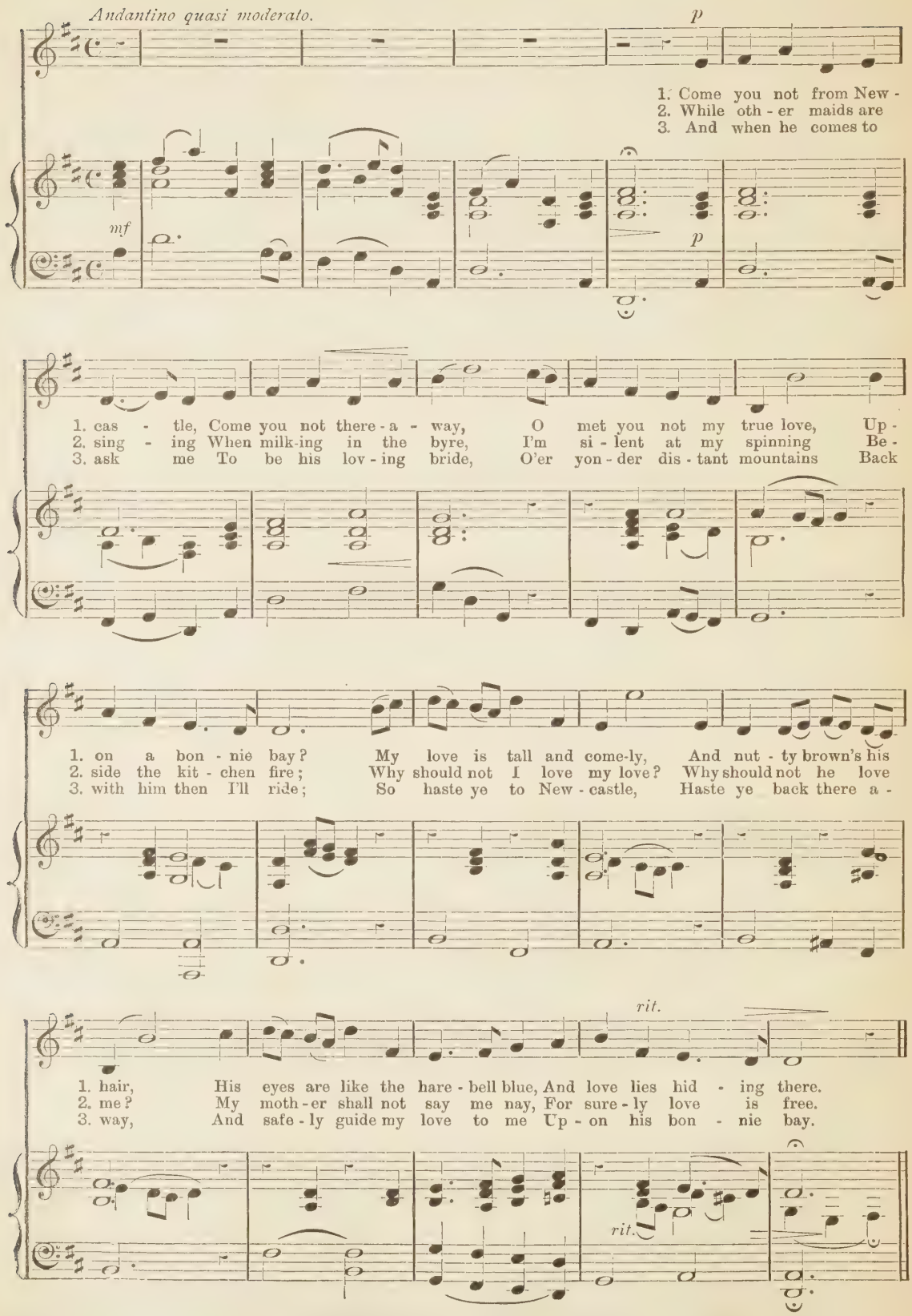
The Miller of the Dee.

Moderato con energia.
mf
mf
1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once lived
2. I lived by my mill, God bless her well, she's
3. When Spring be - gins its bright ca - reer, oh,
4. Thus like the mil - ler, bold and free, let
mf
1. on the Ri - ver Dee; . . . . . He danced and sang from
2. kin - dred, child, and wife; . . . . . I would not change my
3. how his heart grows gay! . . . . . No Sum - mer's drought a -
4. us re - joice and sing; . . . . . The days of youth are

This lyrical expression of self confidence was first sung on the stage by John Beard, who took the character of Hawthorn in *Love in a Village*, acted in 1762. The libretto of the piece was by Isaac Bickerstaffe, and its music was selected from a variety of sources. "The Miller of the Dee" in the opera has but the first verse, and there is presumptive evidence that it had been an old song bodily placed there. The tune named "The budgeon it is a fine trade," was used in several earlier ballad operas, such as *The Fashionable Lady*, 1730, *The Devil to pay*, 1732, etc., and Chappell quotes a verse from a song, "The budgeon it is a delicate trade," in a collection of canting songs printed in 1723. He supposes that "budgeon" is from the thieves' word "budge," to steal into a house, but with more probability we may assume that "The budgeon it is a fine trade" has sung the pleasures of a wandering tinker's life, and that the word in question is but another one for "budget," a tinker's bag of tools. The full song, "The Miller of the Dee," is found in *The Convivial Songster*, 1782, Dale's *English Songs*, and other collections. In Nathaniel Gow's Third *Repository* the tune is marked "very old." I believe several mills on the rivers Dee in Scotland and Wales lay claim to being the veritable mill sung of in the song. The modern corruption of the words into "I care for nobody, no, not I, *for* nobody cares for me," alters the whole sentiment of the song. In Surrey and Sussex a version of the air has been traditionally known to the harvest-home song, "Here's a health to our master," and a major setting of the tune to another, "The Jolly Woodcutter." This latter will be found in the present volume.

mf
1. morn till night, no lark so blithe as he. . . . . And
2. sta - tion now for an - y one in life. . . . . No
3. larms his fears, nor Win - ter's sad de - lay. . . . . No
4. made for glee, and time is on the wing. . . . . This
1. this the bur - den of his song for ev - er used to
2. law - yer, sur - geon, or doc - tor e'er had a groat from
3. fore - sight mars the mil - ler's joy, who's wont to sing and
4. song shall pass from thee to me, a - long this jo - vial
mf
1. be, ... I care for no - bod - y, no, not I, if
2. me, ... I care for no - bod - y, no, not I, if
3. say, ... Let o - thers toil . . from year to year, I
4. ring, ... Let heart and voice . . and all a - gree to
Last time.
1. no - bod - y cares for me. . . . . .
2. no - bod - y cares for me. . . . . .
3. live . . . from day to day. . . . . .
4. say, . . . Long live the King. . . . .

It is not that I Love You less.

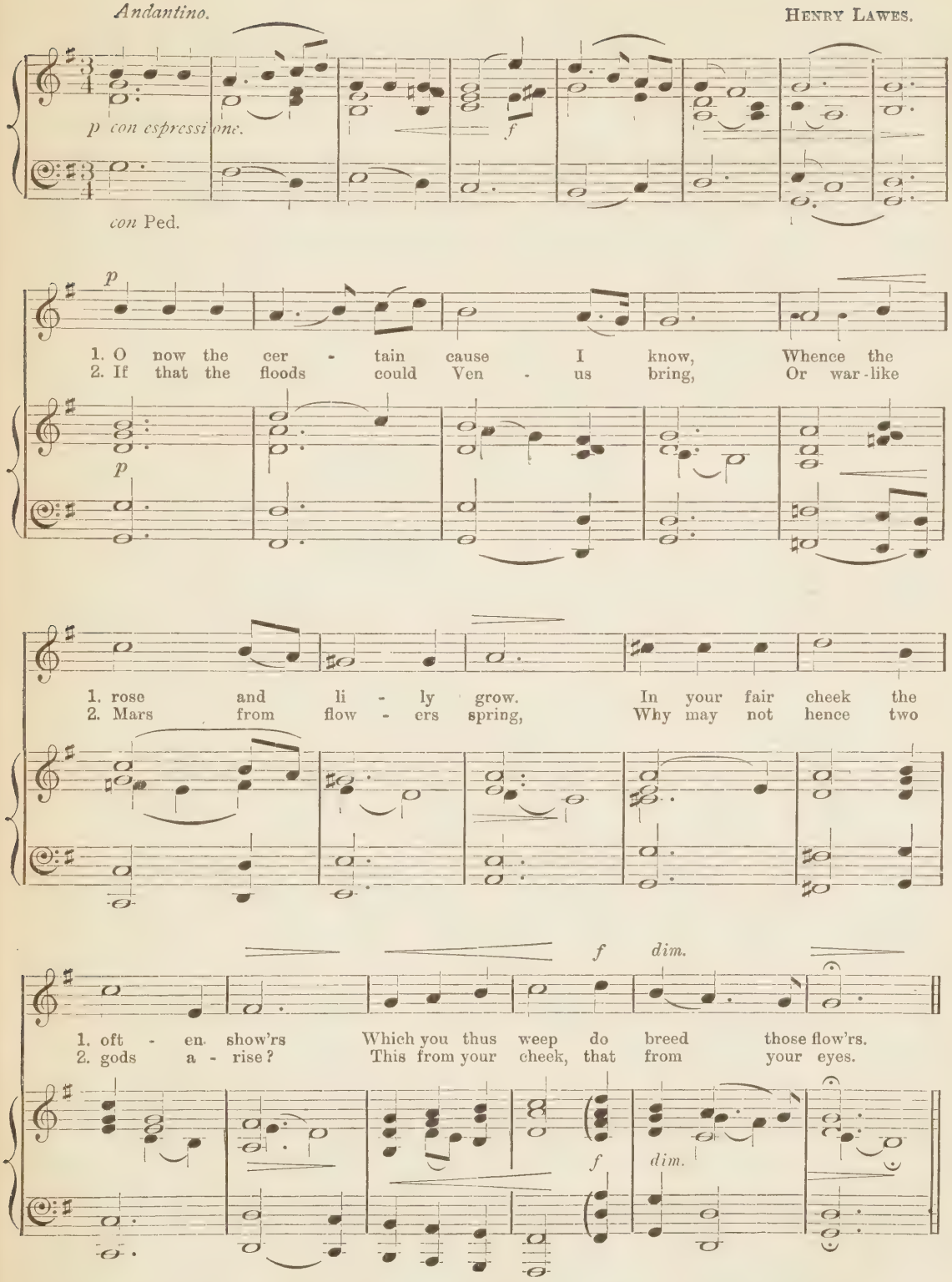
CHARLES YOUNG.

Andante con espressione.
p
dim. e poco rit.
con Ped.
p
1. It is not that I love you less
2. In vain, a - las! for ev - - 'ry thing
3. But vow'd I have, and nev - - er must
p
1. Than when be - fore your feet I lay,
2. Which I have known be - long to you,
3. Your ban - ish'd ser - vant trou - - ble you;

The song, of which our space only permits us to use a portion, is by Edmund Waller, and is named in his *Poems on Several Occasions*, "The Self Banished." Waller, born in 1605, died in 1688, and very worthily upheld the character of the poetry of an earlier age, some of his songs reaching a high standard. We need but recall to the reader's memory, "Go, lovely rose," and his dainty piece, "On a girdle," ("That which her slender waist confined.") The charming piece of melody set to the song we select is by Charles Young, the father of the gifted singer, Cecilia Young, who married Dr. Arne. It is taken from *British Melody*, 1739, folio.

1. But to pre - vent the sad in - crease
2. Your form does to my fan - - cy bring,
3. For if I break you may mis - trust
f
1. Of hope - less love, I keep a - way,
2. And makes my old wounds bleed a - new,
3. The vow I made to love you too,
f
p
1. But to pre - vent the sad in - crease
2. Your form does to my fan - - cy bring,
3. For if I break you may mis - trust
p
3
rit.
1. Of hope - less love I keep a - way.
2. And makes my old wounds bleed a - new.
3. The vow I made to love you too.
rit.

Come you not from Newcastle?

Andantino quasi moderato.
p
1. Come you not from New -
2. While oth - er maids are
3. And when he comes to
mf
p
1. cas - tle, Come you not there - a - way, O met you not my true love, Up -
2. sing - ing When milk-ing in the byre, I'm si - lent at my spinning Be -
3. ask me To be his lov - ing bride, O'er yon - der dis - tant mountains Back
1. on a bon - nie bay? My love is tall and come-ly, And nut - ty brown's his
2. side the kit - chen fire; Why should not I love my love? Why should not he love
3. with him then I'll ride; So haste ye to New - castle, Haste ye back there a -
rit.
1. hair, His eyes are like the hare - bell blue, And love lies hid - ing there.
2. me? My moth - er shall not say me nay, For sure - ly love is free.
3. way, And safe - ly guide my love to me Up - on his bon - nie bay.
rit.

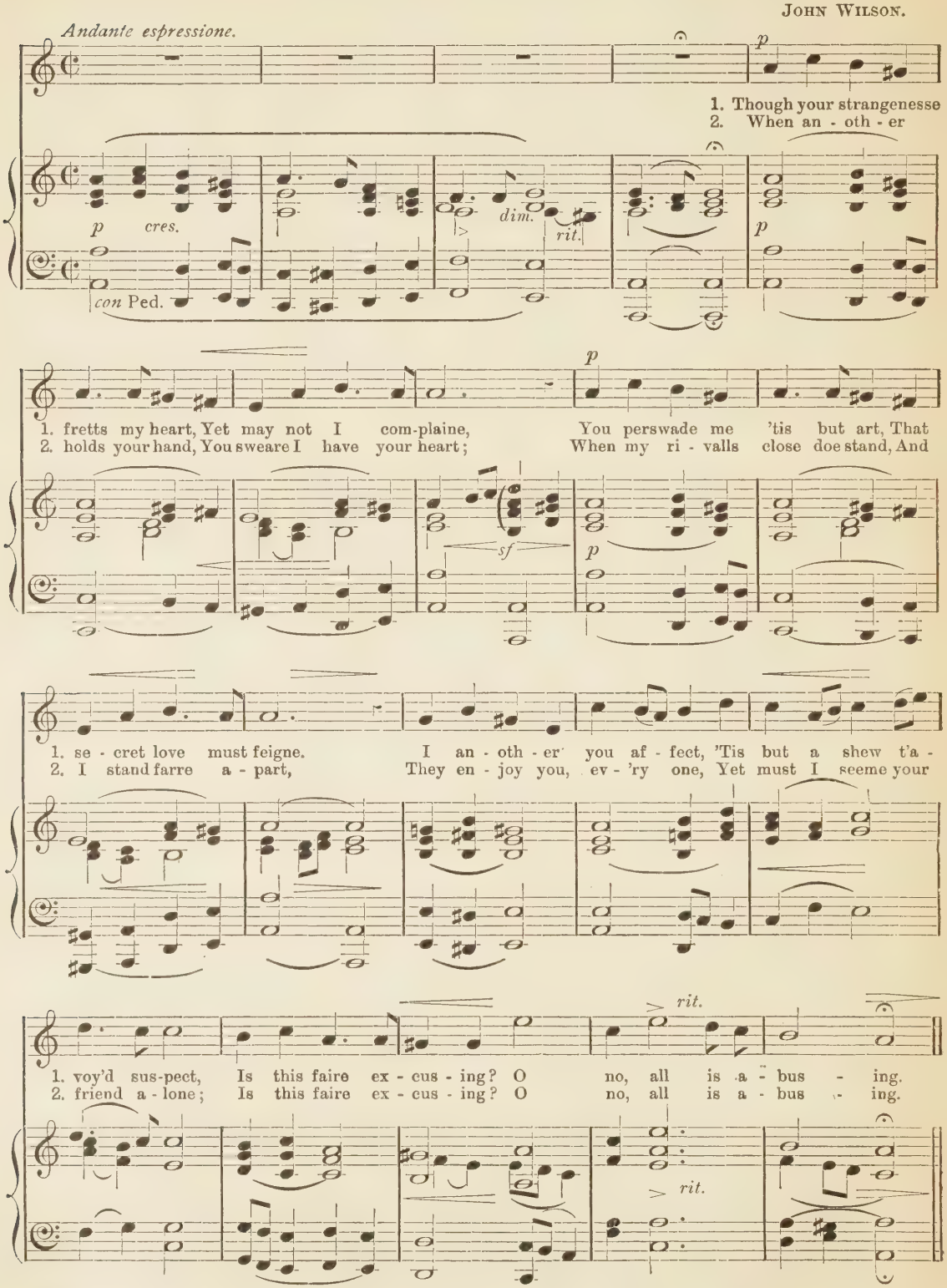
For note to this song see Appendix.

To a Lady Weeping.

Andantino. HENRY LAWES.

p con espressione.
f
con Ped.
p
1. O now the cer - tain cause I know, Whence the
2. If that the floods could Ven - us bring, Or war-like
p
1. rose and li - ly grow. In your fair cheek the
2. Mars from flow - ers spring, Why may not hence two
f dim.
1. oft - en show'rs Which you thus weep do breed those flow'rs.
2. gods a - rise? This from your cheek, that from your eyes.
f
dim.

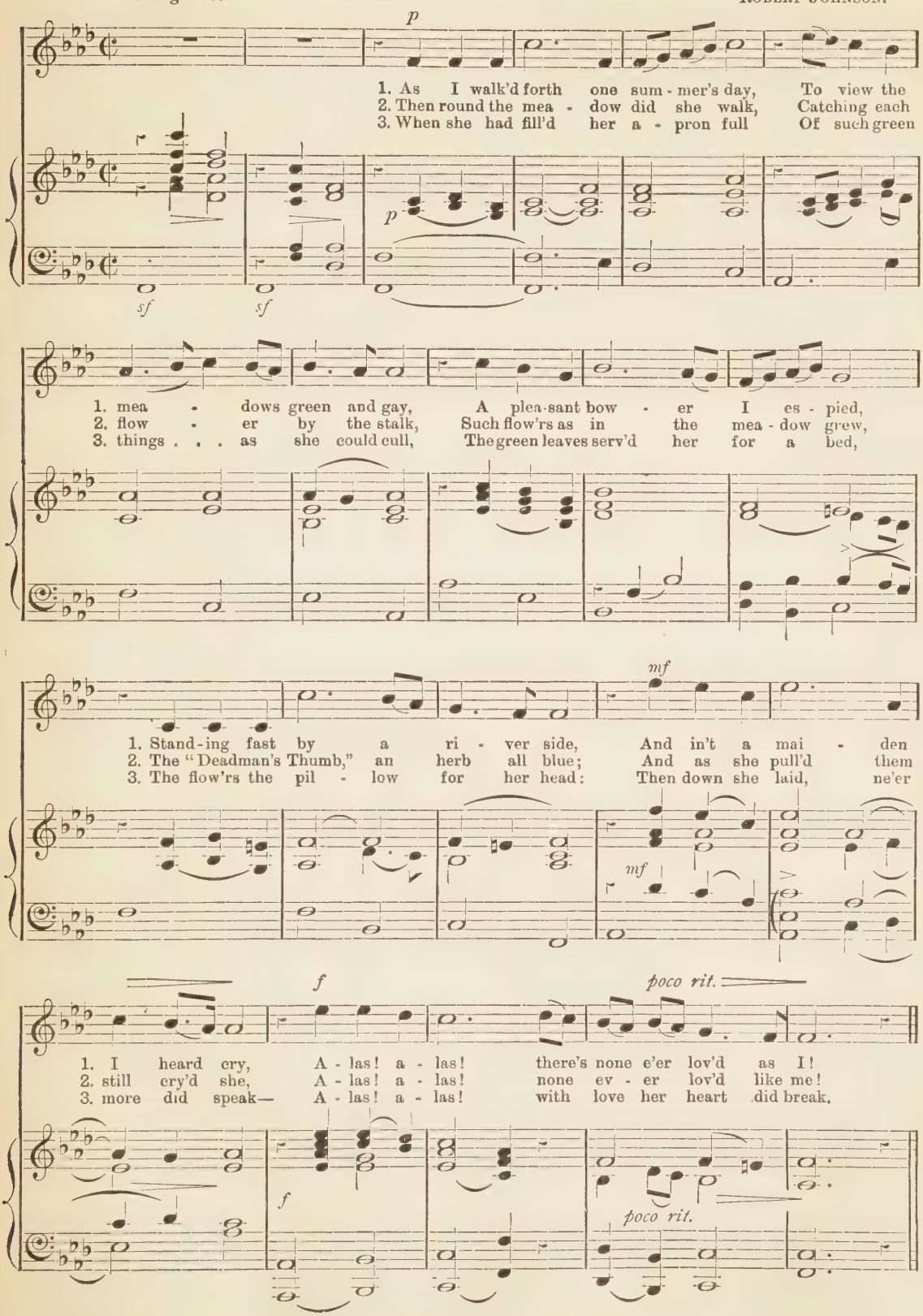
The music is by Henry Lawes, and published in his *Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three voyces*, 1653, folio. The words are by "Mr. Cartwright." Henry Lawes was one of the best musicians of his day, and a thorough Englishman. It was he, who to ridicule the growing fashionable taste for Italian vocal music—really not understood by its enthusiastic hearers,—set to music the contents table of an Italian song book, and palmed it off as an Italian song! Henry Lawes was born in 1595, near Salisbury, and died in 1662. William Lawes, whose works also still live in the estimation of musicians, was his brother.

Though your Strangenesse fretts my Heart.

JOHN WILSON.

Andante espressione.
p
1. Though your strangenesse
2. When an - oth - er
p cres.
dim.
rit.
con Ped.
p
1. fretts my heart, Yet may not I com-plaine, You perswade me 'tis but art, That
2. holds your hand, You sweare I have your heart; When my ri - valls close doe stand, And
sf
p
1. se - cret love must feigne. I an - oth - er you af - fect, 'Tis but a shew t'a -
2. I stand farre a - part, They en - joy you, ev - 'ry one, Yet must I seeme your
rit.
1. voy'd sus-pect, Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - bus - ing.
2. friend a - lone; Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - bus - ing.
rit.

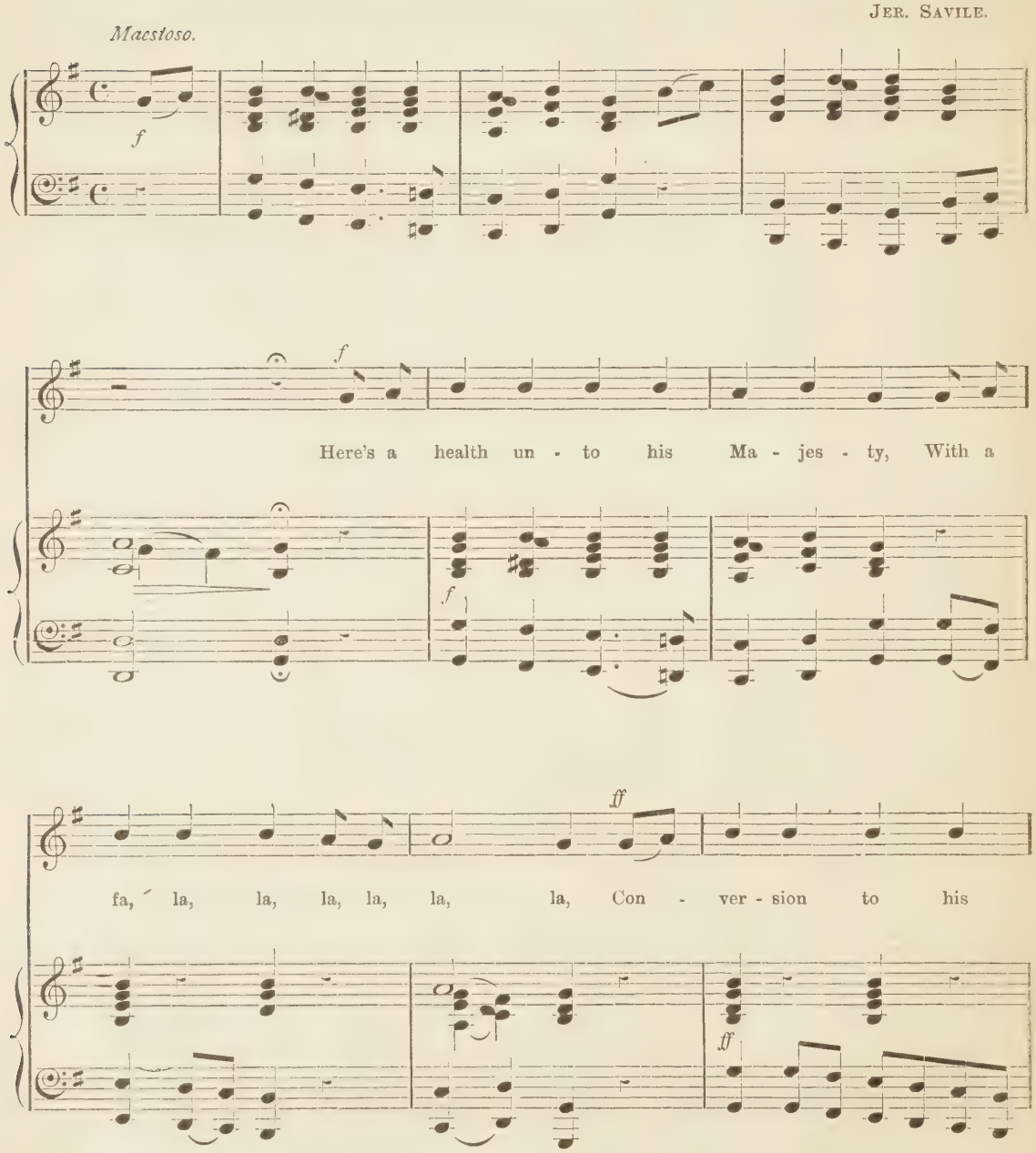
This is taken from *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads first composed for one single voice, and since set for three voices, by Dr. John Wilson*, Oxford, 1660. Dr. John Wilson was a clever musician in much repute during the middle of the 17th century. His songs, "When Troy town," "From the fair Lavinion Shore," "Cast your caps and cares away," "In the merry month of May" (this last reproduced in the present volume) have all been notable long past the age they were written for. Wilson was born in 1594, and died in 1673. A large number of his songs were reprinted by John Playford. Dr. Rimbault wrote a pamphlet to prove that John, or Jack Wilson was a singer on the early Shakesperian stage, and is the "Jack Wilson" mentioned in one of the stage directions in the folio of 1623. He is thought to have been the composer of many of the early airs to Shakespere's songs.

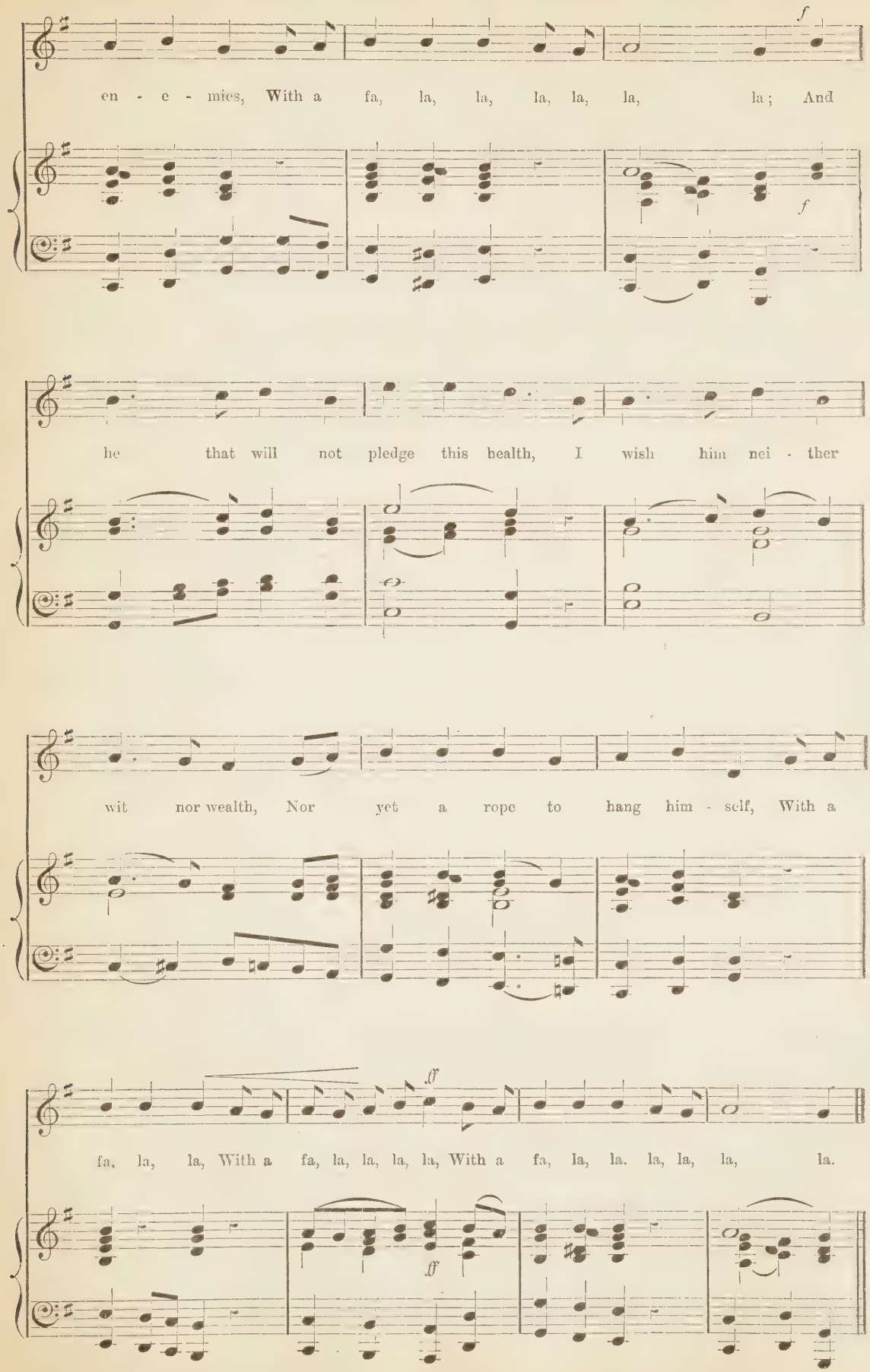
As I Walked Forth one Summer's Day.

Allegretto. ROBERT JOHNSON.

p
1. As I walk'd forth one sum - mer's day, To view the
2. Then round the mea - dow did she walk, Catching each
3. When she had fill'd her a - pron full Of such green
sf sf
p
1. mea - dows green and gay, A plea-sant bow - er I es - pied,
2. flow - er by the stalk, Such flow'rs as in the mea - dow grew,
3. things . . . as she could cull, The green leaves serv'd her for a bed,
mf
1. Stand-ing fast by a ri - ver side, And in't a mai - den
2. The "Deadman's Thumb," an herb all blue; And as she pull'd them
3. The flow'rs the pil - low for her head: Then down she laid, ne'er
mf
f
poco rit.
1. I heard cry, A - las! a - las! there's none e'er lov'd as I!
2. still cry'd she, A - las! a - las! none ev - er lov'd like me!
3. more did speak— A - las! a - las! with love her heart did break.
f
poco rit.

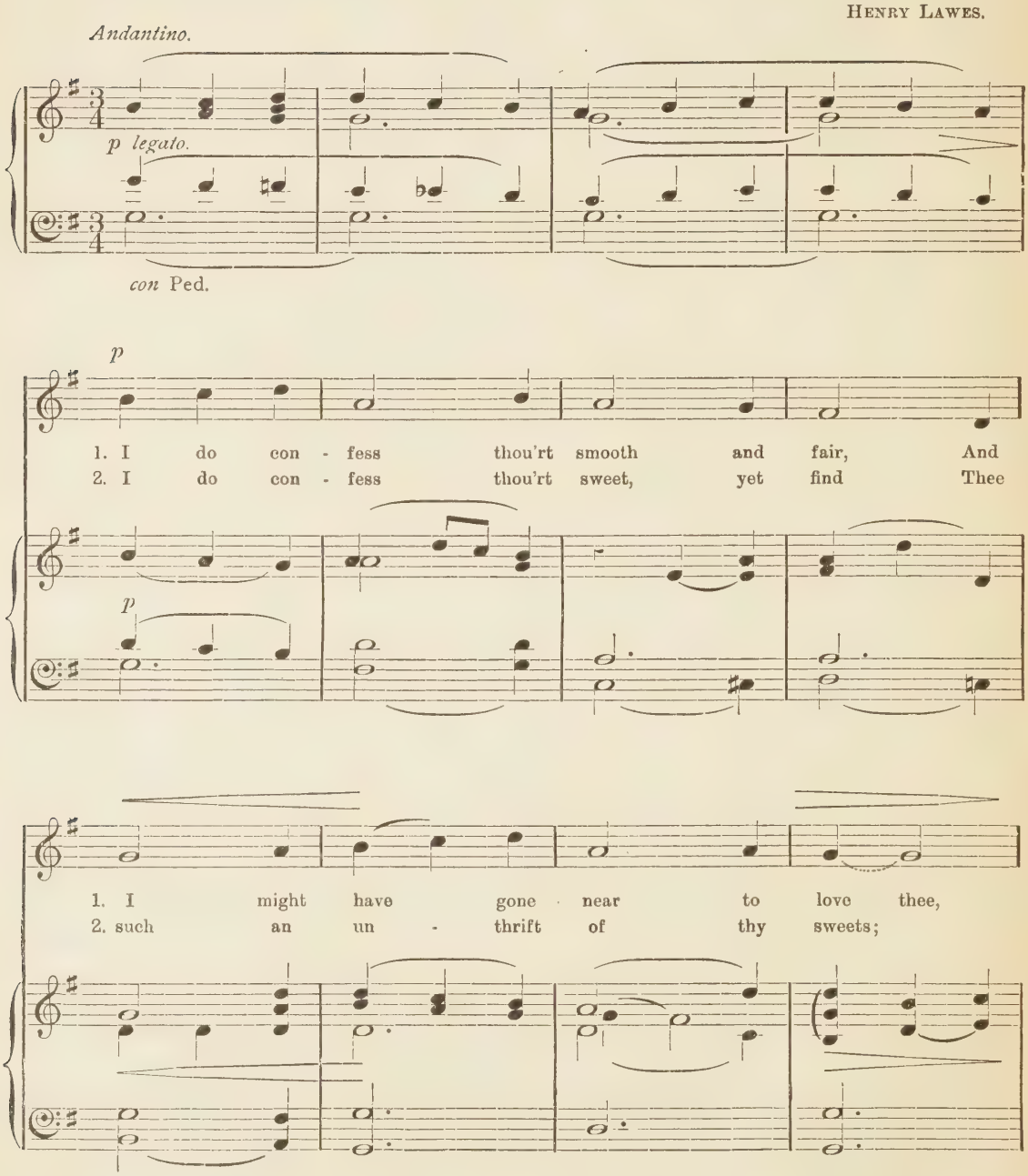
For note to this song see Appendix.

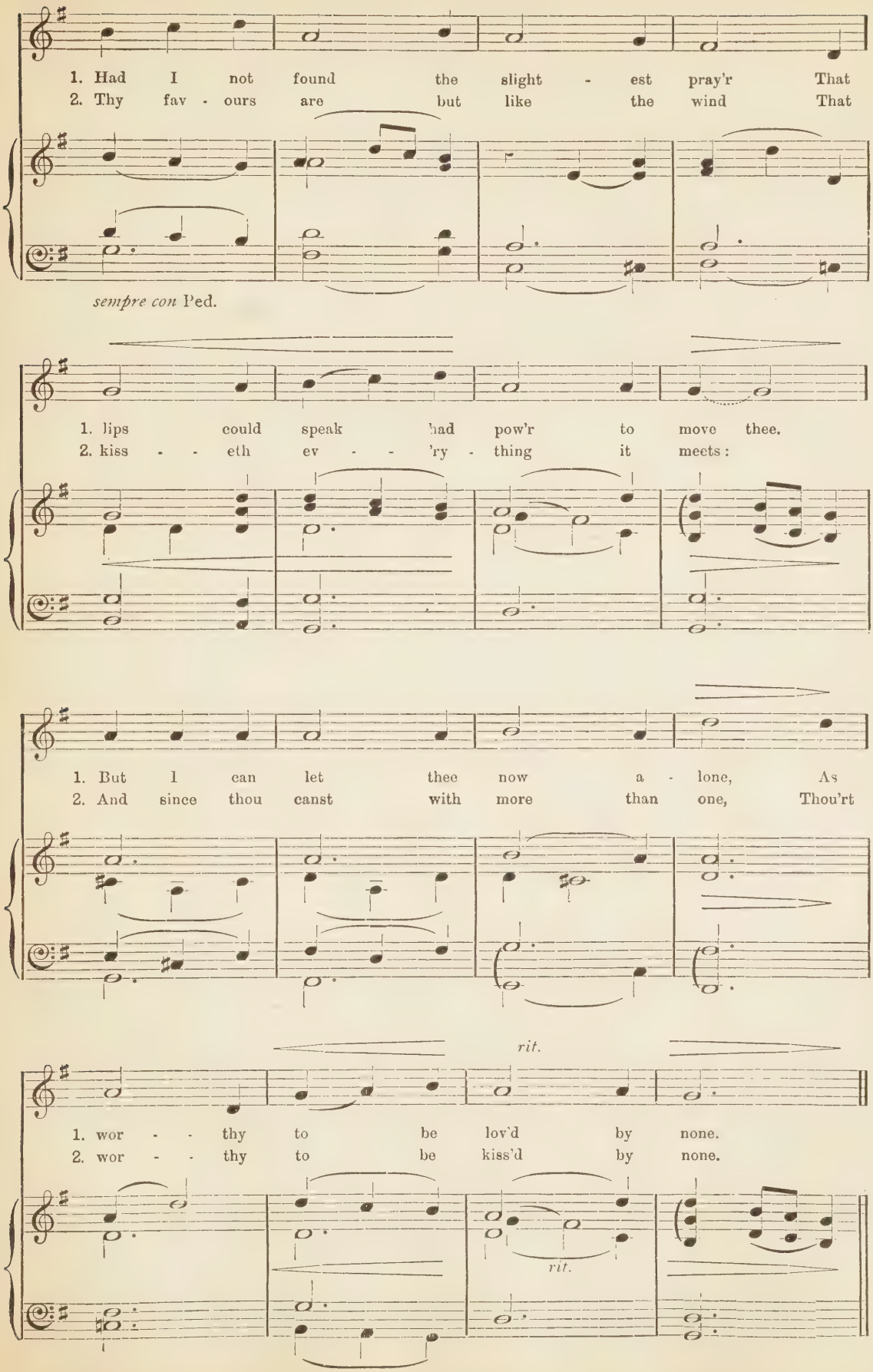
Here's a Health unto His Majesty.

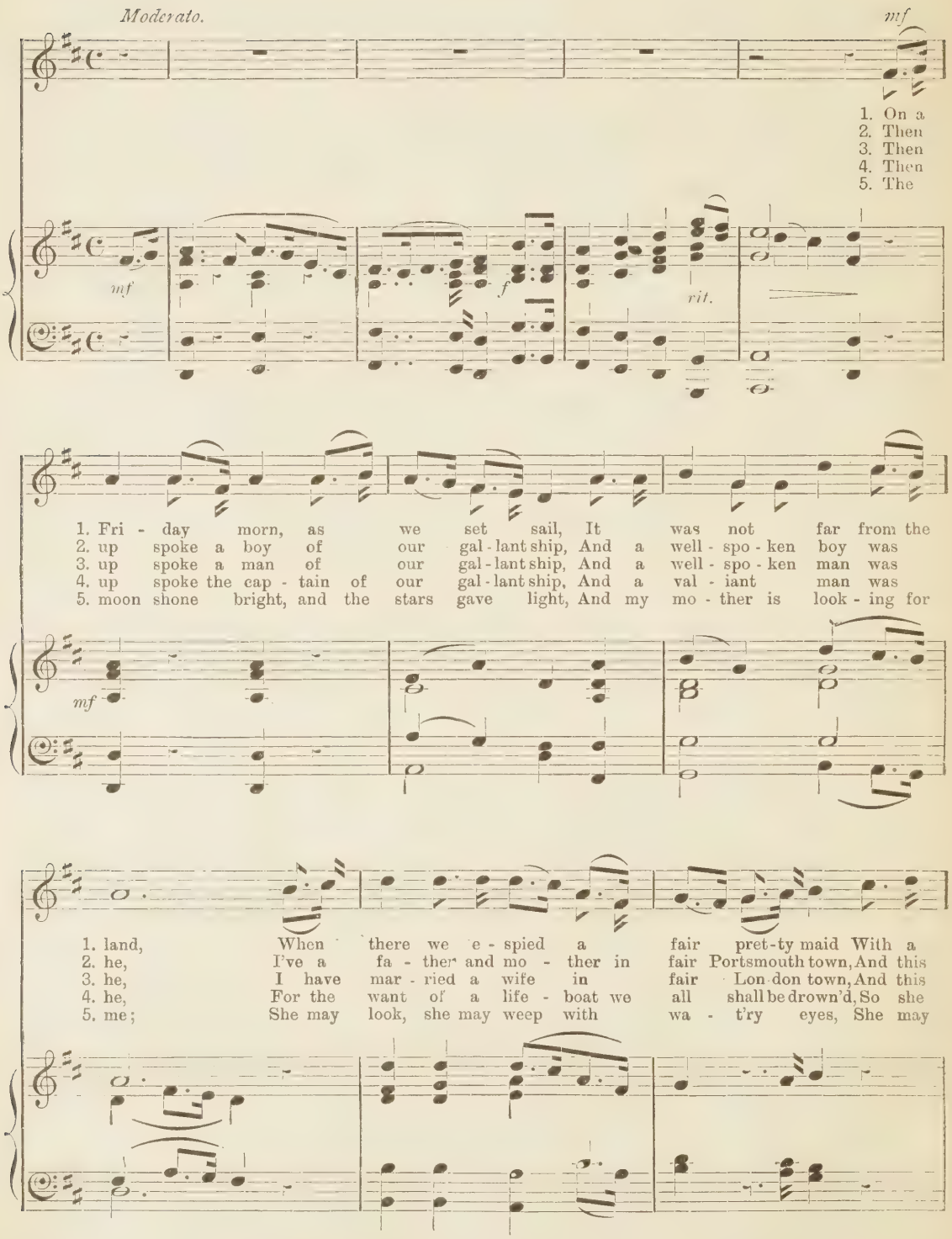
JER. SAVILE.

This noble and spirited song was (so far as the melody is concerned), the production of Jeremy or Jeremiah Savile, a composer of much strength, during the 17th century. It is first found in John Playford's publications, including *The Musical Companion*, 1667 and 1672-3, where it is arranged for three voices. The song as there printed has but one verse, but in modern copies another is added, and "confusion to his enemies" stands in place of the original "conversion to," etc. Savile was also composer of the glee known as "The Waits," or "Fal la, la," the performance of which was always the closing number at the meetings of all old glee societies.


f
en - e - mies, With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la; And
f
he that will not pledge this health, I wish him nei - ther
wit nor wealth, Nor yet a rope to hang him - self, With a
ff
fa, la, la, With a fa, la, la, la, la, With a fa, la, la. la, la, la, la.
ff

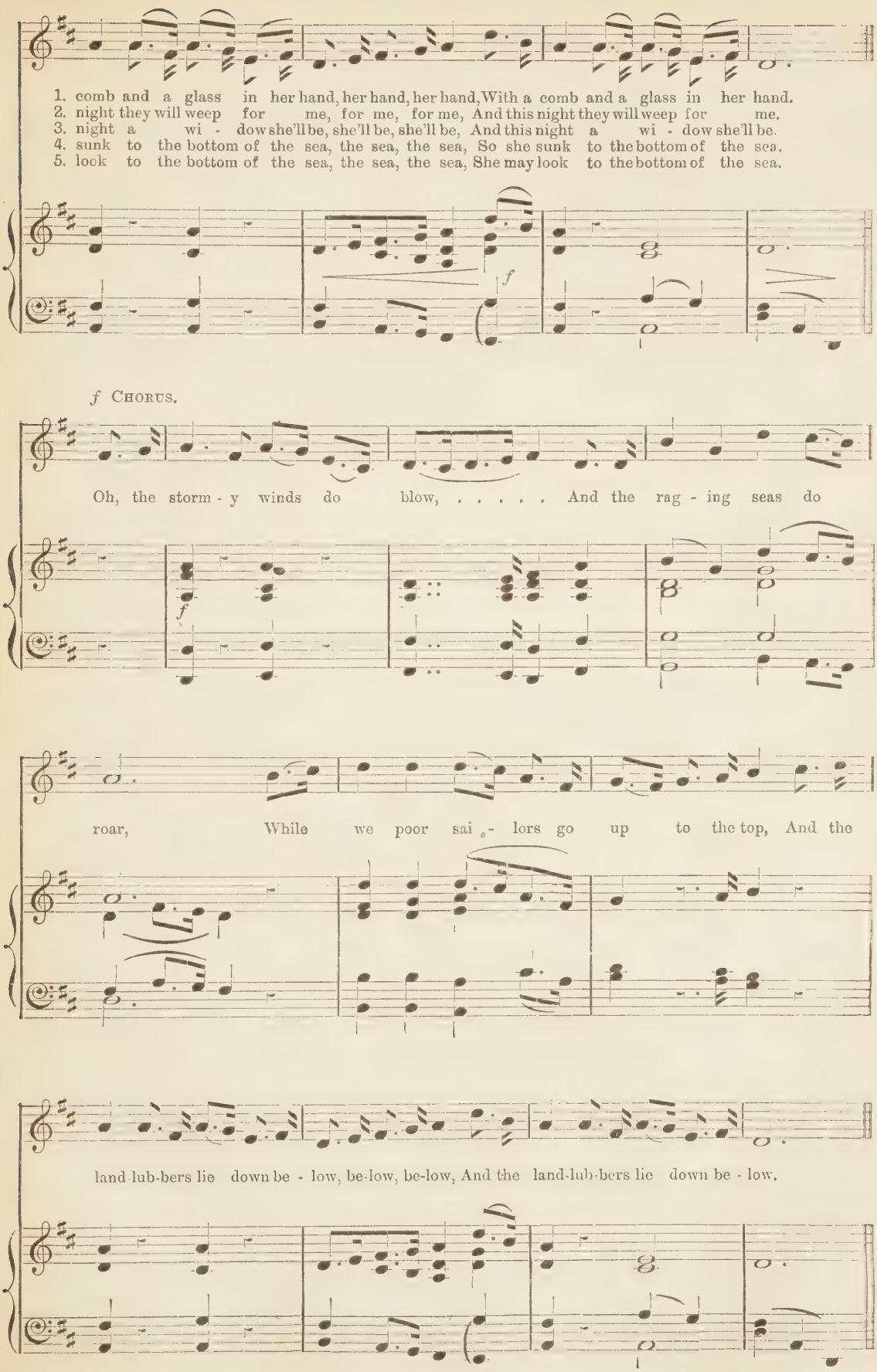
I do Confess Thou'rt Smooth and Fair.

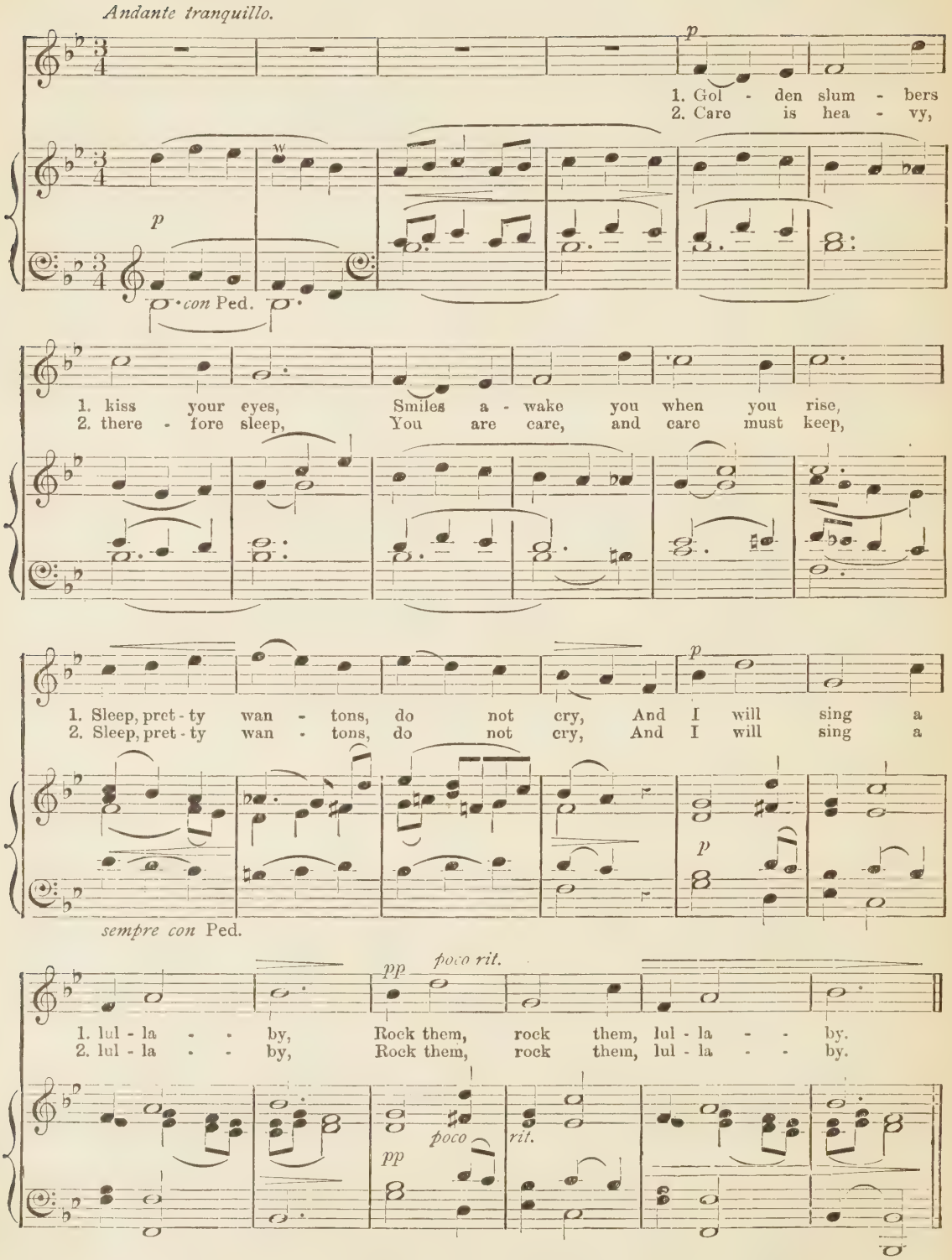
HENRY LAWES.

Andantino.
p legato.
con Ped.
p
1. I do con - fess thou'rt smooth and fair, And
2. I do con - fess thou'rt sweet, yet find Thee
p
1. I might have gone near to love thee,
2. such an un - thrift of thy sweets;

The music is by Henry Lawes, and was probably first printed in Playford's *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, 1659, being reprinted in *The Treasury of Musick*, 1669. The song is there named "To his forsaken mistress," and the words are generally attributed to Sir Robert Ayton, who died in 1638. After its appearance in Watson's *Collection of Scots Poems*, 1706-11 (Ayton being a Scotsman by birth), the song became frequent in Scotch collections, and Robert Burns rewrote it for Johnson's *Museum*, vol. iv. He set it to the tune generally known as the "Cuckoo's Nest," which is structurally a hornpipe, and decidedly unsuited to the words. There are four verses in the original, of these we only reprint the first two.

1. Had I not found the slight - est pray'r That
2. Thy fav - ours are but like the wind That
sempre con Ped.
1. lips could speak had pow'r to move thee.
2. kiss - - eth ev - - 'ry - thing it meets:
1. But I can let thee now a - lone, As
2. And since thou canst with more than one, Thou'rt
rit.
1. wor - - thy to be lov'd by none.
2. wor - - thy to be kiss'd by none.
rit.

The Mermaid.

Moderato.
mf
1. On a
2. Then
3. Then
4. Then
5. The
mf
f
rit.
1. Fri - day morn, as we set sail, It was not far from the
2. up spoke a boy of our gal - lant ship, And a well - spo - ken boy was
3. up spoke a man of our gal - lant ship, And a well - spo - ken man was
4. up spoke the cap - tain of our gal - lant ship, And a val - iant man was
5. moon shone bright, and the stars gave light, And my mo - ther is look - ing for
mf
1. land, When there we e - spied a fair pret-ty maid With a
2. he, I've a fa - ther and mo - ther in fair Portsmouth town, And this
3. he, I have mar - ried a wife in fair Lon-don town, And this
4. he, For the want of a life - boat we all shall be drown'd, So she
5. me; She may look, she may weep with wa - t'ry eyes, She may

The tune of this fine old forecastle ditty was first put into print by William Chappell, although it had been much sung among sailors and others prior to his time. Copies of the words varying in length and in wording are to be seen in the quaint little song garlands of which the British Museum possesses such a fine collection. The above version is taken from a ballad sheet in the present writer's library. The chorus, "When the stormy winds do blow," seems to have been a sort of tag to many an old sea song even as early as the 17th century.

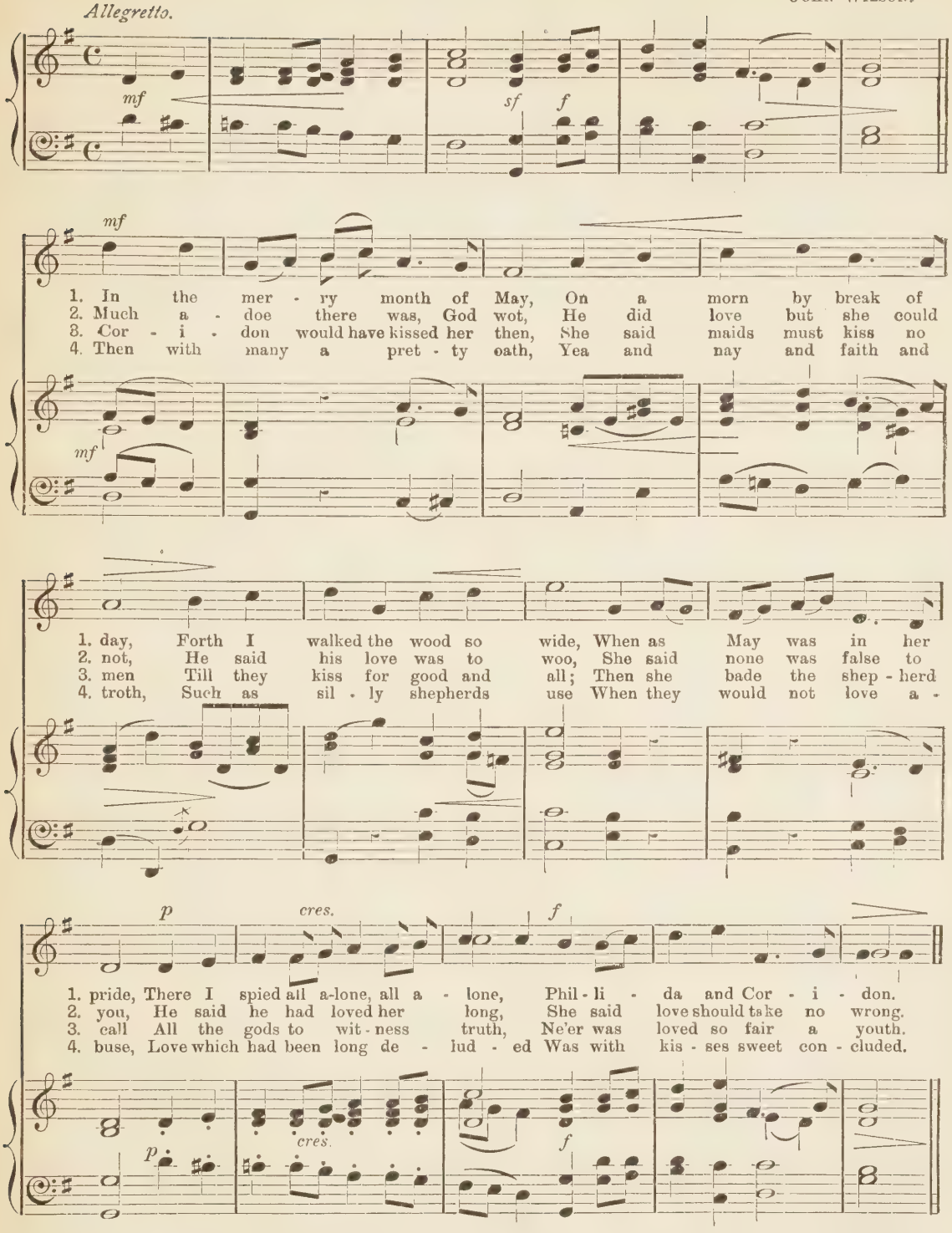

1. comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
2. night they will weep for me, for me, for me, And this night they will weep for me.
3. night a wi - dow she'll be, she'll be, she'll be, And this night a wi - dow she'll be.
4. sunk to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea, So she sunk to the bottom of the sea.
5. look to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea, She may look to the bottom of the sea.
f
f CHORUS.
Oh, the storm - y winds do blow, ... And the rag - ing seas do
f
roar, While we poor sai - lors go up to the top, And the
land-lub-bers lie down be - low, be-low, be-low, And the land-lub-bers lie down be - low.

Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes.

Andante tranquillo.
p
1. Gol - den slum - bers
2. Care is hea - vy,
p
con Ped.
1. kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you when you rise,
2. there - fore sleep, You are care, and care must keep,
1. Sleep, pret - ty wan - tons, do not cry, And I will sing a
2. Sleep, pret - ty wan - tons, do not cry, And I will sing a
p
p
sempre con Ped.
pp
poco rit.
1. lul - la - - by, Rock them, rock them, lul - la - - by.
2. lul - la - - by, Rock them, rock them, lul - la - - by.
poco
rit.
pp

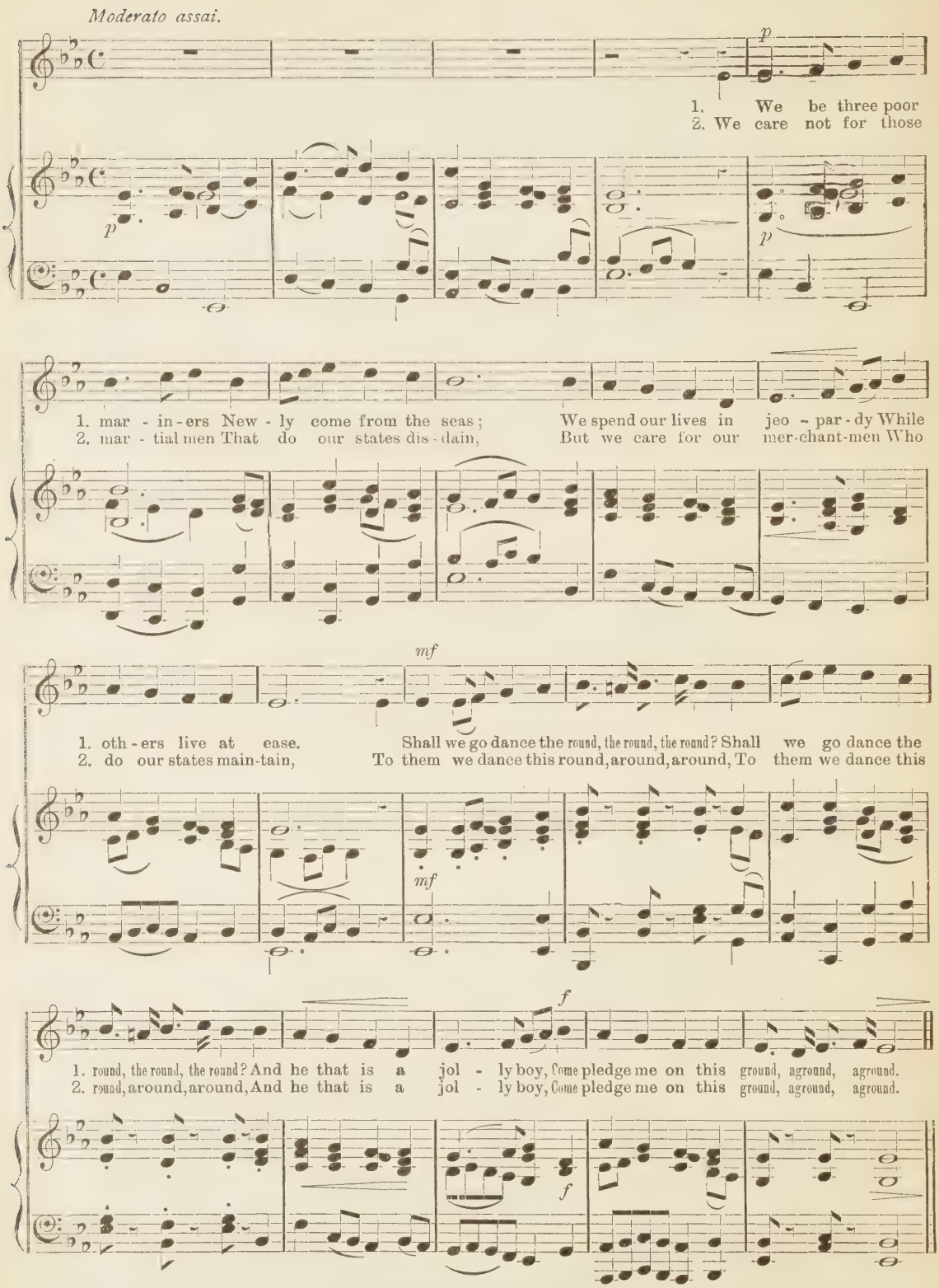
We select the above as one of the few early English songs written as lullabies. It occurs as a song in *The Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissel*, quarto, printed in 1603; the comedy is by Haughton Chettle and Dekker. As the tune to the song is irrecoverably lost, we have followed Chappell's lead, and adapted it to the air which is variously named "May Fair," "The Willoughby Whim," "O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been?" This latter title is the name of the tune as given in the early ballad operas of 1728-1730, etc., and forms the first line of "The Willoughby Whim," a song in the first volume of *Pills*, 1719. The tune in a far less simple form appears as "May Fair" in the 1703 and 1719 editions of the *Dancing Master*. In that of 1716 it has the sub-title "Or, Grief a-la-mode." In the *Beggars' Opera*, 1727-8, the tune is set to the song, "O Polly, you might have toyed and kissed," and Scottish collections have it to the song, "My mither says I maunna."

In the Merry Month of May.

JOHN WILSON.

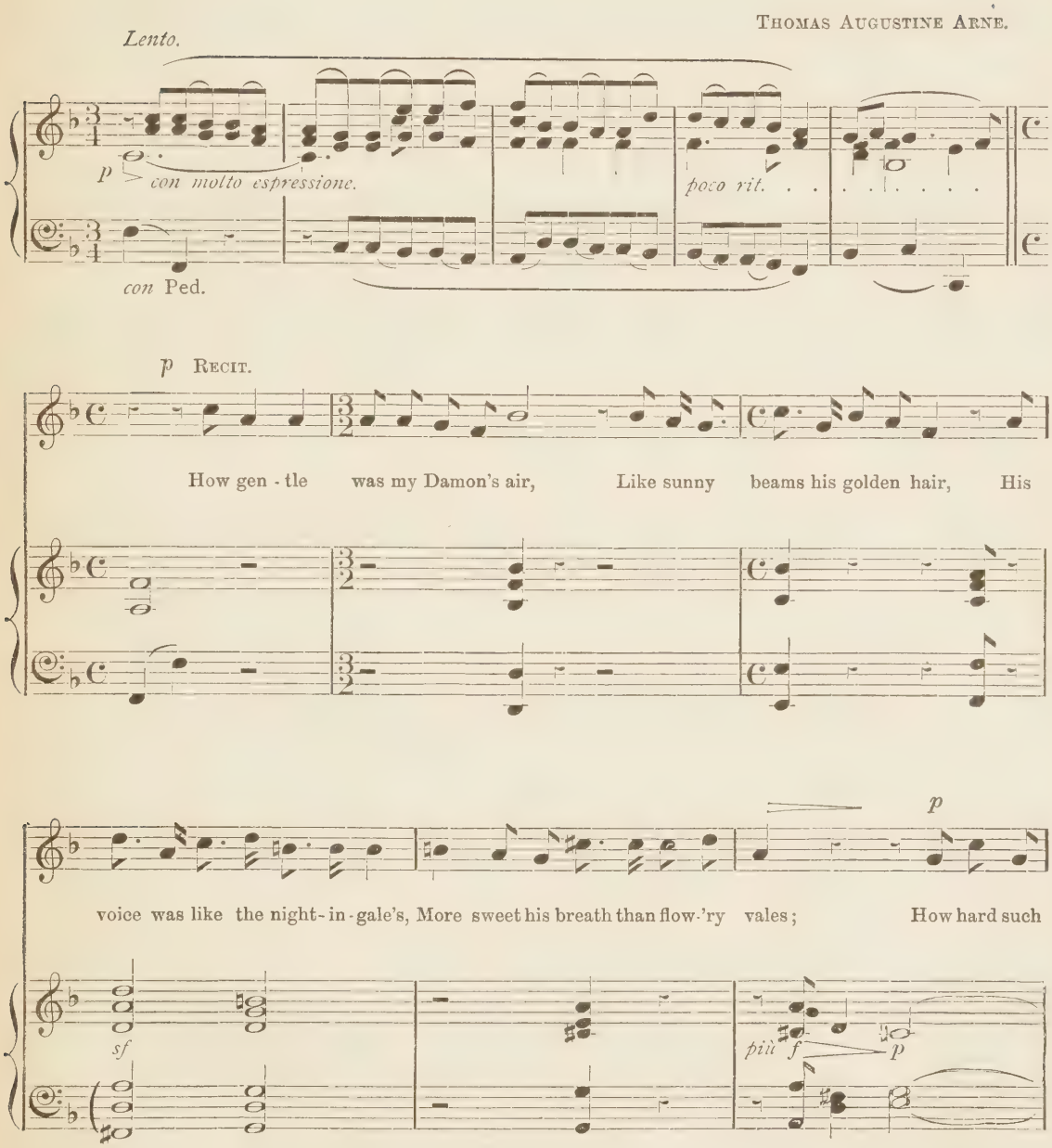
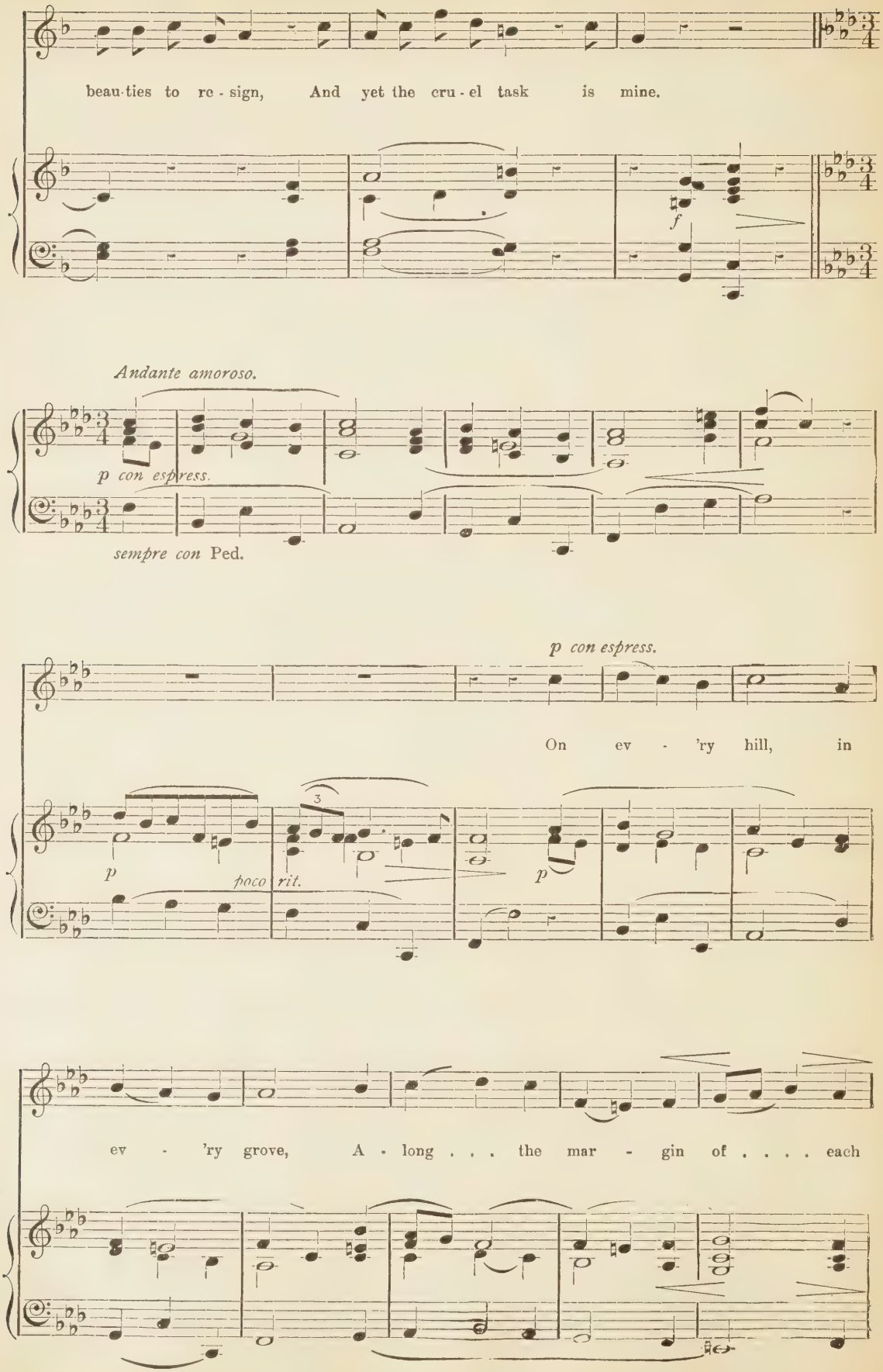
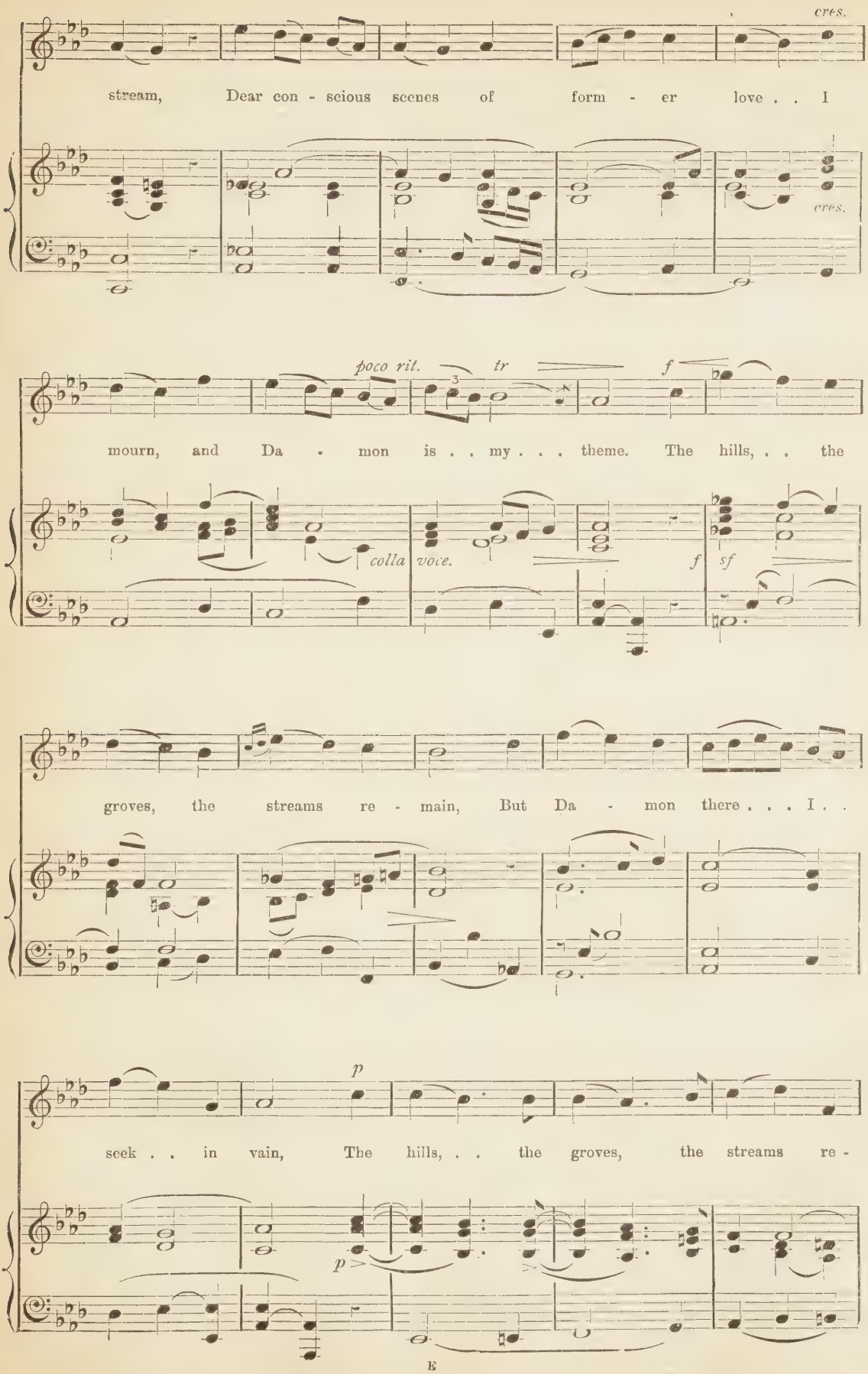
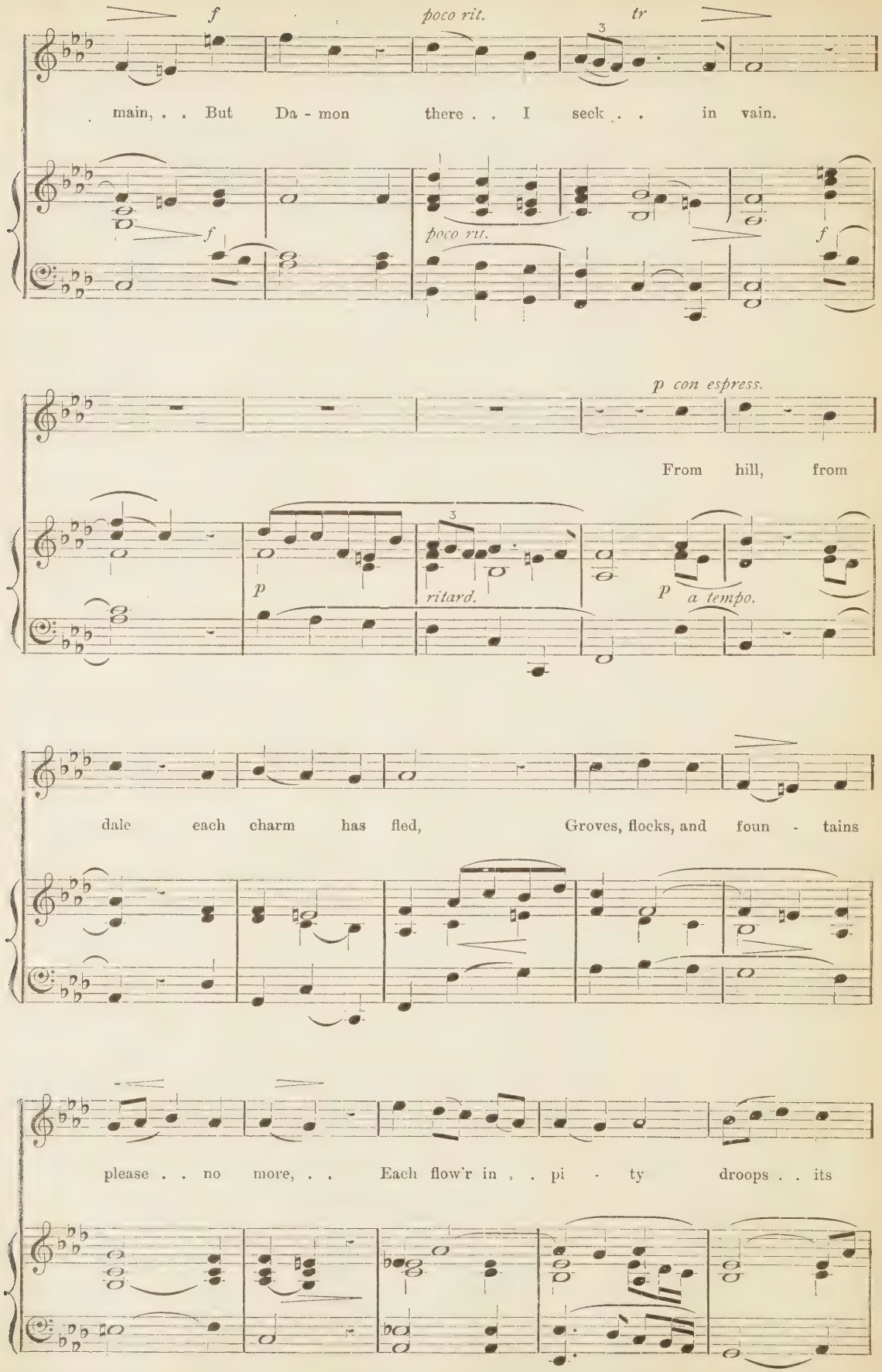
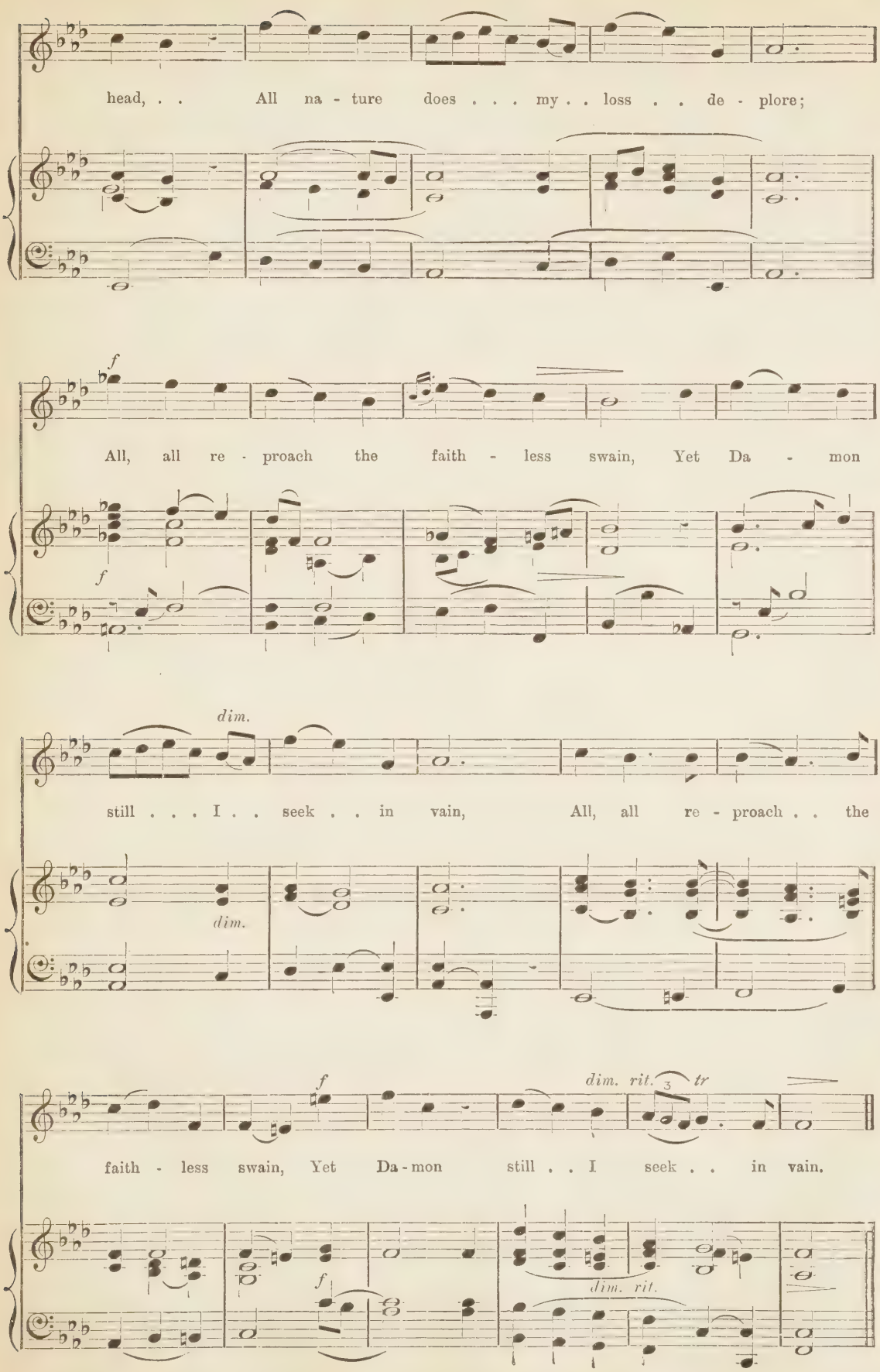
Allegretto.

mf
sf
f
mf
1. In the mer - ry month of May, On a morn by break of
2. Much a - doe there was, God wot, He did love but she could
3. Cor - i - don would have kissed her then, She said maids must kiss no
4. Then with many a pret - ty oath, Yea and nay and faith and
mf
1. day, Forth I walked the wood so wide, When as May was in her
2. not, He said his love was to woo, She said none was false to
3. men Till they kiss for good and all; Then she bade the shep - herd
4. troth, Such as sil - ly shepherds use When they would not love a -
p
cres.
f
1. pride, There I spied all a-lone, all a - lone, Phil - li - da and Cor - i - don.
2. you, He said he had loved her long, She said love should take no wrong.
3. call All the gods to wit - ness truth, Ne'er was loved so fair a youth.
4. buse, Love which had been long de - lud - ed Was with kis - ses sweet con - cluded.
p
cres.
f

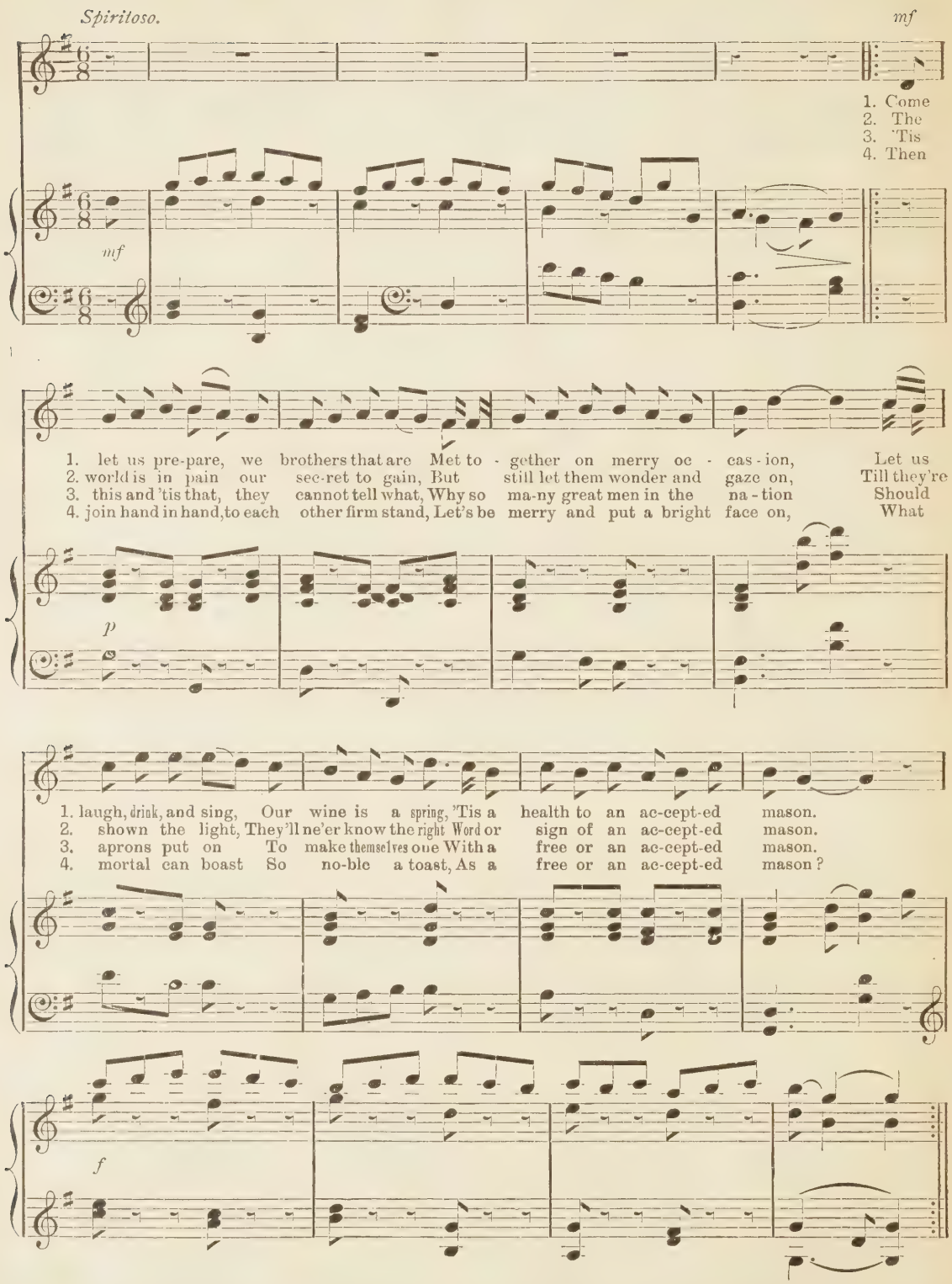
This delightful pastoral is by Nicholas Breton, an Elizabethan poet. It was sung as a morning greeting to Queen Elizabeth in one of her progresses in 1591, "by three excellent musicians, who being disguised in ancient country attire, did greet her with a pleasant song of Corydon and Phillida, made in three parts of purpose, the song as well as the work of the ditty, or the aptness of the notes thereto applied, pleased her Highness after it had been once sung to command again, and highly to grace it with her cheerful acceptance and commendation. It was entitled, 'The Flowman's Song; In the merry month of May.'"—*Nichol's Progresses.* Many madrigal and glee composers have set the words, including Michael Este, in his *Madrigals to 3, 4, and 5 parts*, London, 1604 (4to). Henry Youll in his *Canzonets to three voyces*, 1608, gives another setting, and Dr. John Wilson, whose tune we adopt, prints his in *Cheerful Ayres*, Oxford, 1660. This is the one most frequently reprinted. Another composer who set the song was Dr. Rogers, and his air as well as Wilson's, is in Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1672. More recent is T. Linley's setting, which is given in Linley's *Posthumous Works*. A varied version of the words is by Dr. Percy in his *Reliques*.

We be Three Poor Mariners.

Moderato assai.
p
1. We be three poor
2. We care not for those
p
p
1. mar - in - ers New - ly come from the seas; We spend our lives in jeo - par - dy While
2. mar - tial men That do our states dis - dain, But we care for our mer-chant-men Who
mf
1. oth - ers live at ease. Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? Shall we go dance the
2. do our states main-tain, To them we dance this round, around, around, To them we dance this
mf
f
1. round, the round, the round? And he that is a jol - ly boy, Come pledge me on this ground, aground, aground.
2. round, around, around, And he that is a jol - ly boy, Come pledge me on this ground, aground, aground.
f

The above song and air are in *Deuteromelia; or, the second part of Musicke's Melodie*, 1609, and since that time in a great number of glee books and on sheet and half sheet music, generally arranged for three voices. A version of the fine tune under the name "Brangill of Poictu" is in the *Skene MS.* The "Branle" or "Braule" was a French dance much in favour in the 16th and the 17th centuries, and the words of "We be three poor mariners" seem to indicate that the song was sung while dancing, or that the dance occurred between the verses. Curiously enough street children sing to a dance some fragmentary ditty which appears from similarity of words and tune to be a survival of the older song. "The Brangill of Poictu" from the *Skene MS.* is given in our Appendix.

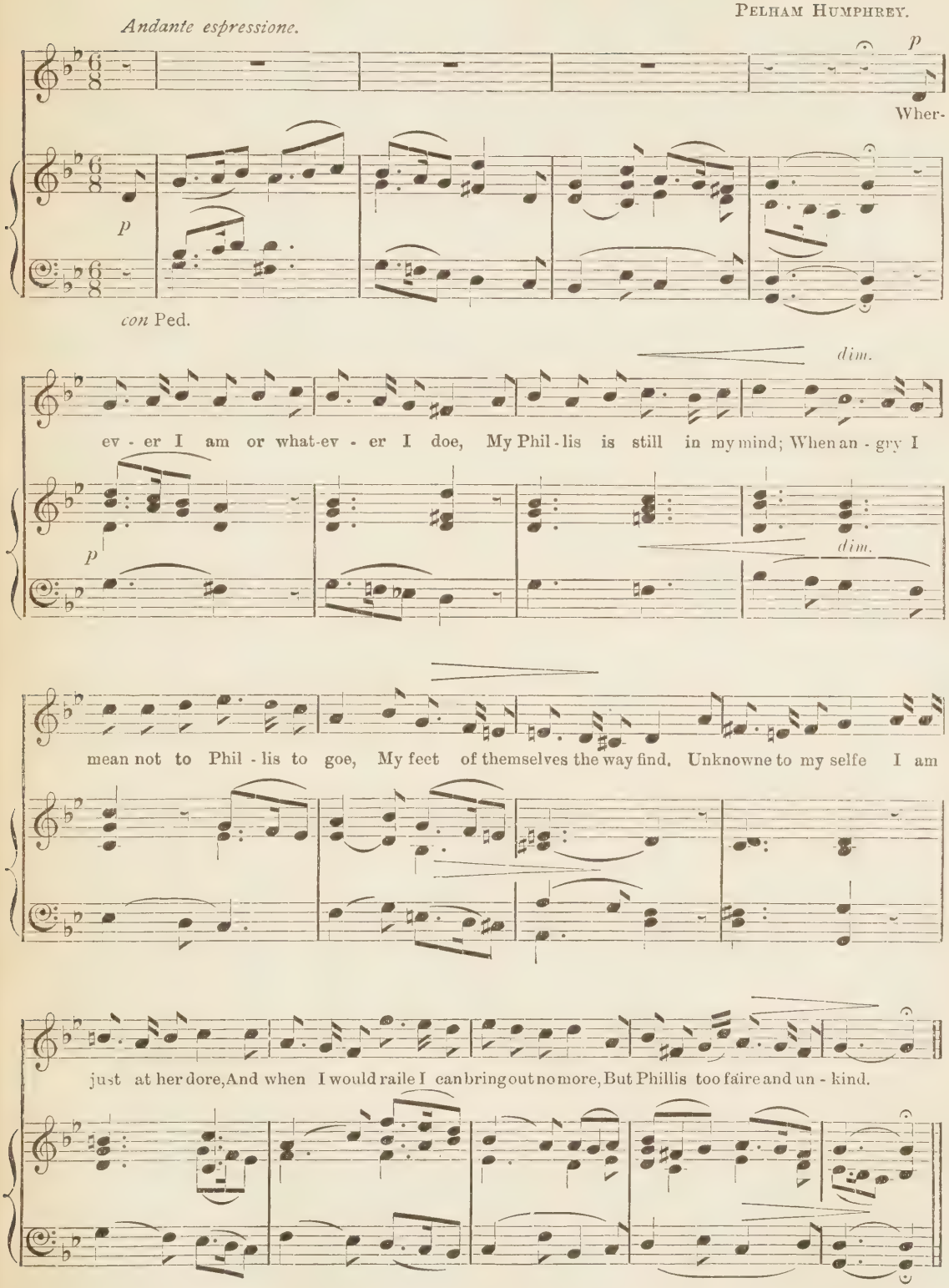
The Maiden's Complaint.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

This song is from Dr. Arne's *Masque of Comus*, performed at Drury Lane in 1738. The piece was one of the early important works composed by Arne, and so tuneful are its numbers that many of them have held in favour until almost the present day. "By the gaily circling glass," "Would you taste the noon-tide air?" and the one we have here selected, have never waned in their popularity. The *Masque* was adapted from an early one written by John Milton, and performed at Ludlow Castle in 1634. The adaptation was made by Dr. Dalton, who wrote the several new songs, including "How gentle was my Damon's air." Mrs. Arne was the first public singer of the song on the stage.

beau-ties to re-sign, And yet the cru-el task is mine.
f
Andante amoroso.
p con espress.
sempre con Ped.
p con espress.
On ev - 'ry hill, in
p
poco rit.
p
ev - 'ry grove, A - long . . . the mar - gin of . . . . each

cres.
stream, Dear con - scious scenes of form - er love . . I
cres.
poco rit.
tr
f
mourn, and Da - mon is . . my . . . theme. The hills, . . the
colla voce.
f
sf
groves, the streams re - main, But Da - mon there . . . I . .
p
seek . . in vain, The hills, . . the groves, the streams re -
p

f
poco rit.
tr
3
main, . . But Da - mon there . . I seek . . in vain.
f
poco rit.
f
p con espress.
From hill, from
3
p
ritard.
p
a tempo.
dale each charm has fled, Groves, flocks, and foun - tains
please . . no more, . . Each flow'r in . . pi - ty droops . . its

head, . . All na - ture does . . . my . . loss . . de - plore;
f
All, all re - proach the faith - less swain, Yet Da - mon
f
dim.
still . . . I . . seek . . in vain, All, all re - proach . . the
dim.
f
dim. rit.
3
tr
faith - less swain, Yet Da - mon still . . I seek . . in vain.
f
dim. rit.

The Free and Accepted Mason.

Spiritoso.
mf
1. Come
2. The
3. 'Tis
4. Then
mf
1. let us pre-pare, we brothers that are Met to - gether on merry oc - cas - ion, Let us
2. world is in pain our sec-ret to gain, But still let them wonder and gaze on, Till they're
3. this and 'tis that, they cannot tell what, Why so ma-ny great men in the na - tion Should
4. join hand in hand, to each other firm stand, Let's be merry and put a bright face on, What
p
1. laugh, drink, and sing, Our wine is a spring, 'Tis a health to an ac-cept-ed mason.
2. shown the light, They'll ne'er know the right Word or sign of an ac-cept-ed mason.
3. aprons put on To make themselves one With a free or an ac-cept-ed mason.
4. mortal can boast So no-ble a toast, As a free or an ac-cept-ed mason?
f

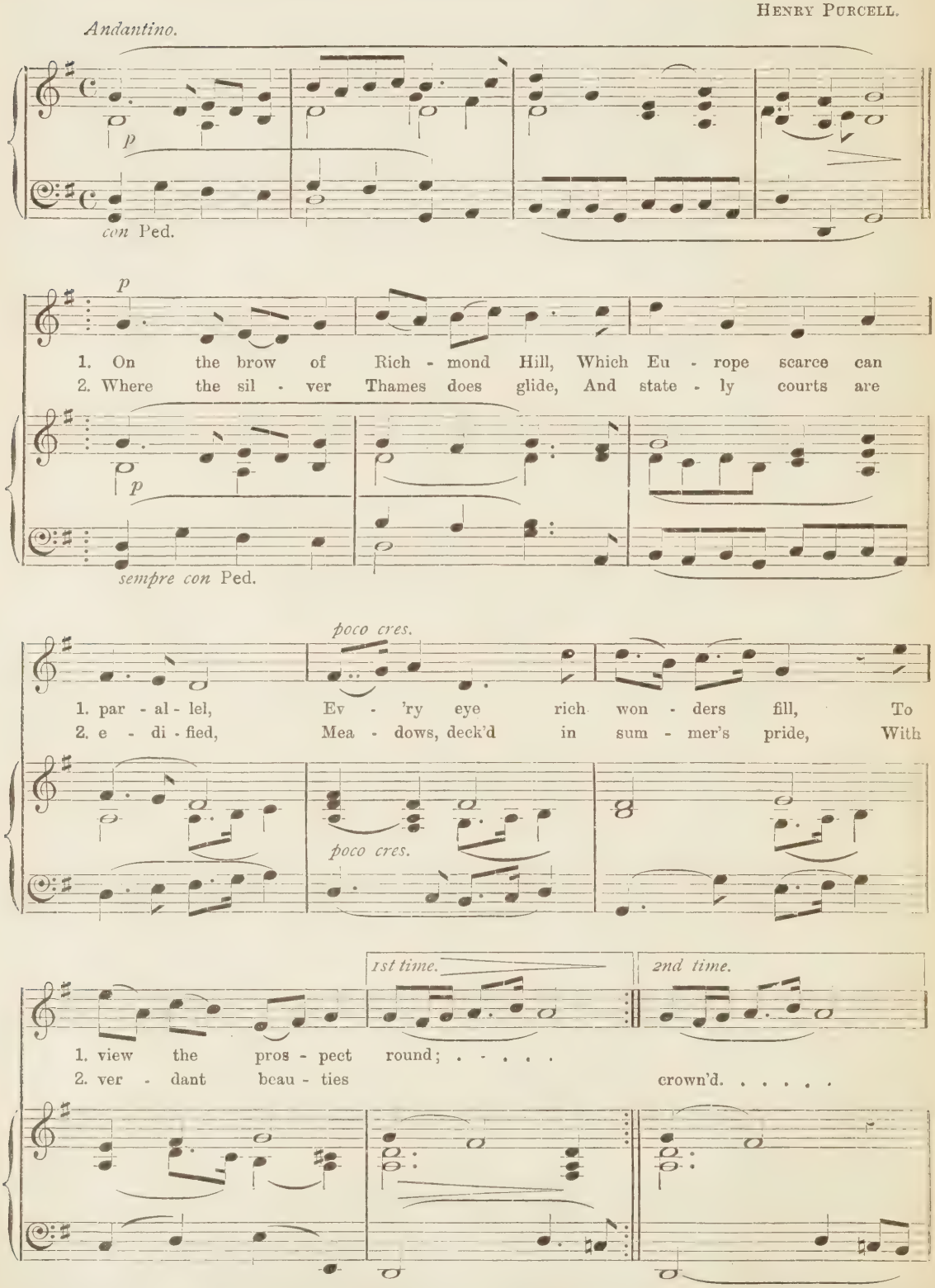
This song has been sung on the installation of a new member into the Freemason fraternity for nearly two hundred years. The first trace to be found of the air in print is in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, vol. ii., p. 230, where it is set to a song entitled "On the Queen's progress to the Bath." As "Freemason's Health," the tune alone appears in the third volume of the *Dancing Master*, *circa* 1726-7, and again under the same heading in one of Walsh's early dance books without date. Next the song and air is in *Watt's Musical Miscellany*, vol. iii., 1730, and the tune in his editions of the ballad operas—*The Village Opera*, *The Lover's Opera*, etc. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1731, has the first stanza of the song as by "Mr. Birkhead." In later times the air became known as "The Freemason's March," and as "The Merry Masons." Under the former title, an altered version of the tune is in *Aird's Selection*, book i. The song is of course frequently printed in Masonic song books, and is included in an American publication, *The Masonick Minstrel*, 1816.

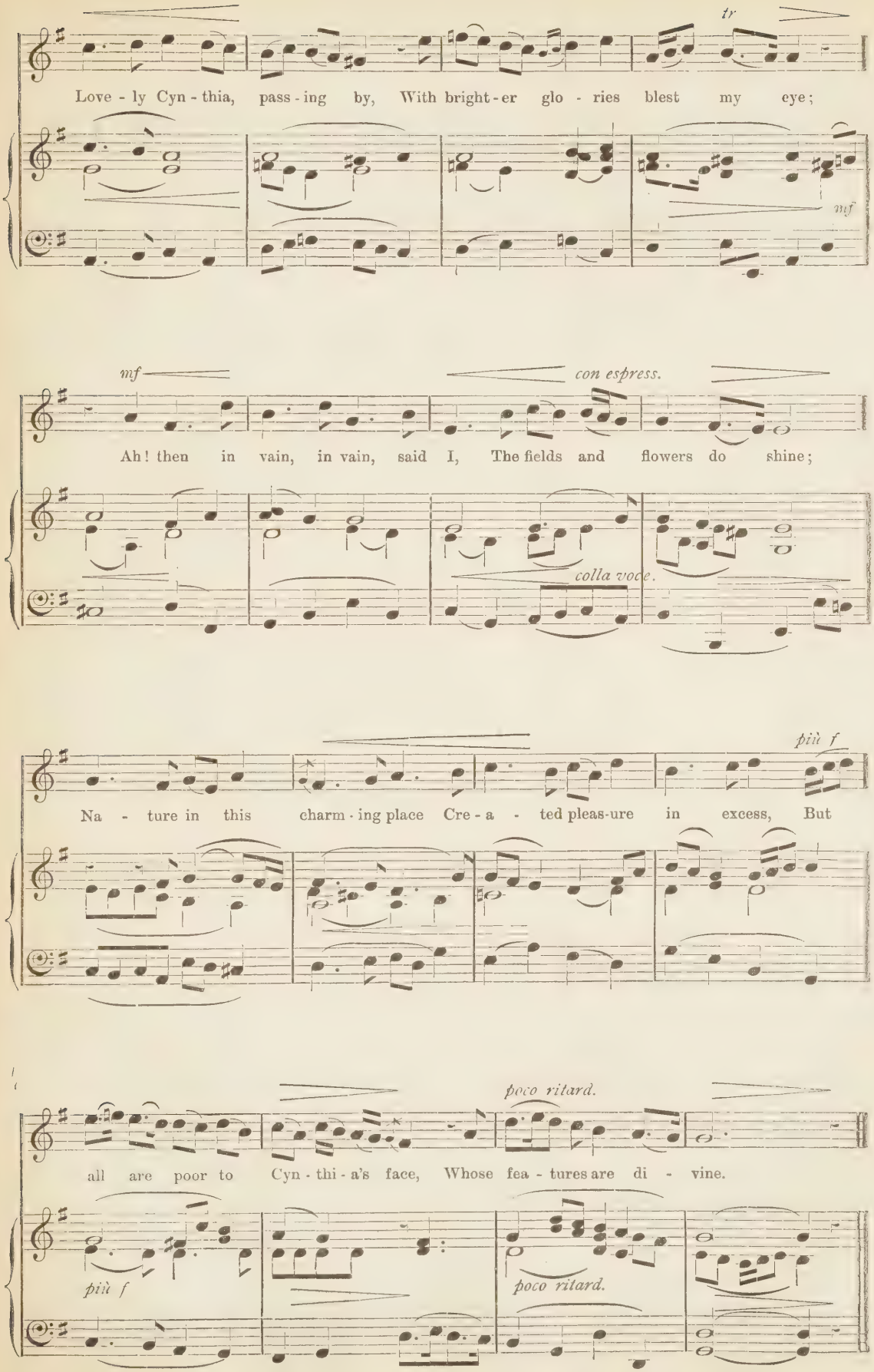
Wherever I am or Whatever I doe.

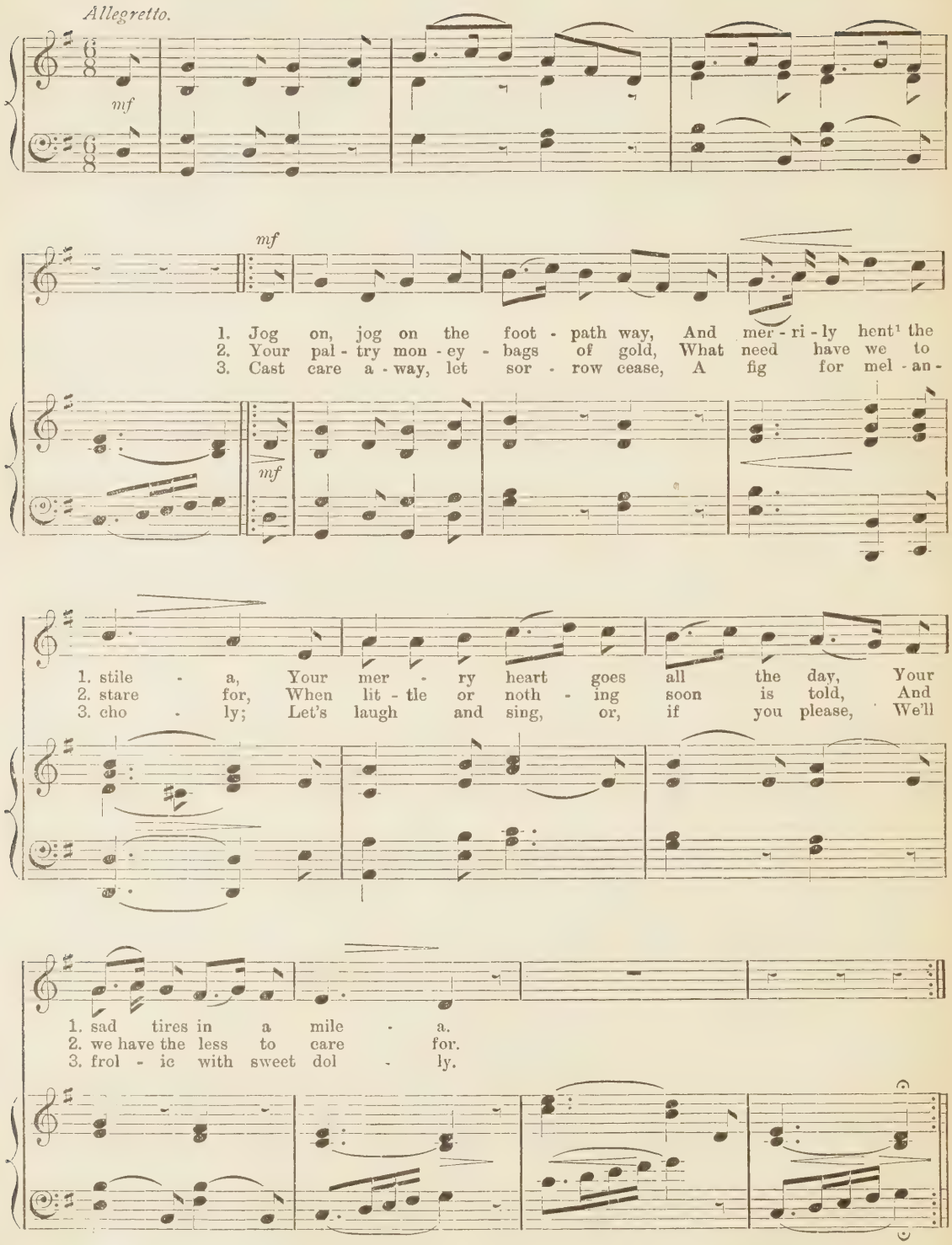
PELHAM HUMPHREY.

Andante espressione.
p
Wher-
p
con Ped.
dim.
ev - er I am or what-ev - er I doe, My Phil - lis is still in my mind; When an - gry I
p
dim.
mean not to Phil - lis to goe, My feet of themselves the way find. Unknowne to my selfe I am
just at her dore, And when I would raile I can bring out no more, But Phillis too faire and un - kind.

A song with many musical settings, the earliest to be found being the one here printed, by Pelham Humphrey, a graceful composer and a lutenist during the middle of the 17th century. He was born in 1647, and died 1674. He was a singer and "master of the children" at the Chapel Royal, Windsor. John Playford published in his various books many of Humphrey's compositions. The words of the above song, united to another air, are in *Pills*, 1707, vol. i., and in vol. iii. of the 1719 edition. Another setting is by Charles Froud, an organist of Cripplegate Church; this is to be seen in *Calliope, or English Harmony*, 1739, vol. i.

On the Brow of Richmond Hill.

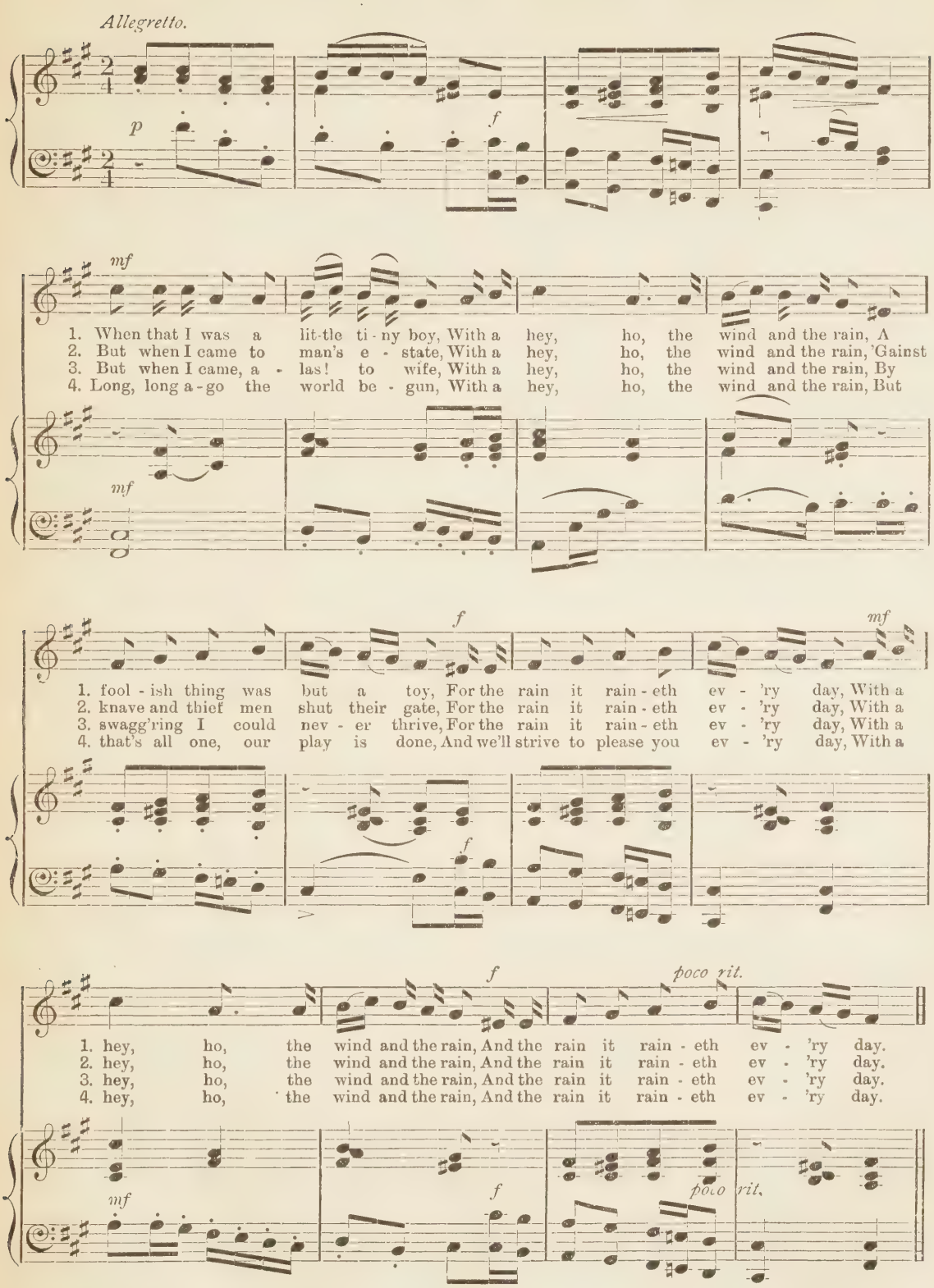
HENRY PURCELL.

Andantino.
p
con Ped.
p
1. On the brow of Rich - mond Hill, Which Eu - rope scarce can
2. Where the sil - ver Thames does glide, And state - ly courts are
p
sempre con Ped.
poco cres.
1. par - al - lel, Ev - 'ry eye rich won - ders fill, To
2. e - di - fied, Mea - dows, deck'd in sum - mer's pride, With
poco cres.
1st time.
2nd time.
1. view the pros - pect round; . . . . .
2. ver - dant beau - ties crown'd. . . . . .

This is one of the lesser known songs by Henry Purcell. In *Pills to purge Melancholy*, it is headed, "An Ode to Cynthia walking on Richmond Hill, set by Mr. Henry Purcell." Richmond Hill has inspired many poets and musicians.

tr
Love - ly Cyn - thia, pass - ing by, With bright - er glo - ries blest my eye;
mf
mf
con espress.
Ah! then in vain, in vain, said I, The fields and flowers do shine;
colla voce.
più f
Na - ture in this charm - ing place Cre - a - ted pleas-ure in excess, But
poco ritard.
all are poor to Cyn - thi - a's face, Whose fea - tures are di - vine.
più f
poco ritard.

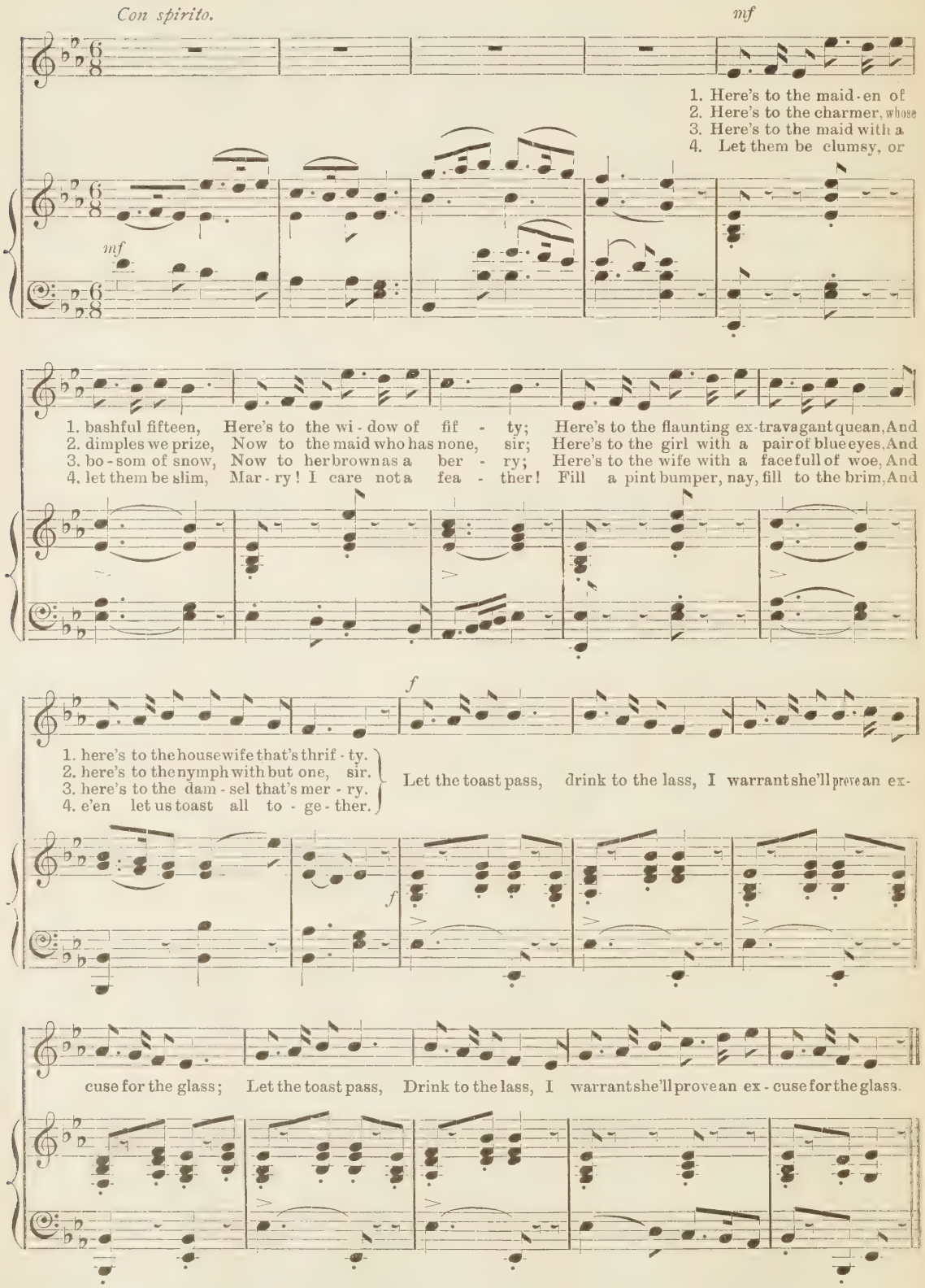
Jog on, Jog on.

Allegretto.
mf
mf
1. Jog on, jog on the foot - path way, And mer - ri - ly hent[1] the
2. Your pal - try mon - ey - bags of gold, What need have we to
3. Cast care a - way, let sor - row cease, A fig for mel - an -
mf
1. stile - a, Your mer - ry heart goes all the day, Your
2. stare for, When lit - tle or noth - ing soon is told, And
3. cho - ly; Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please, We'll
1. sad tires in a mile - a.
2. we have the less to care for.
3. frol - ic with sweet dol - ly.

[1] Hent: to seize, or to hold.

The first four lines is a snatch of song sung by the tuneful Autolycus in *A Winter's Tale*, act iv. The pedlar's entire song as here given is in *The Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661. Regarding the tune above printed, and now always associated with the words, it is assumed by Chappell that from its title, "Jog on,' in the *Dancing Master*, 1650 to 1665, it is the one originally fitted to the words. This is undoubtedly very likely, but it must be remembered that in the later editions of the *Dancing Master*, 1670-1690, the same tune has the heading, "Jog on, my honey," (see Appendix), and that this line does not occur in the Shakespearian song. A version of the tune under the name "Hanskin" is in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*, an early musical manuscript of great value and importance. In *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1707 and 1719, there are several ballads set to this air, two being on the Spanish Armada.

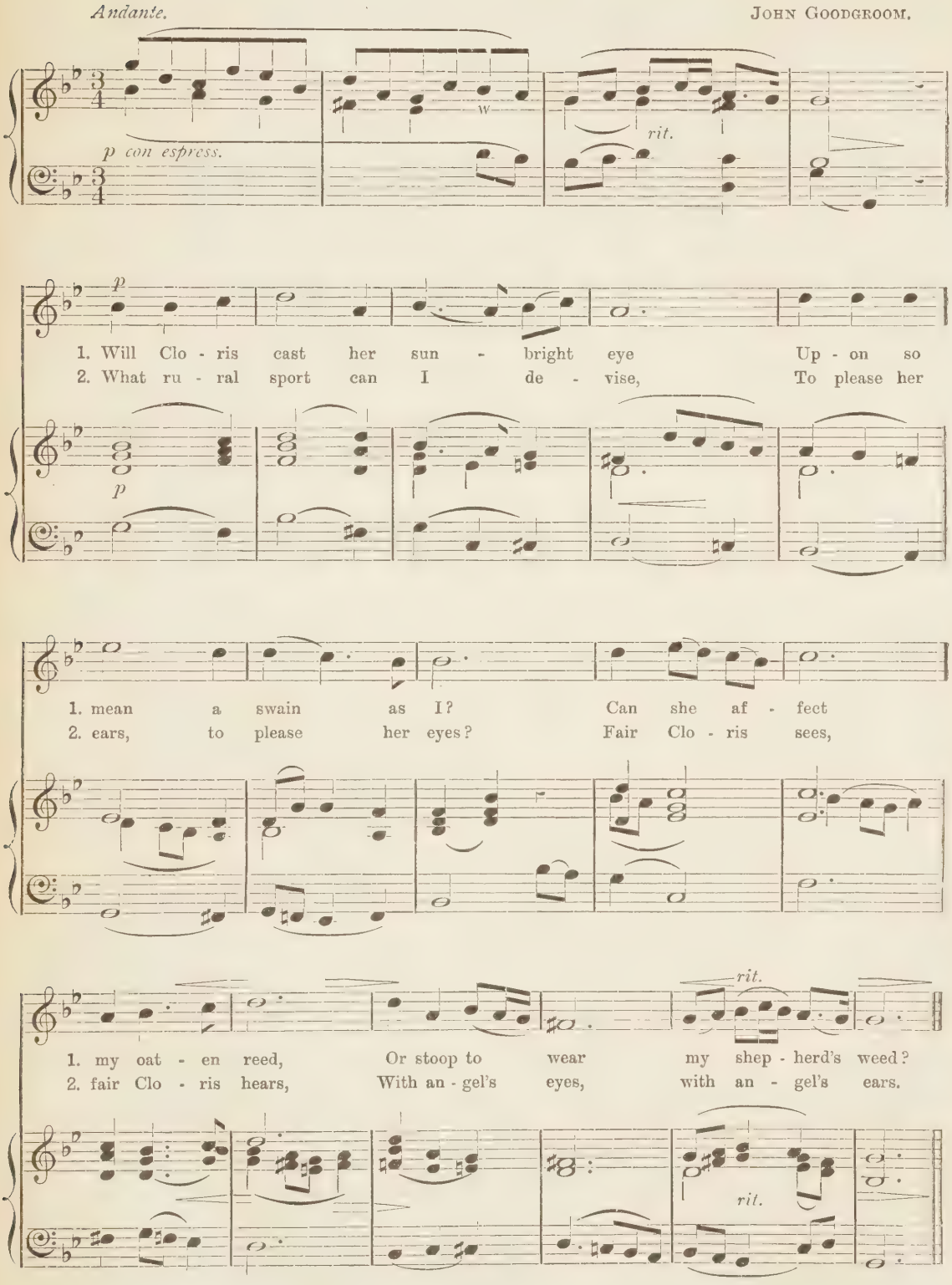
When that I was a Little Tiny Boy.

Allegretto.
p
f
mf
1. When that I was a lit-tle ti-ny boy, With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain, A
2. But when I came to man's e-state, With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain, 'Gainst
3. But when I came, a-las! to wife, With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain, By
4. Long, long a-go the world be-gun, With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain, But
mf
f
mf
1. fool-ish thing was but a toy, For the rain it rain-eth ev-'ry day, With a
2. knave and thief men shut their gate, For the rain it rain-eth ev-'ry day, With a
3. swagg'ring I could nev-er thrive, For the rain it rain-eth ev-'ry day, With a
4. that's all one, our play is done, And we'll strive to please you ev-'ry day, With a
f
f
poco rit.
1. hey, ho, the wind and the rain, And the rain it rain-eth ev-'ry day.
2. hey, ho, the wind and the rain, And the rain it rain-eth ev-'ry day.
3. hey, ho, the wind and the rain, And the rain it rain-eth ev-'ry day.
4. hey, ho, the wind and the rain, And the rain it rain-eth ev-'ry day.
mf
f
poco rit.

The song is in the epilogue to Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. Chappell who prints the tune, says that it had passed down on the stage traditionally, and that it was generally considered as the composition of a person named Fielding. This is not likely to be correct, for the air has every appearance of being a melody coeval with the words. I have in my own library a folio publication of *New Songs in the Pantomime of the Witches, The celebrated Epilogue in the Comedy of Twelfth Night, ... composed by J. Vernon*, published by John Johnston, *circa* 1769. This contains the words and air as sung by Vernon himself at Vauxhall, who appears to have rightly, (or more probably) wrongly claimed the composition of the air himself.

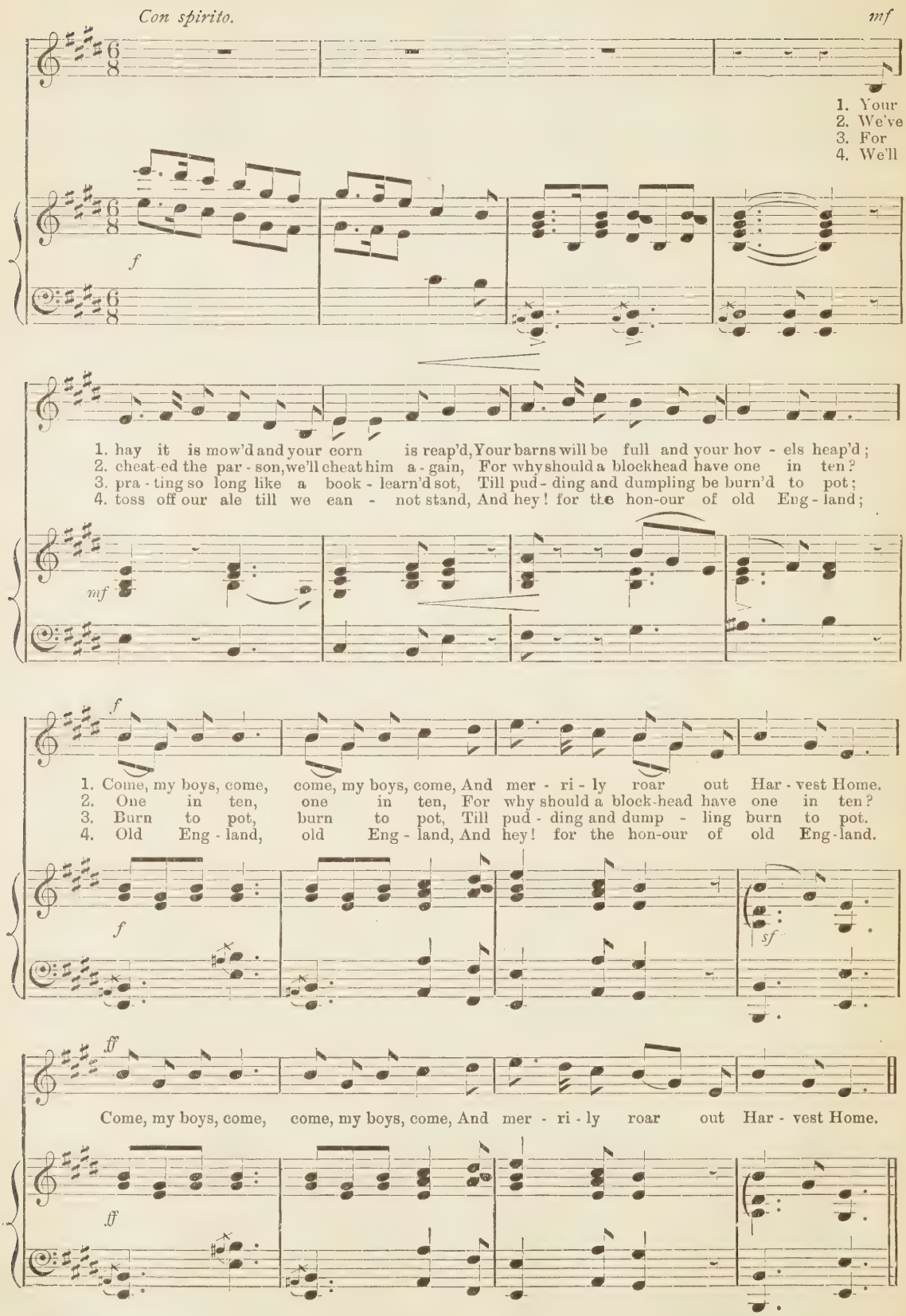
Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen.

Con spirito.
mf
1. Here's to the maid - en of
2. Here's to the charmer, whose
3. Here's to the maid with a
4. Let them be clumsy, or
mf
1. bashful fifteen, Here's to the wi - dow of fif - ty; Here's to the flaunting ex-travagant quean, And
2. dimples we prize, Now to the maid who has none, sir; Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And
3. bo - som of snow, Now to her brown as a ber - ry; Here's to the wife with a face full of woe, And
4. let them be slim, Mar - ry! I care not a fea - ther! Fill a pint bumper, nay, fill to the brim, And
f
1. here's to the housewife that's thrif - ty.
2. here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
3. here's to the dam - sel that's mer - ry.
4. e'en let us toast all to - ge - ther.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass, I warrant she'll prove an ex-
f
cuse for the glass; Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass, I warrant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

Sung in Sheridan's comedy, *The School for Scandal*, first acted in 1777. All old copies of the song bear the title, "The General Toast," and it was engraved on half sheets as "sung by Mr. Vernon." The fine air was adapted by Thomas Linley, from a very old dance tune named "Half Hanykin." Under this title the dance is found in the first (1650), and all early editions of Playford's *Dancing Master*, a copy from the 4th edition being given in the Appendix. "Here's to the maiden" was such a popular favourite that the words were printed on pottery beer mugs, etc.

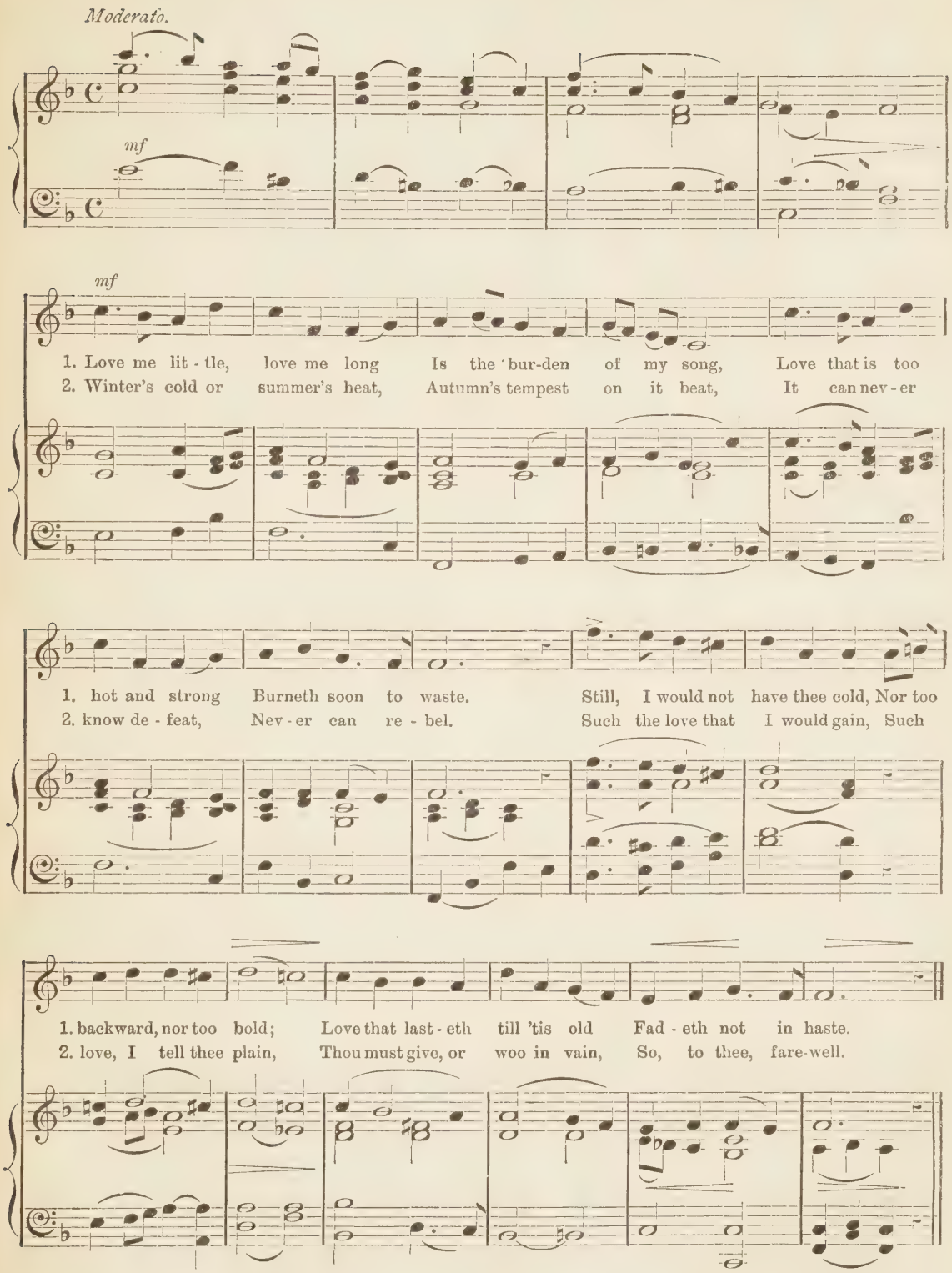
Will Cloris cast her Sun-bright Eye?

Andante. JOHN GOODGROOM.

p con espress.
rit.
p
1. Will Clo - ris cast her sun - bright eye Up - on so
2. What ru - ral sport can I de - vise, To please her
p
1. mean a swain as I? Can she af - fect
2. ears, to please her eyes? Fair Clo - ris sees,
rit.
1. my oat - en reed, Or stoop to wear my shep - herd's weed?
2. fair Clo - ris hears, With an - gel's eyes, with an - gel's ears.
rit.

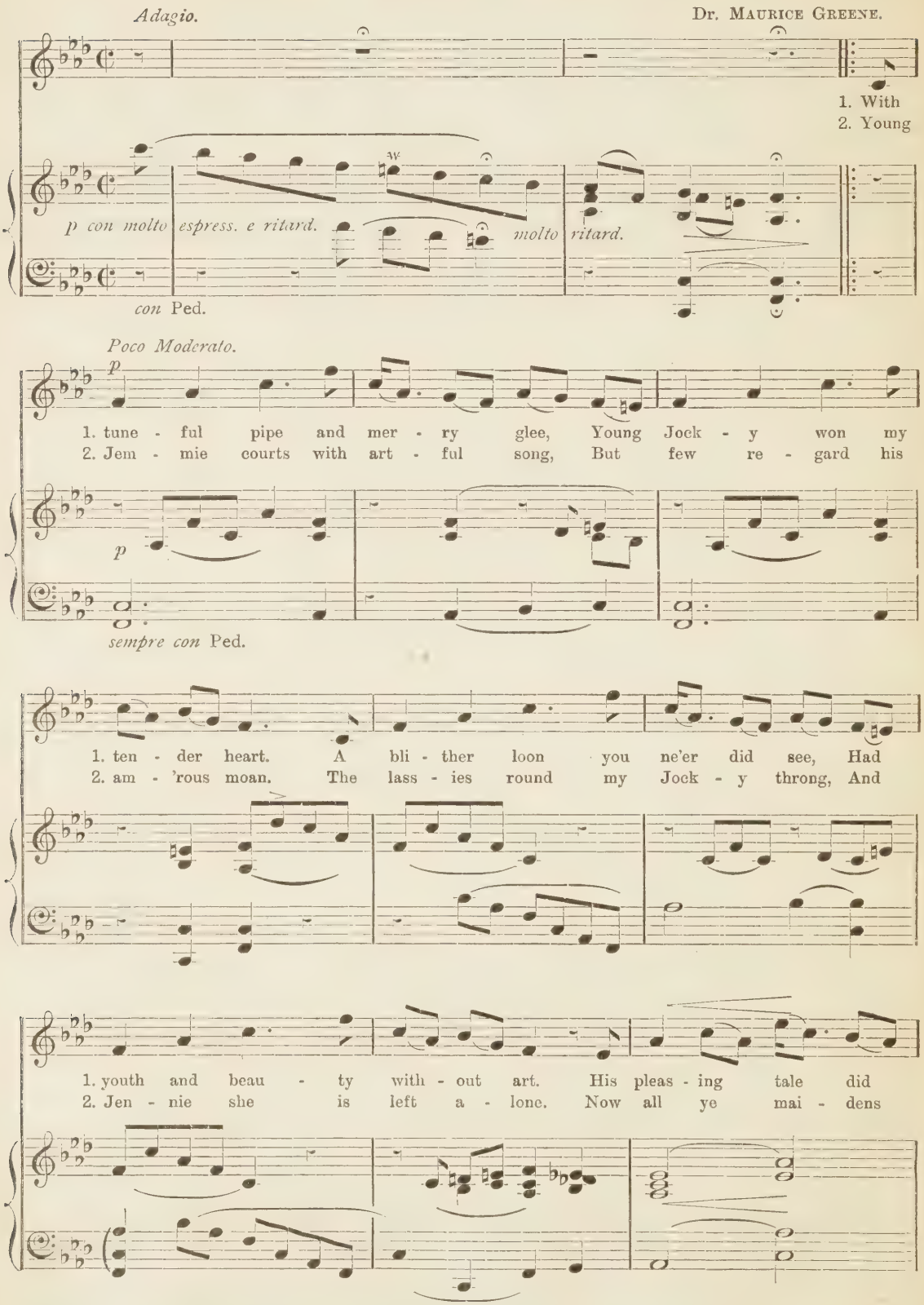
The air is by John Goodgroom, a musician of the 17th century. He was born 1630, and died 1704. The dainty little song is printed in John Playford's *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, 2nd book, 1669, and in his *Musical Companion*, 1673, besides occurring as a lesson in several editions of *The Introduction to the Skill of Musick.*

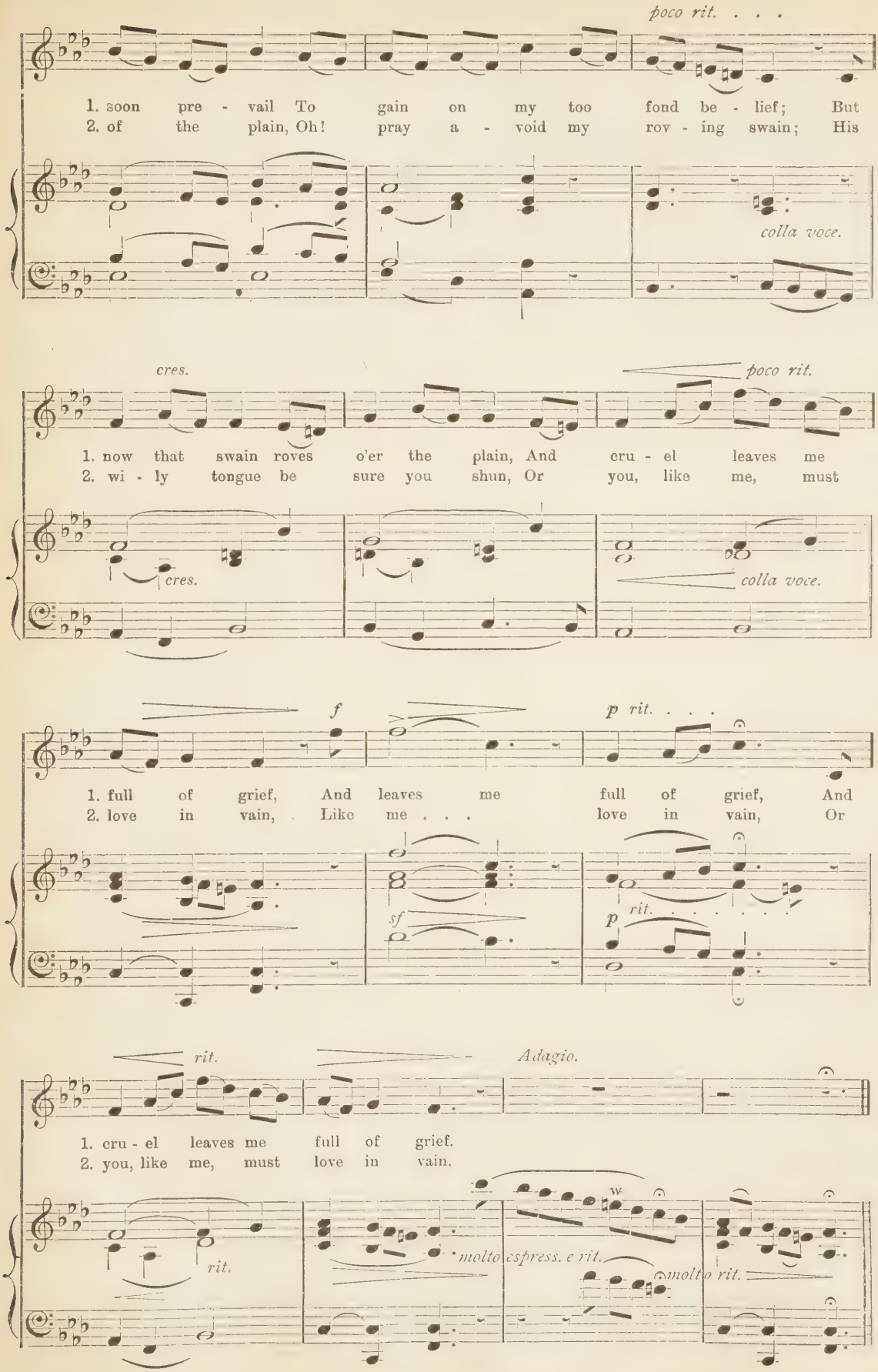
Harvest Home.

Con spirito.
mf
1. Your
2. We've
3. For
4. We'll
f
1. hay it is mow'd and your corn is reap'd, Your barns will be full and your hov - els heap'd;
2. cheat-ed the par - son, we'll cheat him a - gain, For why should a blockhead have one in ten?
3. pra - ting so long like a book - learn'd sot, Till pud - ding and dumpling be burn'd to pot;
4. toss off our ale till we can - not stand, And hey! for the hon-our of old Eng - land;
mf
f
1. Come, my boys, come, come, my boys, come, And mer - ri - ly roar out Har - vest Home.
2. One in ten, one in ten, For why should a block-head have one in ten?
3. Burn to pot, burn to pot, Till pud - ding and dump - ling burn to pot.
4. Old Eng - land, old Eng - land, And hey! for the hon-our of old Eng - land.
f
sf
ff
Come, my boys, come, come, my boys, come, And mer - ri - ly roar out Har - vest Home.
ff

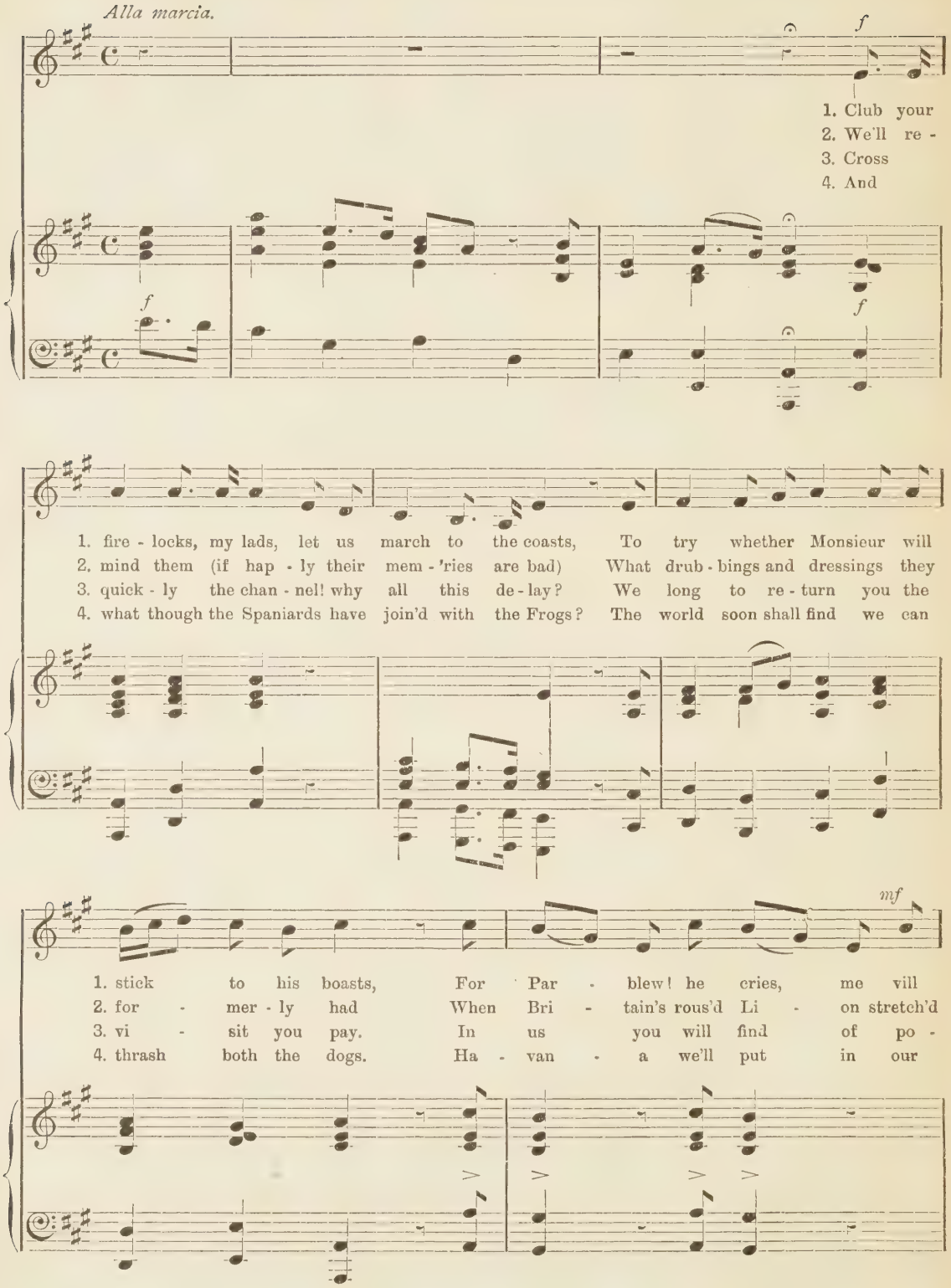
For note to this song see Appendix.

Love me little, Love me long.

Moderato.
mf
mf
1. Love me lit - tle, love me long Is the bur-den of my song, Love that is too
2. Winter's cold or summer's heat, Autumn's tempest on it beat, It can nev - er
1. hot and strong Burneth soon to waste. Still, I would not have thee cold, Nor too
2. know de - feat, Nev - er can re - bel. Such the love that I would gain, Such
1. backward, nor too bold; Love that last - eth till 'tis old Fad - eth not in haste.
2. love, I tell thee plain, Thou must give, or woo in vain, So, to thee, fare-well.

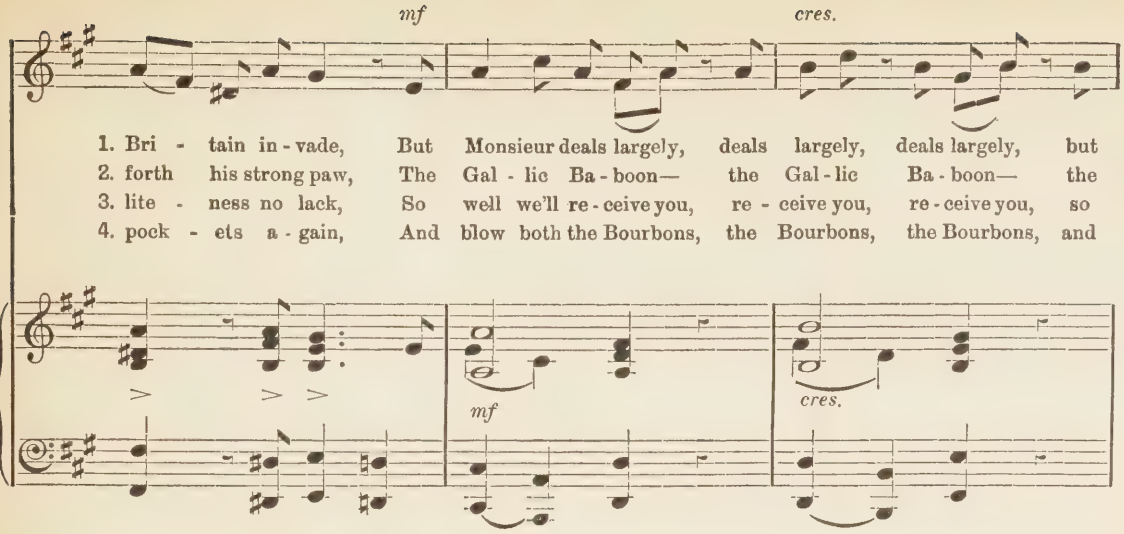
The air is the old tune, "Mad Robin," copies of which occur in several editions of the *Dancing Master*—11th, 1701; 12th, 1703; 16th, 1716, etc.—and the air is also used for songs in the ballad operas, *Polly*, 1728, *The Lovers' Opera*, 1729, and others. The words and air which Mr. Chappell so happily placed together, thus united now form one of our most charming national lyrics. Chappell gives the words as from a manuscript of the time of James I., then in the possession of Mr. Payne Collier. In *The Book of English Songs*, 1851, the song is stated to have been printed in 1569-70 on a black letter broadside.

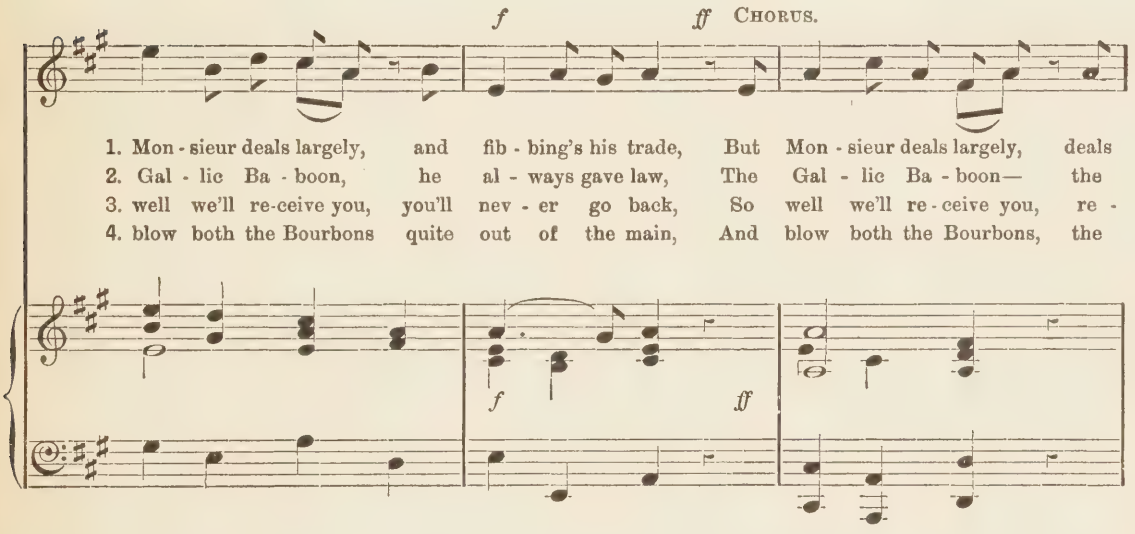
With Tuneful Pipe and Merry Glee.

Adagio.
Dr. Maurice Greene.
1. With
2. Young
p con molto espress. e ritard.
molto ritard.
con Ped.
Poco Moderato.
p
1. tune - ful pipe and mer - ry glee, Young Jock - y won my
2. Jem - mie courts with art - ful song, But few re - gard his
p
sempre con Ped.
1. ten - der heart. A bli - ther loon you ne'er did see, Had
2. am - 'rous moan. The lass - ies round my Jock - y throng, And
1. youth and beau - ty with - out art. His pleas - ing tale did
2. Jen - nie she is left a - lone. Now all ye mai - dens

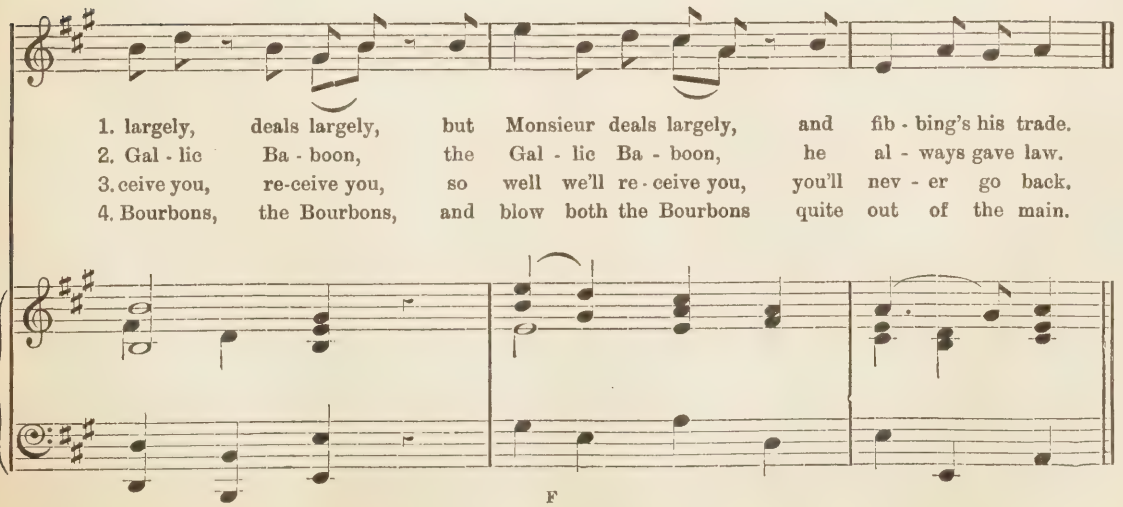
Another of Dr. Maurice Greene's compositions. The words have had several different musical settings, one of which is in *Watts' Musical Miscellany*, vol. i., and another, more recent, was sung at Vauxhall about 1790. Watts' tune was used in many of the early ballad operas.

poco rit. . . .
1. soon pre - vail To gain on my too fond be - lief; But
2. of the plain, Oh! pray a - void my rov - ing swain; His
colla voce.
cres.
poco rit.
1. now that swain roves o'er the plain, And cru - el leaves me
2. wi - ly tongue be sure you shun, Or you, like me, must
cres.
colla voce.
f
p rit. . . .
1. full of grief, And leaves me full of grief, And
2. love in vain, Like me . . . love in vain, Or
sf
p
rit. . . . . .
rit.
Adagio.
1. cru - el leaves me full of grief.
2. you, like me, must love in vain.
rit.
molto espress. e rit.
molto rit.

Club your Firelocks.

Alla marcia.
f
1. Club your
2. We'll re -
3. Cross
4. And
f
f
1. fire - locks, my lads, let us march to the coasts, To try whether Monsieur will
2. mind them (if hap - ly their mem - 'ries are bad) What drub - bings and dressings they
3. quick - ly the chan - nel! why all this de - lay? We long to re - turn you the
4. what though the Spaniards have join'd with the Frogs? The world soon shall find we can
mf
1. stick to his boasts, For Par - blew! he cries, me vill
2. for - mer - ly had When Bri - tain's rous'd Li - on stretch'd
3. vi - sit you pay. In us you will find of po -
4. thrash both the dogs. Ha - van - a we'll put in our

A lyric expressive of an average Englishman's unreasoning contempt, during the Georgian era, for Frenchmen. The tune is good, and the song vigorous. It appears to have been called up by one of the many threatened invasions, and without the melody, made its appearance in *The Universal Magazine* for July, 1779, under the title, "The Jolly Soldiers; a new song." United to the tune, it is in *Calliope; or, The Musical Miscellany*, Edinburgh, 1788. There are six verses in the original.

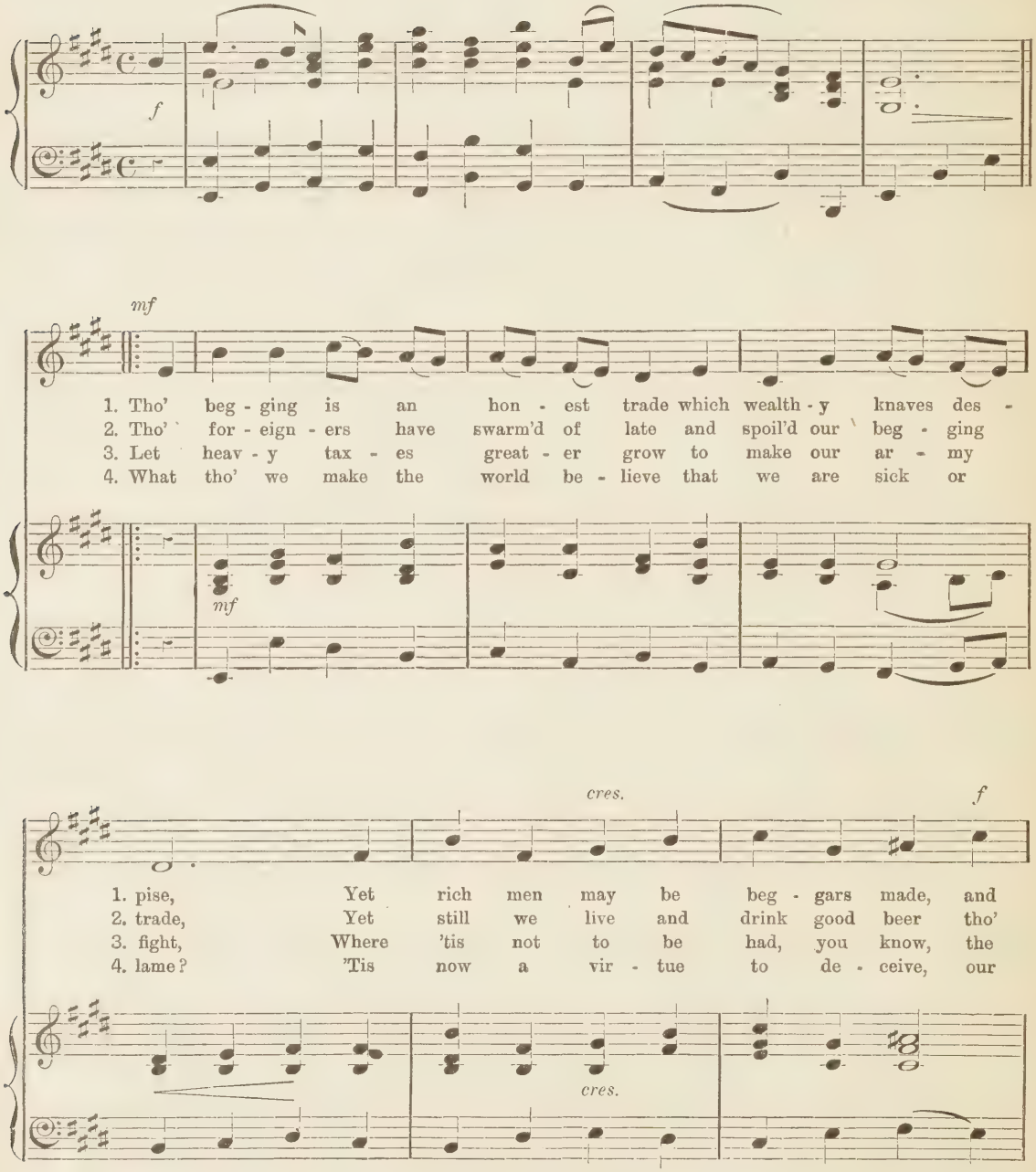

mf
cres.
1. Bri - tain in - vade, But Monsieur deals largely, deals largely, deals largely, but
2. forth his strong paw, The Gal - lic Ba - boon— the Gal - lic Ba - boon— the
3. lite - ness no lack, So well we'll re - ceive you, re - ceive you, re - ceive you, so
4. pock - ets a - gain, And blow both the Bourbons, the Bourbons, the Bourbons, and
mf
cres.

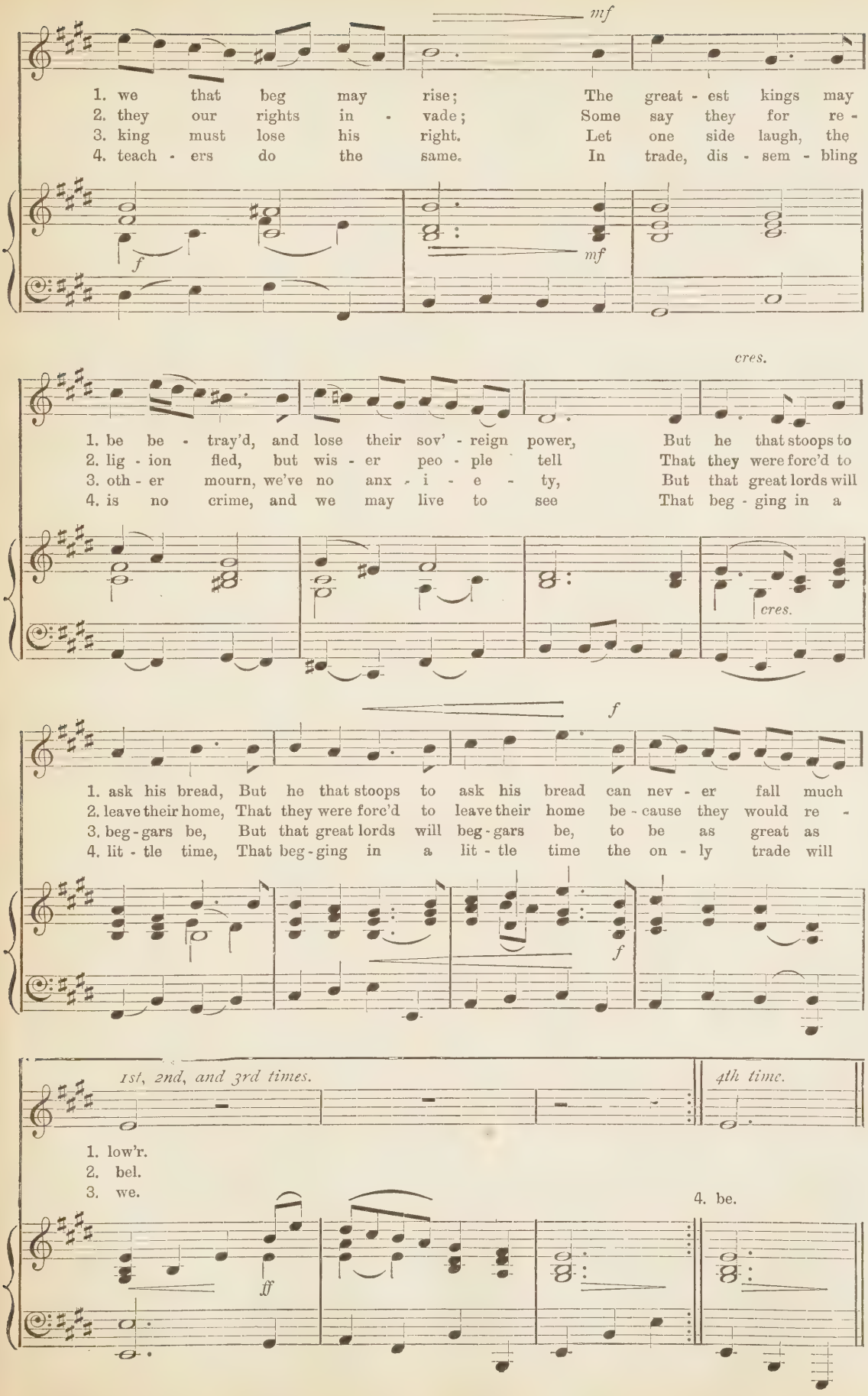

f
ff
Chorus.
1. Mon - sieur deals largely, and fib - bing's his trade, But Mon - sieur deals largely, deals
2. Gal - lic Ba - boon, he al - ways gave law, The Gal - lic Ba - boon— the
3. well we'll re-ceive you, you'll nev - er go back, So well we'll re - ceive you, re -
4. blow both the Bourbons quite out of the main, And blow both the Bourbons, the
f
ff


1. largely, deals largely, but Monsieur deals largely, and fib - bing's his trade.
2. Gal - lic Ba - boon, the Gal - lic Ba - boon, he al - ways gave law.
3. ceive you, re-ceive you, so well we'll re - ceive you, you'll nev - er go back.
4. Bourbons, the Bourbons, and blow both the Bourbons quite out of the main.

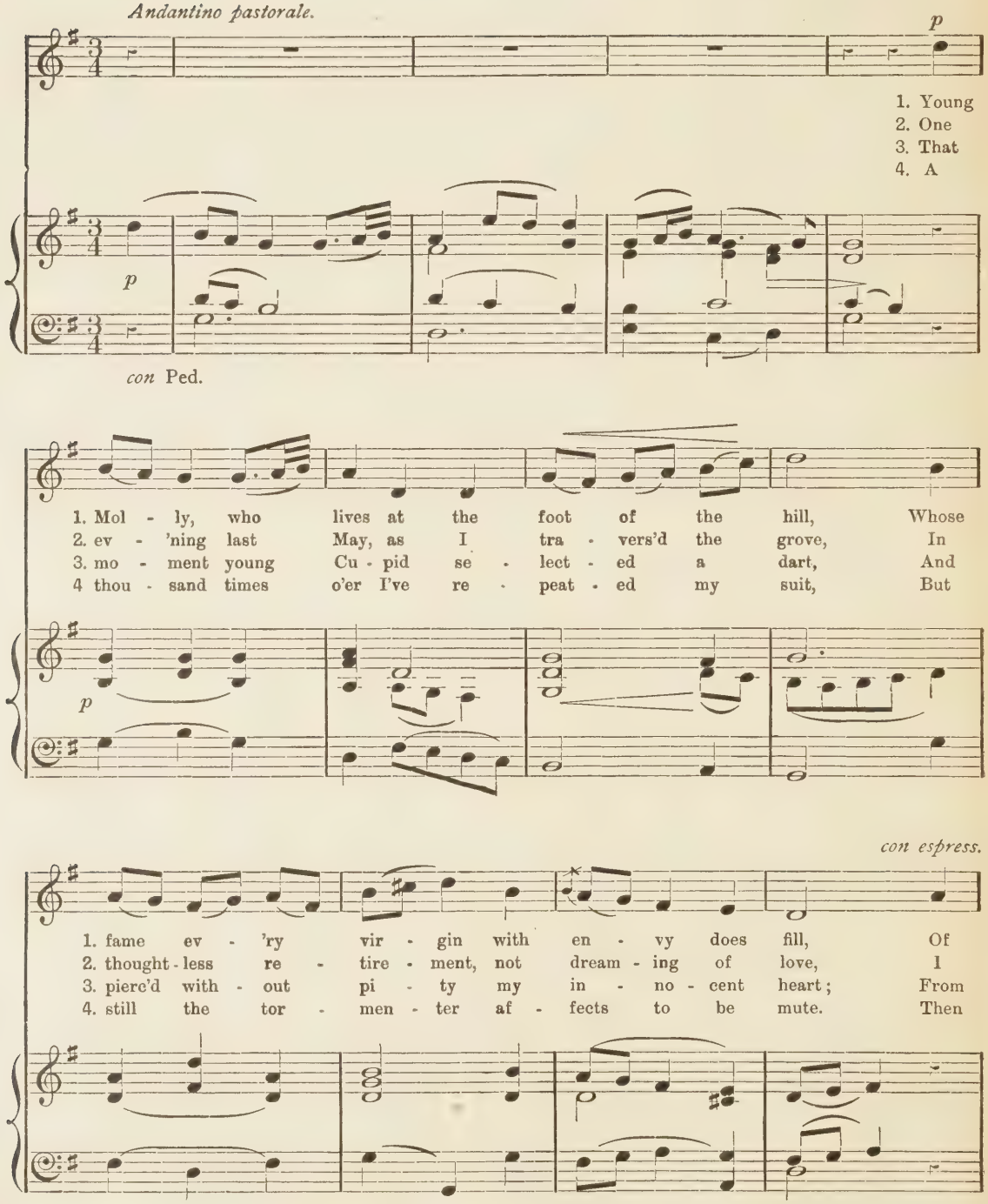
The Happy Beggars.

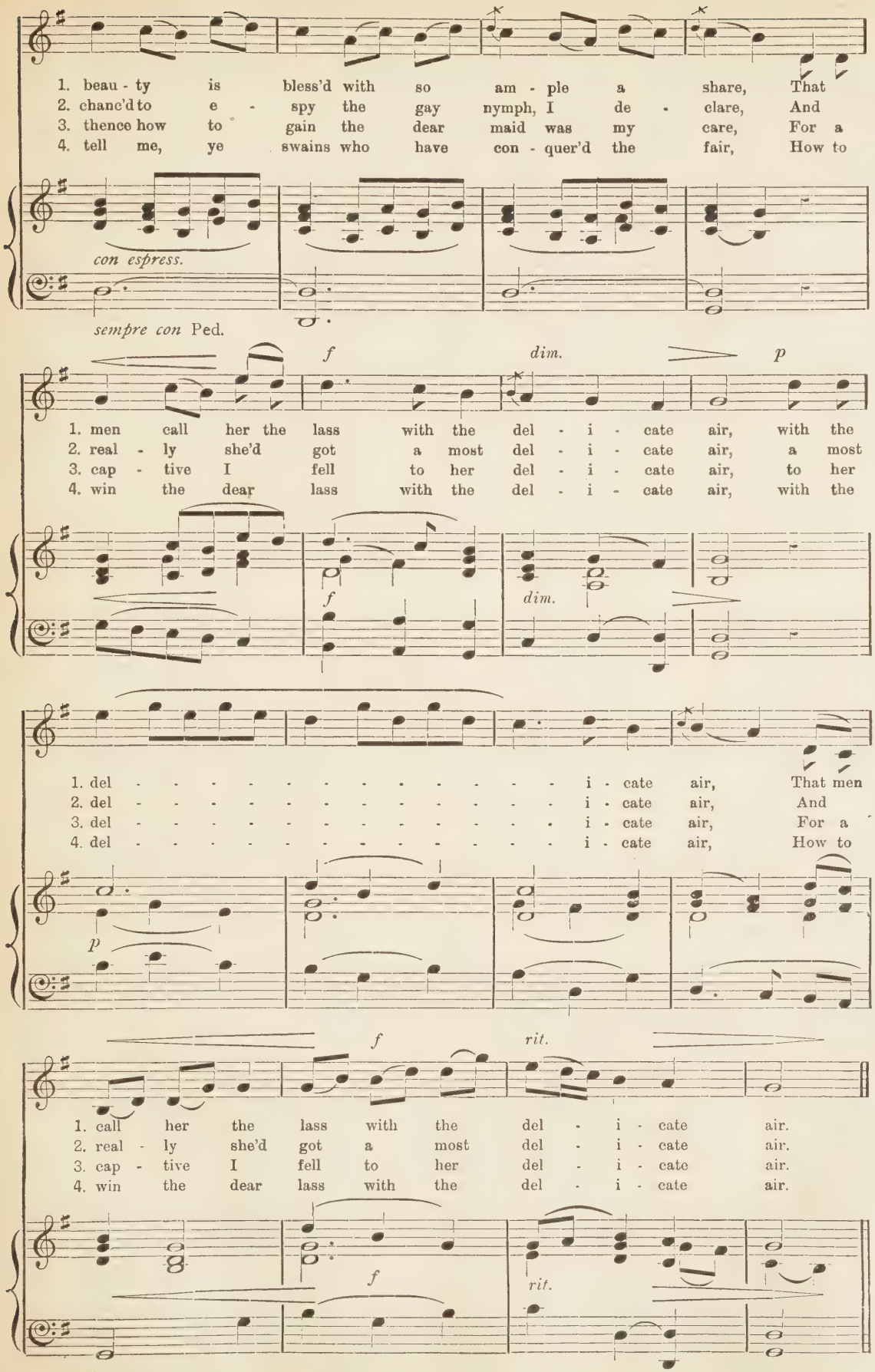
HENRY CAREY. (?)

Moderato e poco energia.

f
mf
1. Tho' beg - ging is an hon - est trade which wealth - y knaves des -
2. Tho' for - eign - ers have swarm'd of late and spoil'd our beg - ging
3. Let heav - y tax - es great - er grow to make our ar - my
4. What tho' we make the world be - lieve that we are sick or
mf
cres.
f
1. pise, Yet rich men may be beg - gars made, and
2. trade, Yet still we live and drink good beer tho'
3. fight, Where 'tis not to be had, you know, the
4. lame? 'Tis now a vir - tue to de - ceive, our
cres.

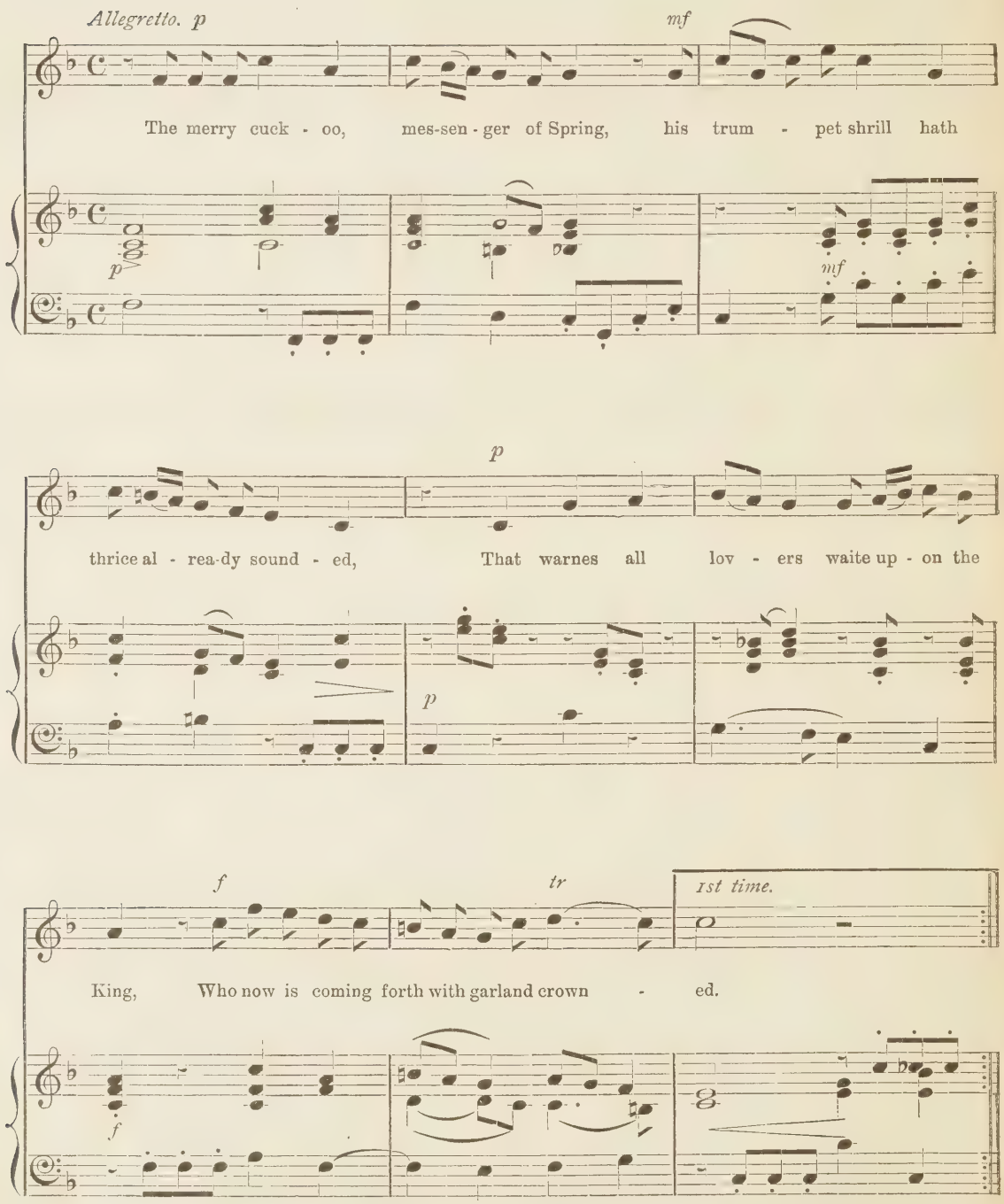
Both in words and music this has every appearance of being by Henry Carey. His name is added in an old hand-writing on one copy, but I have not found it ascribed to him in print. The song is to be found in Walsh's *Merry Musician*, vol. i., 1716, and in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. vi., 1719. Later copies are in the illustrated volumes, *British Melody*, folio, 1739; *Universal Harmony*, 1745; *Calliope*, vol. ii., *circa* 1746. In the *Muse's Delight*, Liverpool, 1754, the same air is given to the song, and stated to be "set by Mr. Eaton." Who Mr. Eaton was I have not been able to discover, but it must be noted that the editor of the *Muse's Delight* has made many wild guesses in that work, and in earlier collections the song and air are published anonymously.

mf
1. we that beg may rise; The great - est kings may
2. they our rights in - vade; Some say they for re -
3. king must lose his right. Let one side laugh, the
4. teach - ers do the same. In trade, dis - sem - bling
f
mf
cres.
1. be be - tray'd, and lose their sov' - reign power, But he that stoops to
2. lig - ion fled, but wis - er peo - ple tell That they were forc'd to
3. oth - er mourn, we've no anx - i - e - ty, But that great lords will
4. is no crime, and we may live to see That beg - ging in a
cres.
f
1. ask his bread, But he that stoops to ask his bread can nev - er fall much
2. leave their home, That they were forc'd to leave their home be - cause they would re -
3. beg - gars be, But that great lords will beg - gars be, to be as great as
4. lit - tle time, That beg - ging in a lit - tle time the on - ly trade will
f
1st, 2nd, and 3rd times.
4th time.
1. low'r.
2. bel.
3. we.
4. be.
ff

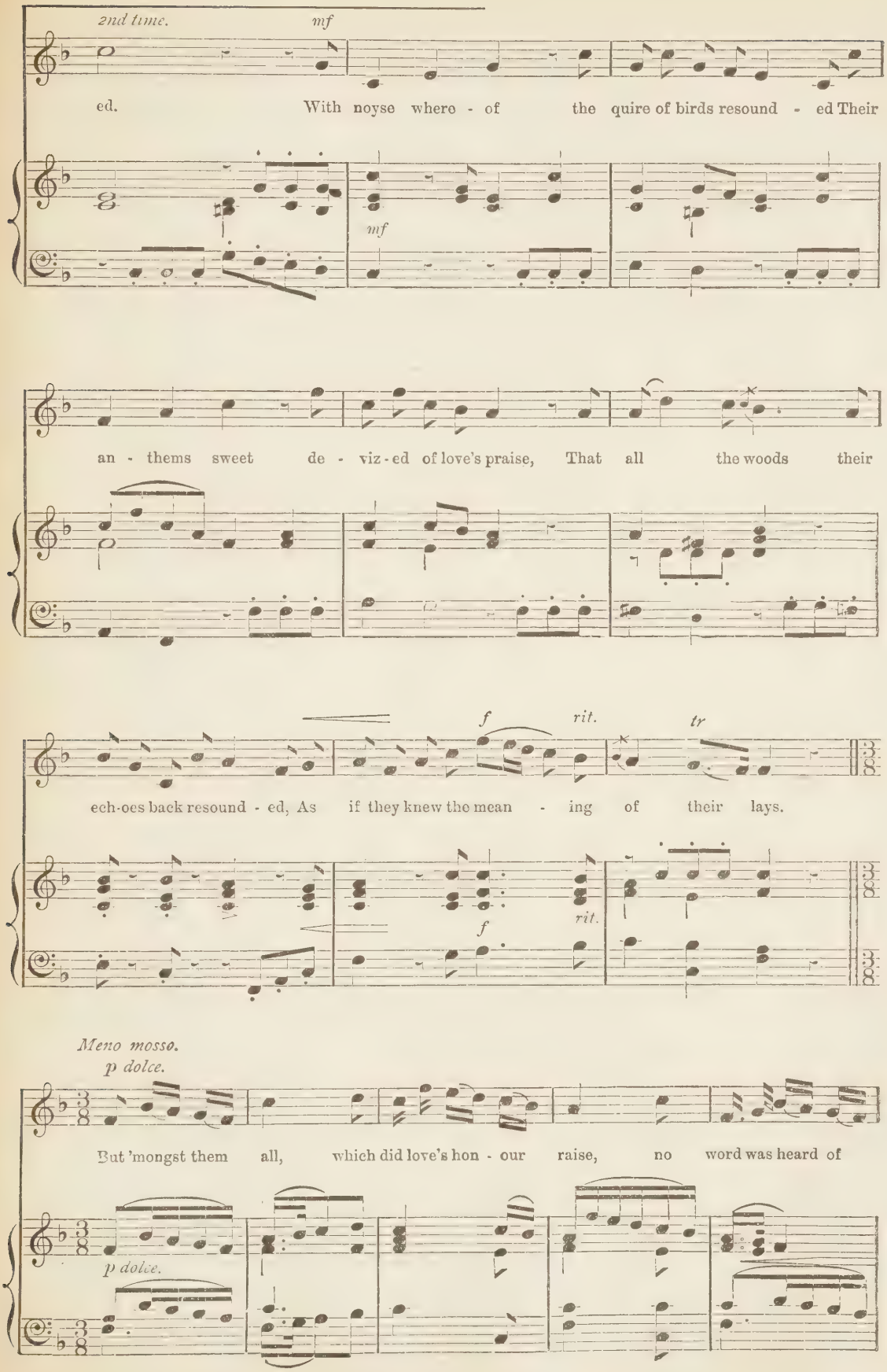
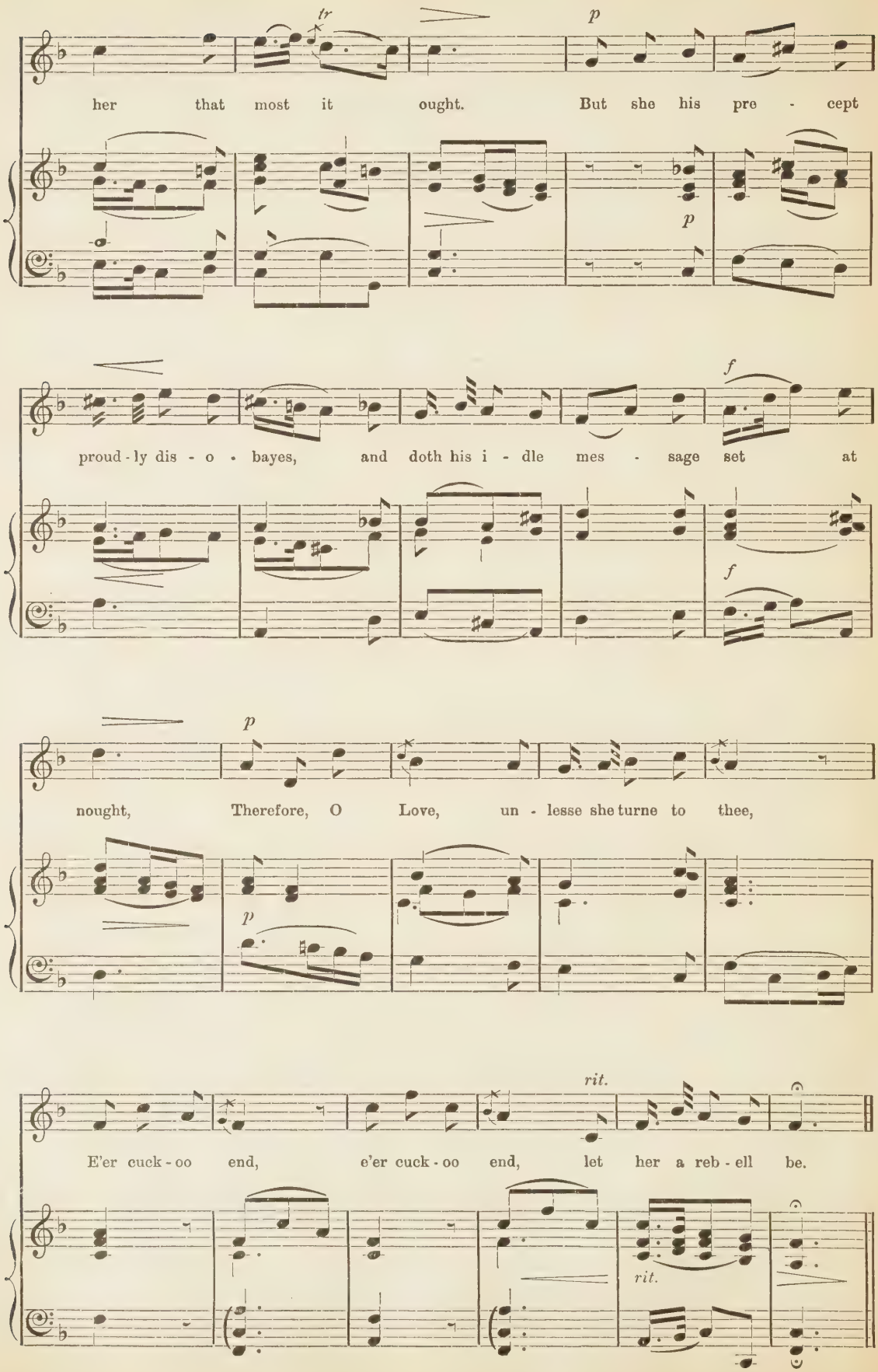
The Lass with the Delicate Air.

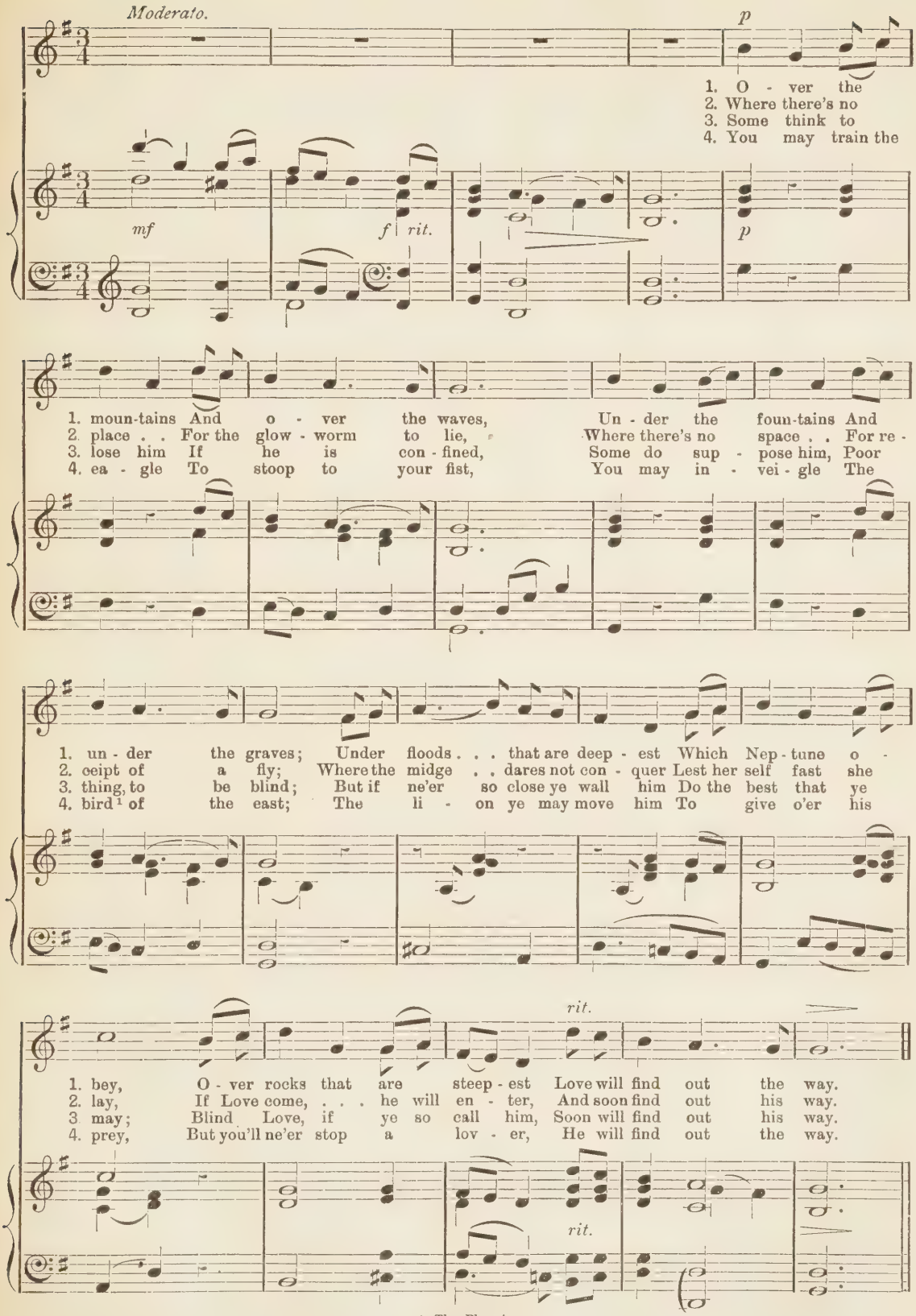
MICHAEL ARNE.

Andantino pastorale.
p
1. Young
2. One
3. That
4. A
p
con Ped.
1. Mol - ly, who lives at the foot of the hill, Whose
2. ev - 'ning last May, as I tra - vers'd the grove, In
3. mo - ment young Cu - pid se - lect - ed a dart, And
4 thou - sand times o'er I've re - peat - ed my suit, But
p
con espress.
1. fame ev - 'ry vir - gin with en - vy does fill, Of
2. thought - less re - tire - ment, not dream - ing of love, I
3. pierc'd with - out pi - ty my in - no - cent heart; From
4. still the tor - men - ter af - fects to be mute. Then

A pretty song which has lately been revived. It is generally understood to be the composition of Dr. Arne, but this is a mistake. It was that of his talented son, Michael Arne, a precocious musical genius whose works under the signature, "Master Arne," were issued at a very early date. He was born 1741, and died 1786. "The Lass with the delicate air" came into fashion about 1762, and appears in the *Universal Magazine* with the music, in August of that year. It is also in *Vocal Music, Thompson's Violin Tutor, circa* 1763, and in song books without music, such as, *The Humming-bird, The Masque*, 1767, etc. In this latter named work the composer's name is mentioned—"set by Mr. Michael Arne and sung by Miss Wright at Ranelagh." The lady named was afterwards the wife of Michael Arne. Samuel Lover, in *Handy Andy*, makes one of his female characters warble "The Lass with the delicate air."

1. beau - ty is bless'd with so am - ple a share, That
2. chanc'd to e - spy the gay nymph, I de - clare, And
3. thence how to gain the dear maid was my care, For a
4. tell me, ye swains who have con - quer'd the fair, How to
con espress.
sempre con Ped.
f
dim.
p
1. men call her the lass with the del - i - cate air, with the
2. real - ly she'd got a most del - i - cate air, a most
3. cap - tive I fell to her del - i - cate air, to her
4. win the dear lass with the del - i - cate air, with the
f
dim.
1. del - - - - - - - - - - - - - i - cate air, That men
2. del - - - - - - - - - - - - - i - cate air, And
3. del - - - - - - - - - - - - - i - cate air, For a
4. del - - - - - - - - - - - - - i - cate air, How to
p
f
rit.
1. call her the lass with the del - i - cate air.
2. real - ly she'd got a most del - i - cate air.
3. cap - tive I fell to her del - i - cate air.
4. win the dear lass with the del - i - cate air.
f
rit.

The Merry Cuckoo, Messenger of Spring.

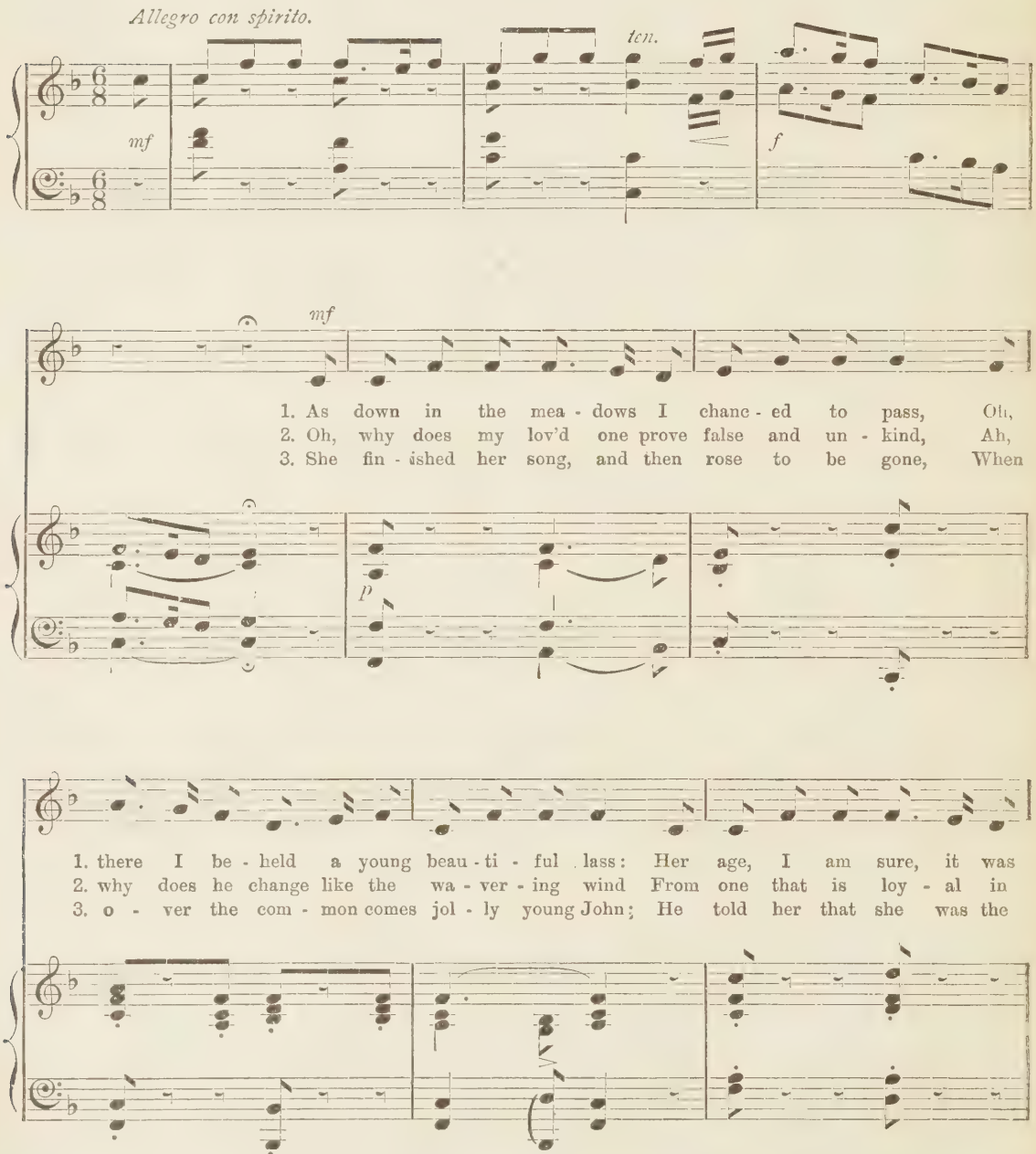
MAURICE GREENE.

Allegretto. p
mf
The merry cuck - oo, mes-sen - ger of Spring, his trum - pet shrill hath
p
mf
p
thrice al - rea-dy sound - ed, That warnes all lov - ers waite up - on the
p
f
tr
1st time.
King, Who now is coming forth with garland crown - ed.
f

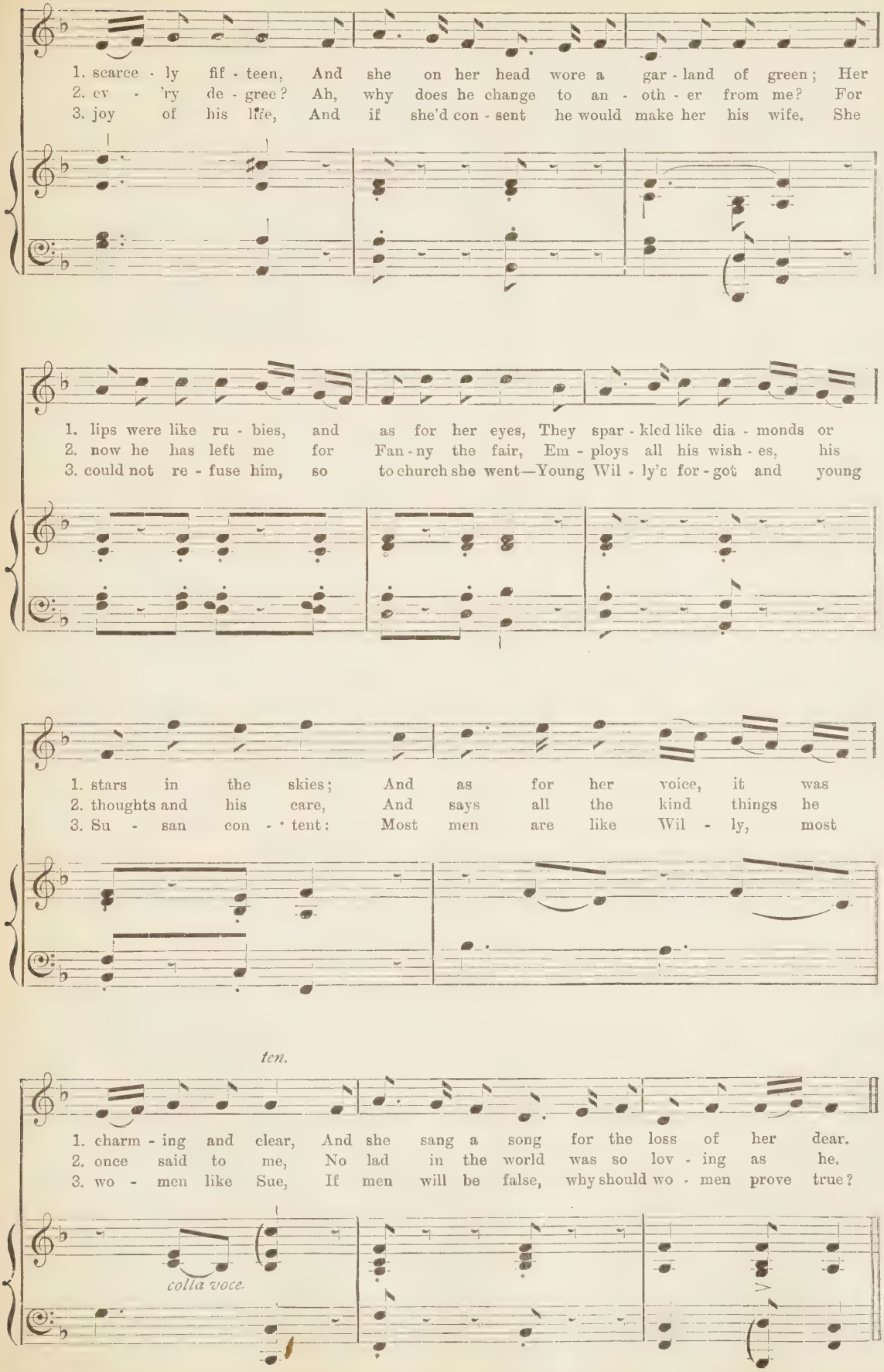
The words are by Edmund Spenser from his *Amoretti*, a series of twenty-five sonnets written by the Elizabethan poet, and before the middle of the 18th century set to music by Dr. Maurice Greene [1695-6 to 1755]. John Walsh, the publisher of Handel's works, issued these in oblong folio, with an exquisitely designed and engraved title page, and the book was reprinted much later in the same century by Harrison & Co. Maurice Greene stands, musically, very high among his contemporaries.

2nd time.
mf
ed. With noyse where - of the quire of birds resound - ed Their
mf
an - thems sweet de - viz - ed of love's praise, That all the woods their
f
rit.
tr
ech-oes back resound - ed, As if they knew the mean - ing of their lays.
f
rit.
Meno mosso.
p dolce.
But 'mongst them all, which did love's hon - our raise, no word was heard of
p dolce.

tr
p
her that most it ought. But she his pre - cept
p
f
proud - ly dis - o - bayes, and doth his i - dle mes - sage set at
f
p
nought, Therefore, O Love, un - lesse she turne to thee,
p
rit.
E'er cuck - oo end, e'er cuck - oo end, let her a reb - ell be.
rit.

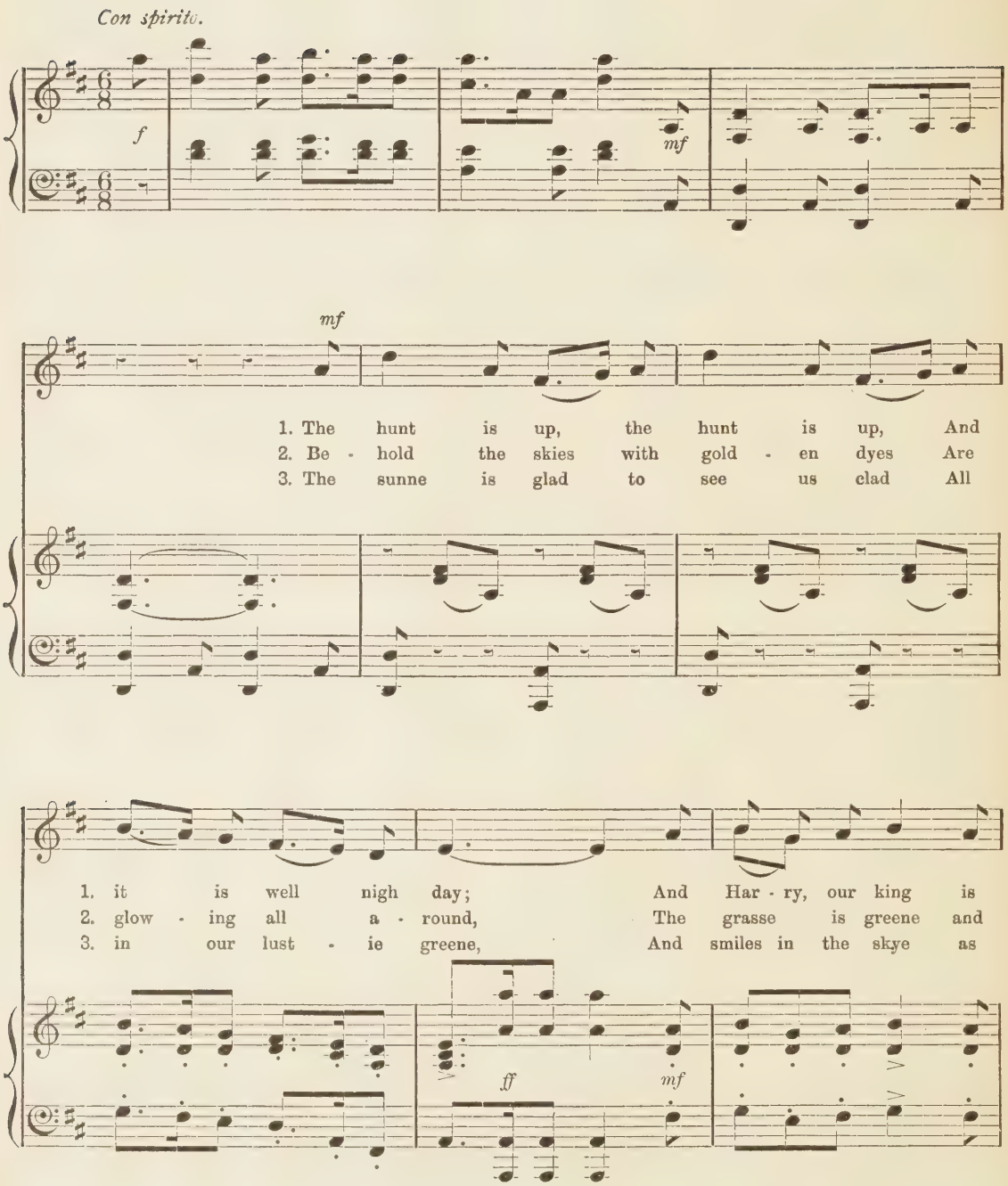
Love will find out the way.

Moderato.
p
1. O - ver the
2. Where there's no
3. Some think to
4. You may train the
mf
f
rit.
p
1. moun-tains And o - ver the waves, Un - der the foun-tains And
2. place . . For the glow - worm to lie, Where there's no space . . For re -
3. lose him If he is con - fined, Some do sup - pose him, Poor
4. ea - gle To stoop to your fist, You may in - vei - gle The
1. un - der the graves; Under floods . . . that are deep - est Which Nep - tune o -
2. ceipt of a fly; Where the midge . . dares not con - quer Lest her self fast she
3. thing, to be blind; But if ne'er so close ye wall him Do the best that ye
4. bird [1] of the east; The li - on ye may move him To give o'er his
rit.
1. bey, O - ver rocks that are steep - est Love will find out the way.
2. lay, If Love come, . . . he will en - ter, And soon find out his way.
3. may; Blind Love, if ye so call him, Soon will find out his way.
4. prey, But you'll ne'er stop a lov - er, He will find out the way.
rit.

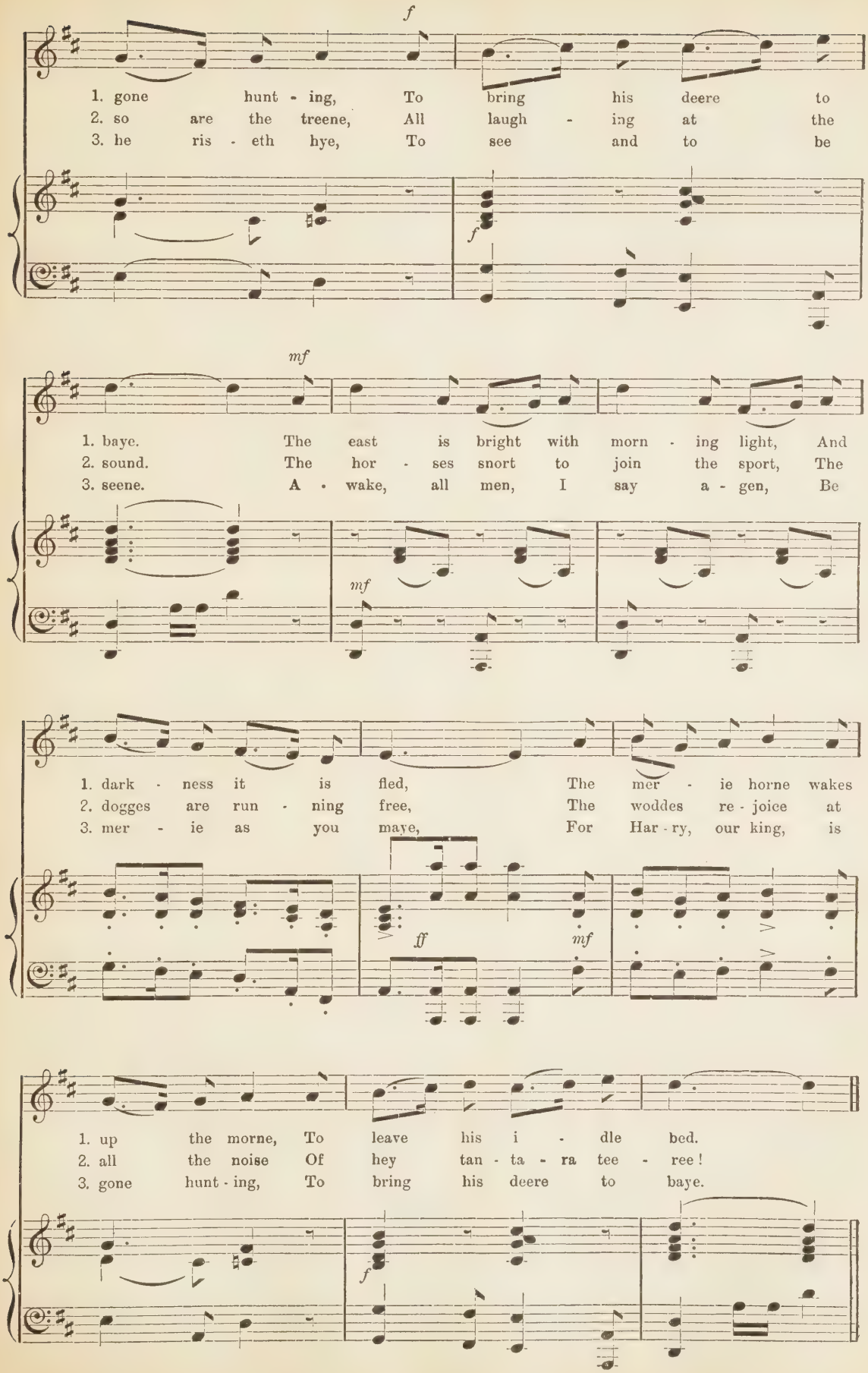
[1] The Phœnix.

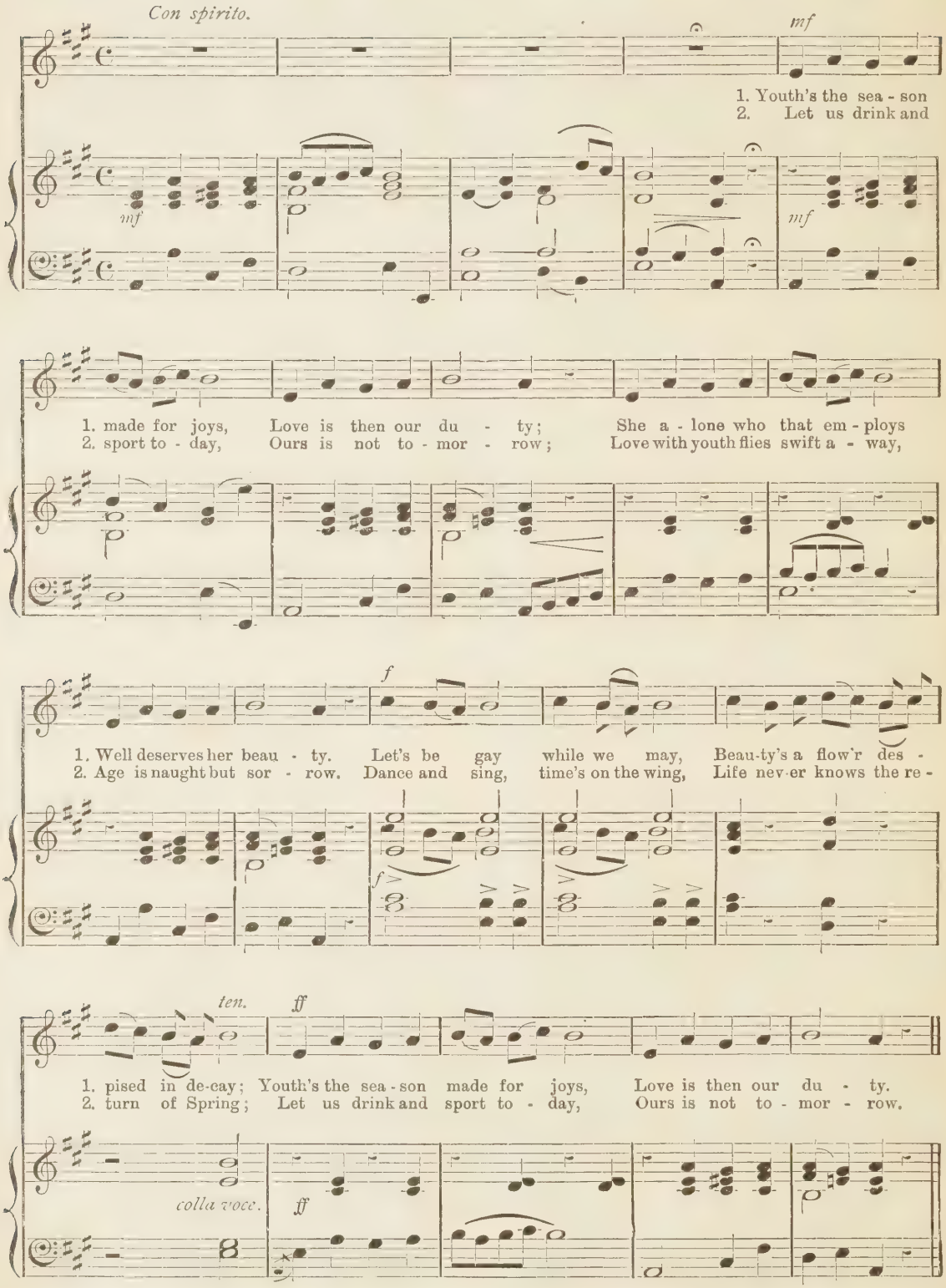
For note to this song see Appendix.

As Down in the Meadows I Chanced to Pass.

Allegro con spirito.
ten.
mf
f
mf
1. As down in the mea - dows I chanc - ed to pass, Oh,
2. Oh, why does my lov'd one prove false and un - kind, Ah,
3. She fin - ished her song, and then rose to be gone, When
p
1. there I be - held a young beau - ti - ful lass: Her age, I am sure, it was
2. why does he change like the wa - ver - ing wind From one that is loy - al in
3. o - ver the com - mon comes jol - ly young John; He told her that she was the

A pretty lyric which came into vogue during the first quarter of the 18th century. With the first line beginning "'Twas down in a meadow," it appears in Walsh's *Merry Musician; or, a Cure for the Spleen*, vol. ii., *circa* 1728. Next, under the title, "Susan's Complaint," it is found in Watts' *Musical Miscellany*, vol. i., 1729, and with the name, "Down in a meadow," the air is given in *Polly*, 1729, to the song, "The sportsmen keep hawks." The air has to a slight extent an Irish flavour, but the six-eight measure has frequently a knack of imparting this with no stronger authority to back it. The song is here slightly shortened from the original version.

1. scarce - ly fif - teen, And she on her head wore a gar - land of green; Her
2. ev - 'ry de - gree? Ah, why does he change to an - oth - er from me? For
3. joy of his life, And if she'd con - sent he would make her his wife. She
1. lips were like ru - bies, and as for her eyes, They spar - kled like dia - monds or
2. now he has left me for Fan - ny the fair, Em - ploys all his wish - es, his
3. could not re - fuse him, so to church she went—Young Wil - ly's for - got and young
1. stars in the skies; And as for her voice, it was
2. thoughts and his care, And says all the kind things he
3. Su - san con - tent: Most men are like Wil - ly, most
ten.
1. charm - ing and clear, And she sang a song for the loss of her dear.
2. once said to me, No lad in the world was so lov - ing as he.
3. wo - men like Sue, If men will be false, why should wo - men prove true?
colla voce.

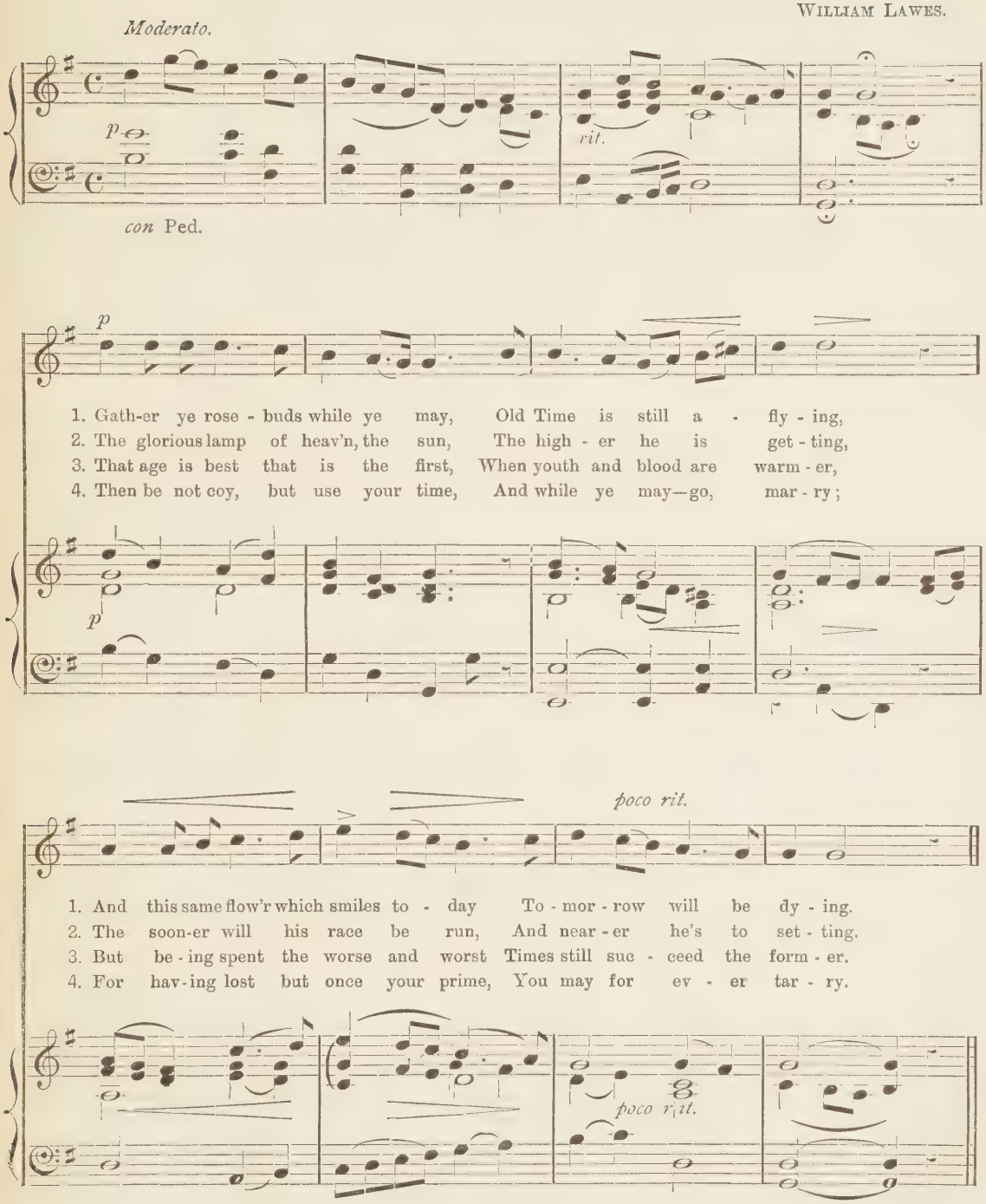
The Hunt is Up.

Con spirito.
f
mf
mf
1. The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And
2. Be - hold the skies with gold - en dyes Are
3. The sunne is glad to see us clad All
1. it is well nigh day; And Har - ry, our king is
2. glow - ing all a - round, The grasse is greene and
3. in our lust - ie greene, And smiles in the skye as
ff
mf

Another of our now popular songs which we are principally indebted to the late Mr. William Chappell for resuscitating. The tune is in Playford's *Musick's Delights on the Cithren*, a small book in tablature, from which we have translated the present copy. The words are given by Mr. Chappell from a manuscript then in the possession of Mr. Payne Collier, and the song there has the title, "The Kinge's Hunt is uppe." A tune in the Fitzwilliam Virginal book is called "The Hunt is up," but this is not the present one; in fact the phrase was so common for a hunting ditty that much confusion appears to have existed among different copies. "The Hunt is up" is mentioned as a dance tune in *The Complaint of Scotland*, 1549, and there are also some religious parodies. The song from Mr. Collier's manuscript is considered to be by one Gray, a favourite of Henry VIII.

f
1. gone hunt - ing, To bring his deere to
2. so are the treene, All laugh - ing at the
3. he ris - eth hye, To see and to be
f
mf
1. baye. The east is bright with morn - ing light, And
2. sound. The hor - ses snort to join the sport, The
3. seene. A - wake, all men, I say a - gen, Be
mf
1. dark - ness it is fled, The mer - ie horne wakes
2. dogges are run - ning free, The woddes re - joice at
3. mer - ie as you maye, For Har - ry, our king, is
ff
mf
1. up the morne, To leave his i - dle bed.
2. all the noise Of hey tan - ta - ra tee - ree!
3. gone hunt - ing, To bring his deere to baye.
f

Youth's the Season made for Joys.

Con spirito.
mf
1. Youth's the sea - son
2. Let us drink and
mf
mf
1. made for joys, Love is then our du - ty; She a - lone who that em - ploys
2. sport to - day, Ours is not to - mor - row; Love with youth flies swift a - way,
f
1. Well deserves her beau - ty. Let's be gay while we may, Beau-ty's a flow'r des -
2. Age is naught but sor - row. Dance and sing, time's on the wing, Life nev-er knows the re -
f
ten.
ff
1. pised in de-cay; Youth's the sea - son made for joys, Love is then our du - ty.
2. turn of Spring; Let us drink and sport to - day, Ours is not to - mor - row.
colla voce.
ff

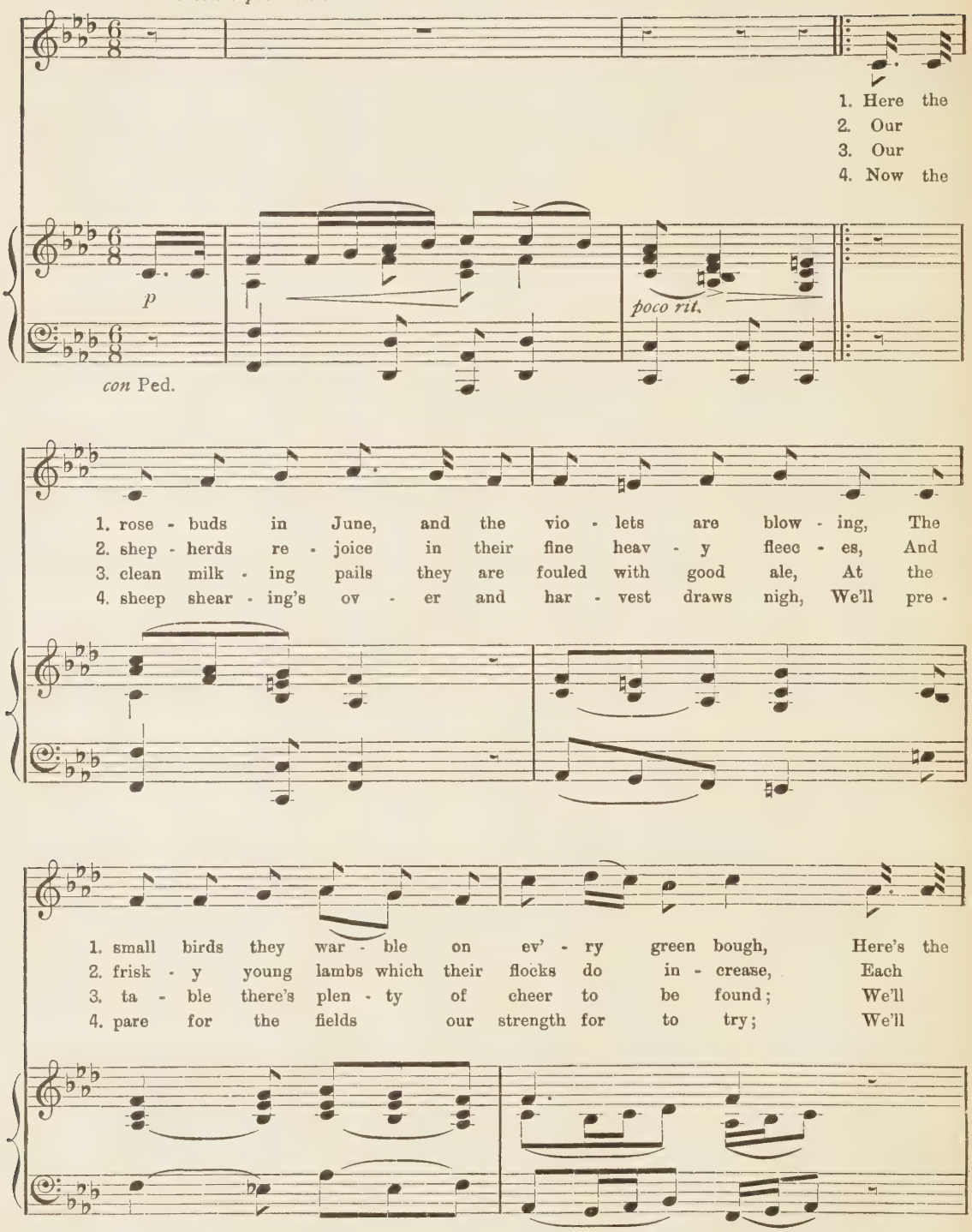
The sprightly little song with the air is given in the *Beggars' Opera*, 1727-8, the tune in the old editions being marked "Cotillon." Macheath sings the song and prefaces it with the following:—"Ere you seat yourselves, ladies, what think you of a dance! *(Enter Harper.)* Play the French tune that Mrs. Slammekin was so fond of (a dance a-la-ronde in the French manner); near the end of it this song and chorus." From this and from the character of the tune itself it seems likely that it was a French cotillon then in vogue in the fashionable world, though Gay's words, and its place in the *Beggars' Opera* have sufficiently naturalised it.

Gather ye Rosebuds.

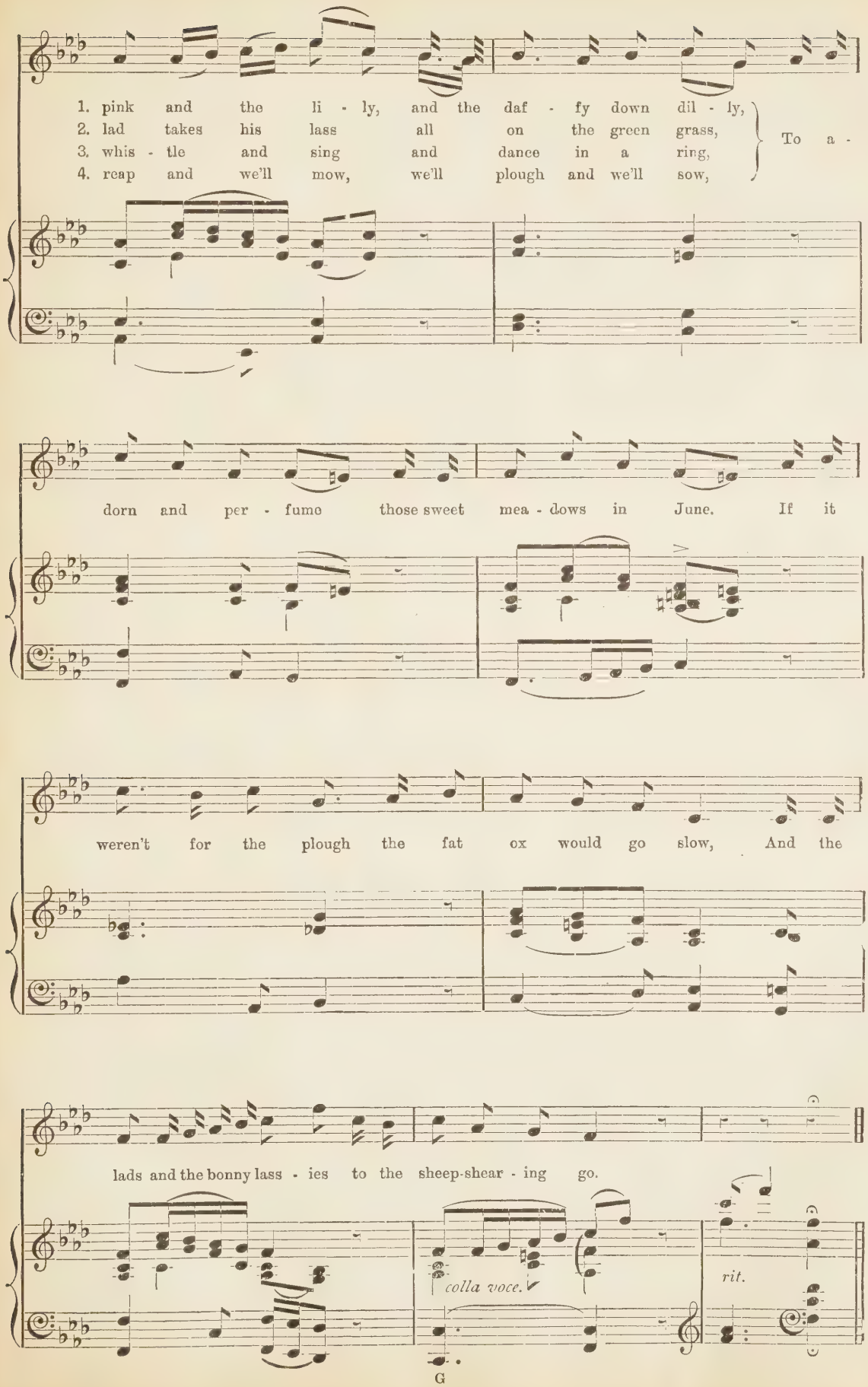
WILLIAM LAWES.

Moderato.
p
rit.
con Ped.
p
1. Gath-er ye rose - buds while ye may, Old Time is still a - fly - ing,
2. The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun, The high - er he is get - ting,
3. That age is best that is the first, When youth and blood are warm - er,
4. Then be not coy, but use your time, And while ye may—go, mar - ry;
p
poco rit.
1. And this same flow'r which smiles to - day To - mor - row will be dy - ing.
2. The soon-er will his race be run, And near - er he's to set - ting.
3. But be - ing spent the worse and worst Times still suc - ceed the form - er.
4. For hav - ing lost but once your prime, You may for ev - er tar - ry.
poco rit.

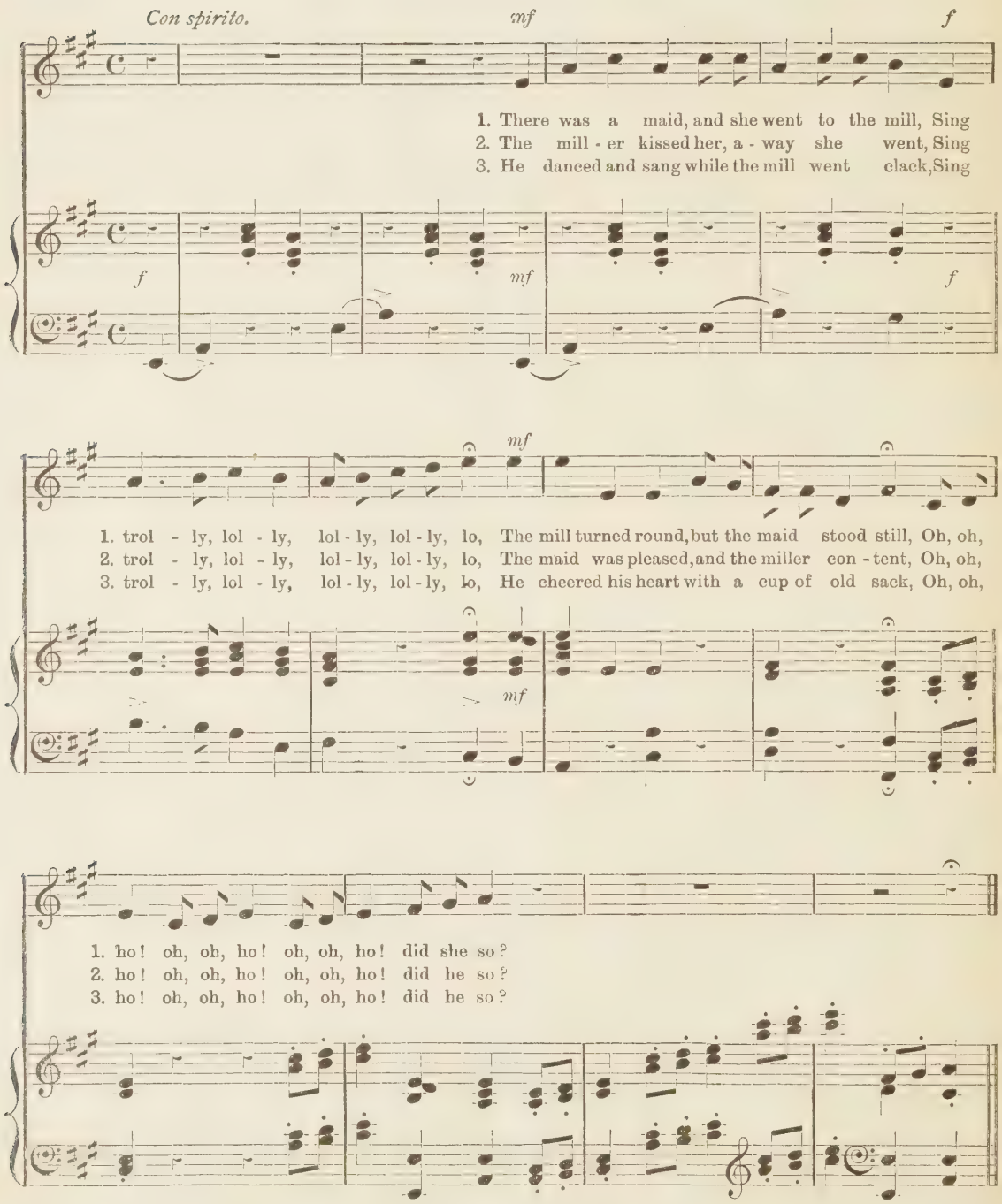
The immortal words are by Robert Herrick, and are published in his *Hesperides; or, the works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.*, 1648. The old title runs, "To the Virgins, to make much of Time." The air is by William Lawes, the elder brother of Henry Lawes. William was musician to Charles I., and was killed at the siege of Chester in 1645. He no doubt composed the air to the sonnet while it was yet in manuscript form. His air was first published with the words in Playford's *Select Musicall Ayres and Dialogues*, folio, 1652, as well as the later edition of 1659. It was after this frequently reprinted by Playford, and appears in his *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666, *The Musical Companion*, 1672-3, and in most of his editions of *The Introduction to the Skill of Musick*. It is also in Forbes' *Cantus*, 1682, and in the Leyden and Blaikie MSS., as well as in nearly every glee book published since Playford's time.

The Rose-buds in June.

Andante con espressione.

1. Here the
2. Our
3. Our
4. Now the
p
poco rit.
con Ped.
1. rose - buds in June, and the vio - lets are blow - ing, The
2. shep - herds re - joice in their fine heav - y fleec - es, And
3. clean milk - ing pails they are fouled with good ale, At the
4. sheep shear - ing's ov - er and har - vest draws nigh, We'll pre -
1. small birds they war - ble on ev' - ry green bough, Here's the
2. frisk - y young lambs which their flocks do in - crease, Each
3. ta - ble there's plen - ty of cheer to be found; We'll
4. pare for the fields our strength for to try; We'll

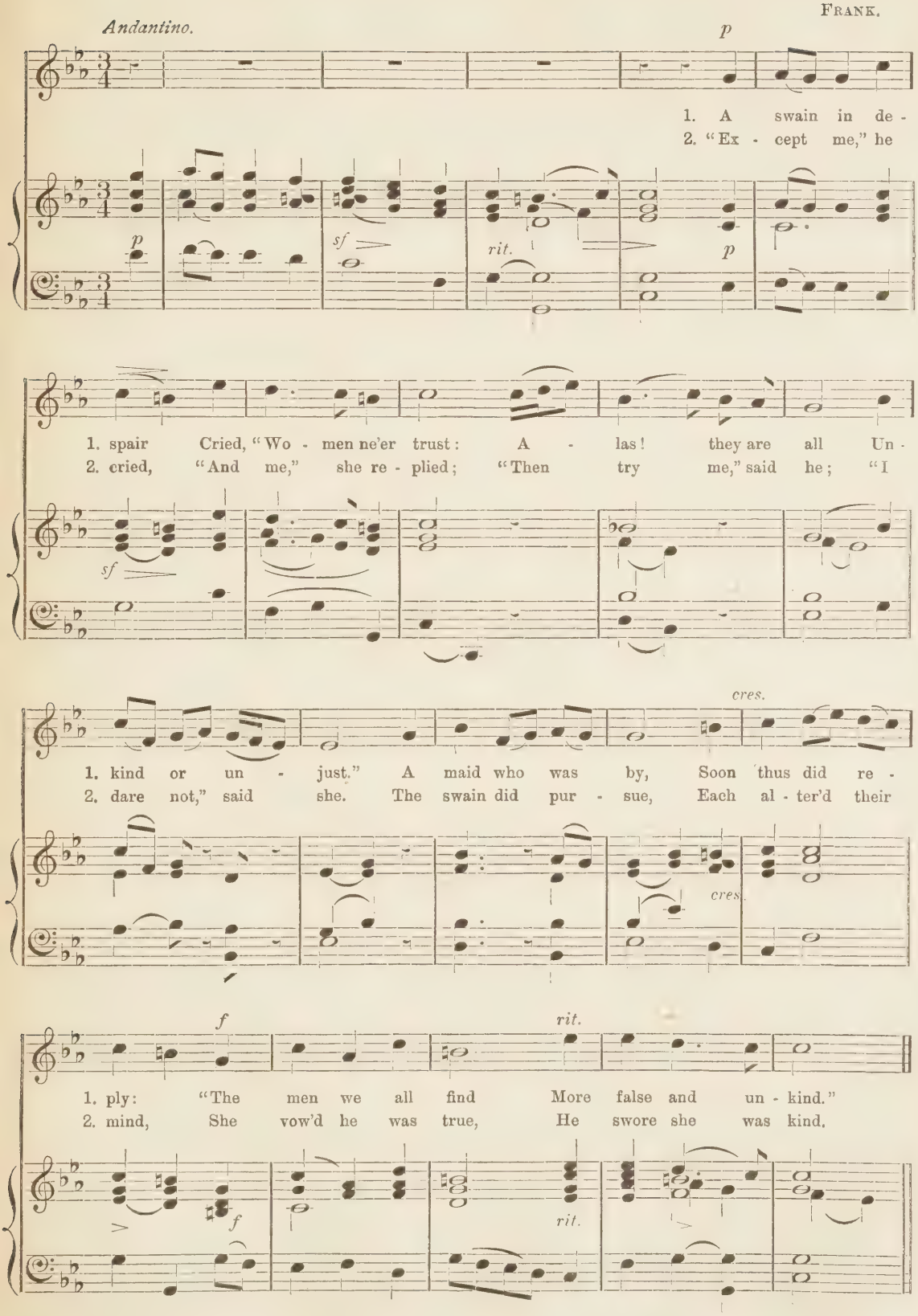
A delightful folk song and melody, taken from a thin folio volume of this class of song, collected by the late Rev. John Broadwood, in Surrey and Sussex, and published by him anonymously in 1843. This work may be said to be practically the first English collection of peasant song and folk melodies published as such, and for the avowed purpose of rescuing traditional English songs in their primitive state. The collection consisted of but 16 songs, but his niece, Miss Lucy Broadwood, added to this number from her store of similar songs obtained in the same district, and the work was then republished. We are indebted to Miss Broadwood for the loan of the very scarce original volume.


1. pink and the li - ly, and the daf - fy down dil - ly,
2. lad takes his lass all on the green grass,
3. whis - tle and sing and dance in a ring,
4. reap and we'll mow, we'll plough and we'll sow,
To a -
dorn and per - fume those sweet mea - dows in June. If it
weren't for the plough the fat ox would go slow, And the
lads and the bonny lass - ies to the sheep-shear - ing go.
colla voce.
rit.

There was a Maid went to the Mill.

Con spirito.
mf
f
1. There was a maid, and she went to the mill, Sing
2. The mill - er kissed her, a - way she went, Sing
3. He danced and sang while the mill went clack, Sing
f
mf
f
mf
1. trol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lo, The mill turned round, but the maid stood still, Oh, oh,
2. trol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lo, The maid was pleased, and the miller con - tent, Oh, oh,
3. trol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lo, He cheered his heart with a cup of old sack, Oh, oh,
mf
1. ho! oh, oh, ho! oh, oh, ho! did she so?
2. ho! oh, oh, ho! oh, oh, ho! did he so?
3. ho! oh, oh, ho! oh, oh, ho! did he so?

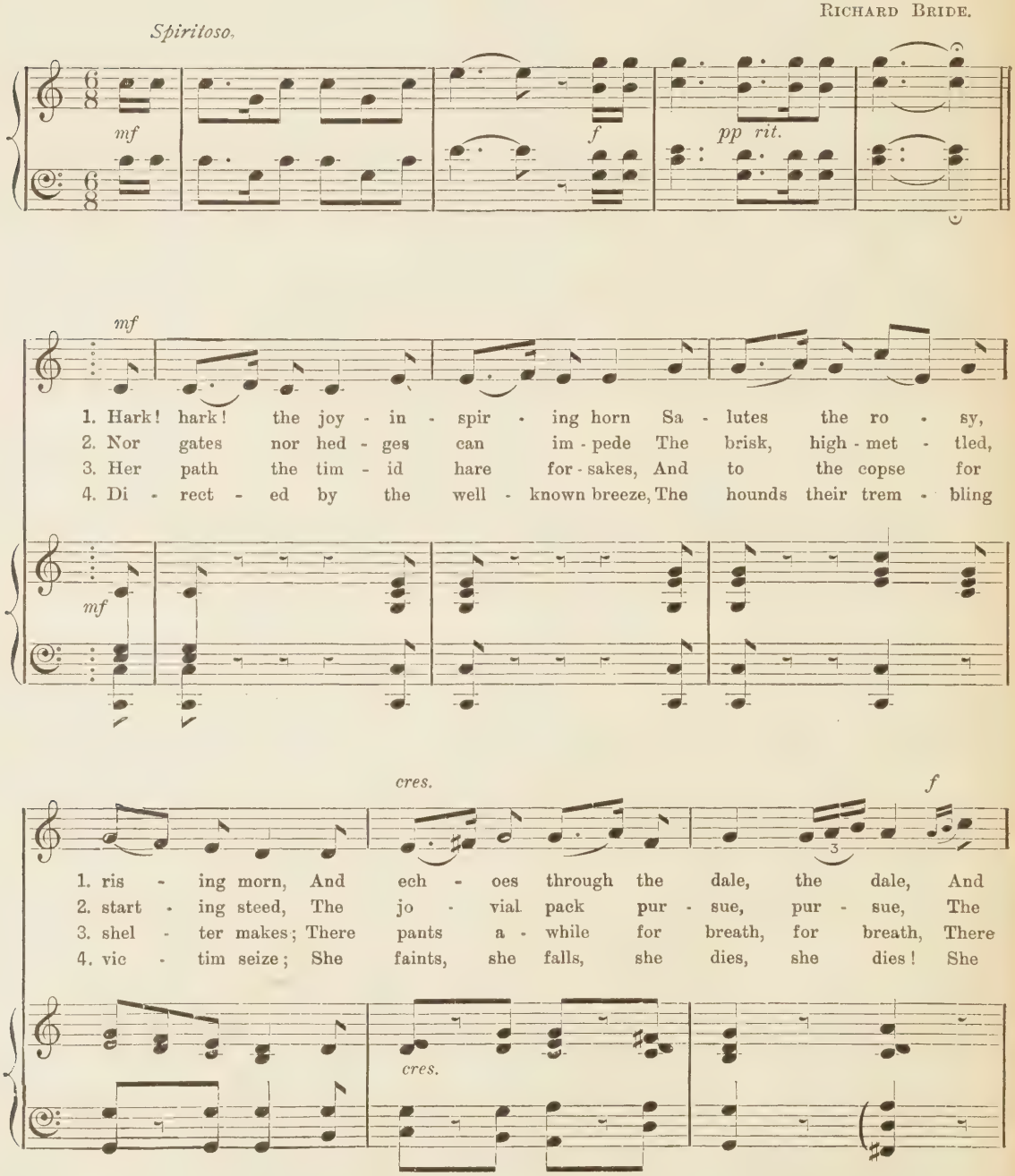
The song appears in the ballad opera, *The Jovial Crew* (acted 1731), as well as in a later adaptation of the opera, *The Ladies' Frolic*, 1770. Both these musical plays were versions of one named *The Jovial Crew; or, the Merry Beggars*, acted in 1641, and it is possible that the song may belong to the latter date. The air is also that to a song in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. v., p. 13, beginning "There was an old woman."

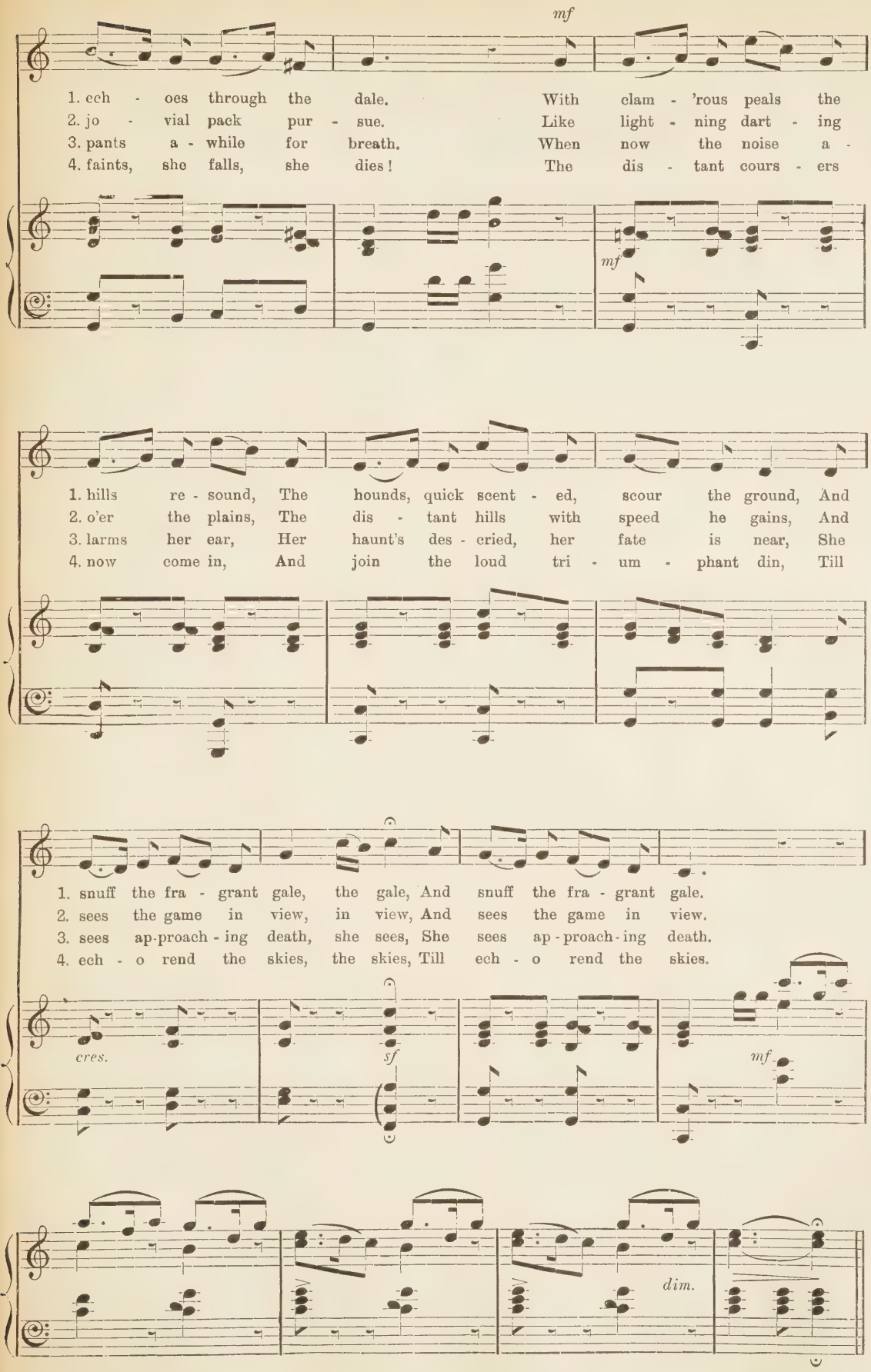
A Swain in Despair.

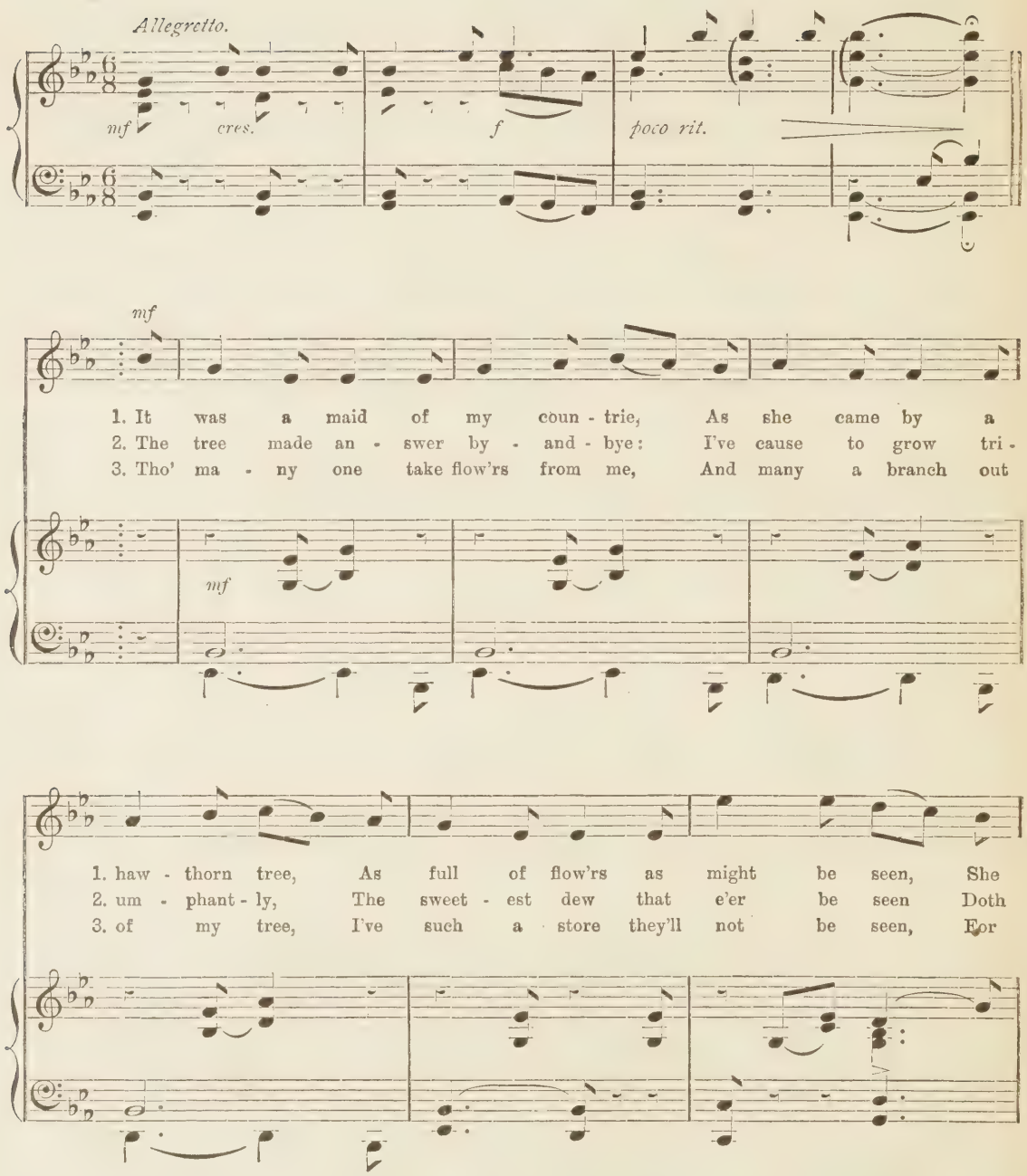
FRANK.

Andantino.
p
1. A swain in de -
2. "Ex - cept me," he
p
sf
rit.
p
1. spair Cried, "Wo - men ne'er trust: A - las! they are all Un -
2. cried, "And me," she re - plied; "Then try me," said he; "I
sf
cres.
1. kind or un - just." A maid who was by, Soon thus did re -
2. dare not," said she. The swain did pur - sue, Each al - ter'd their
cres.
f
rit.
1. ply: "The men we all find More false and un - kind."
2. mind, She vow'd he was true, He swore she was kind.
f
rit.

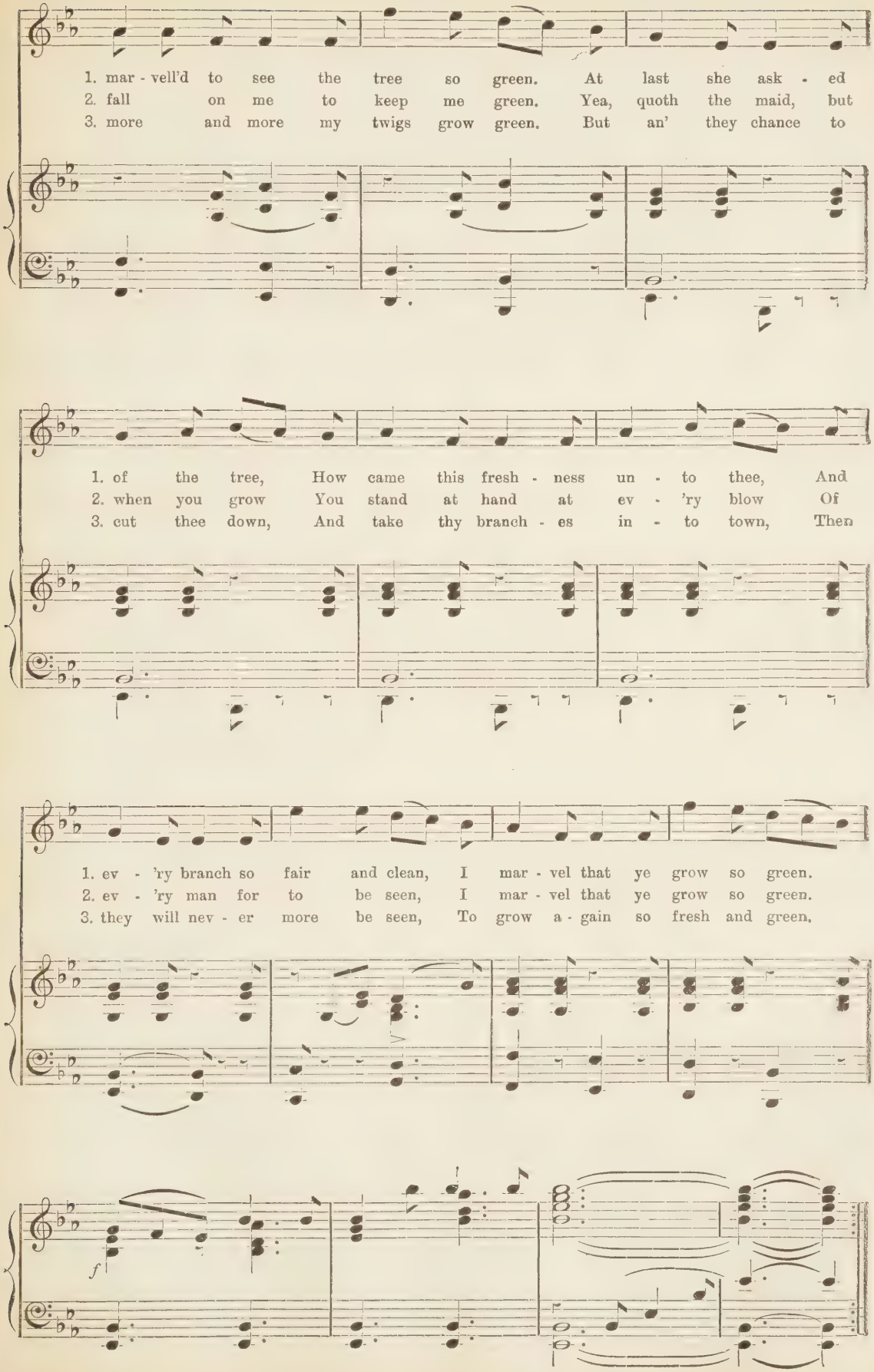
From the sixth and last volume of D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1720, where it is given as "A song set by Mr. Frank."

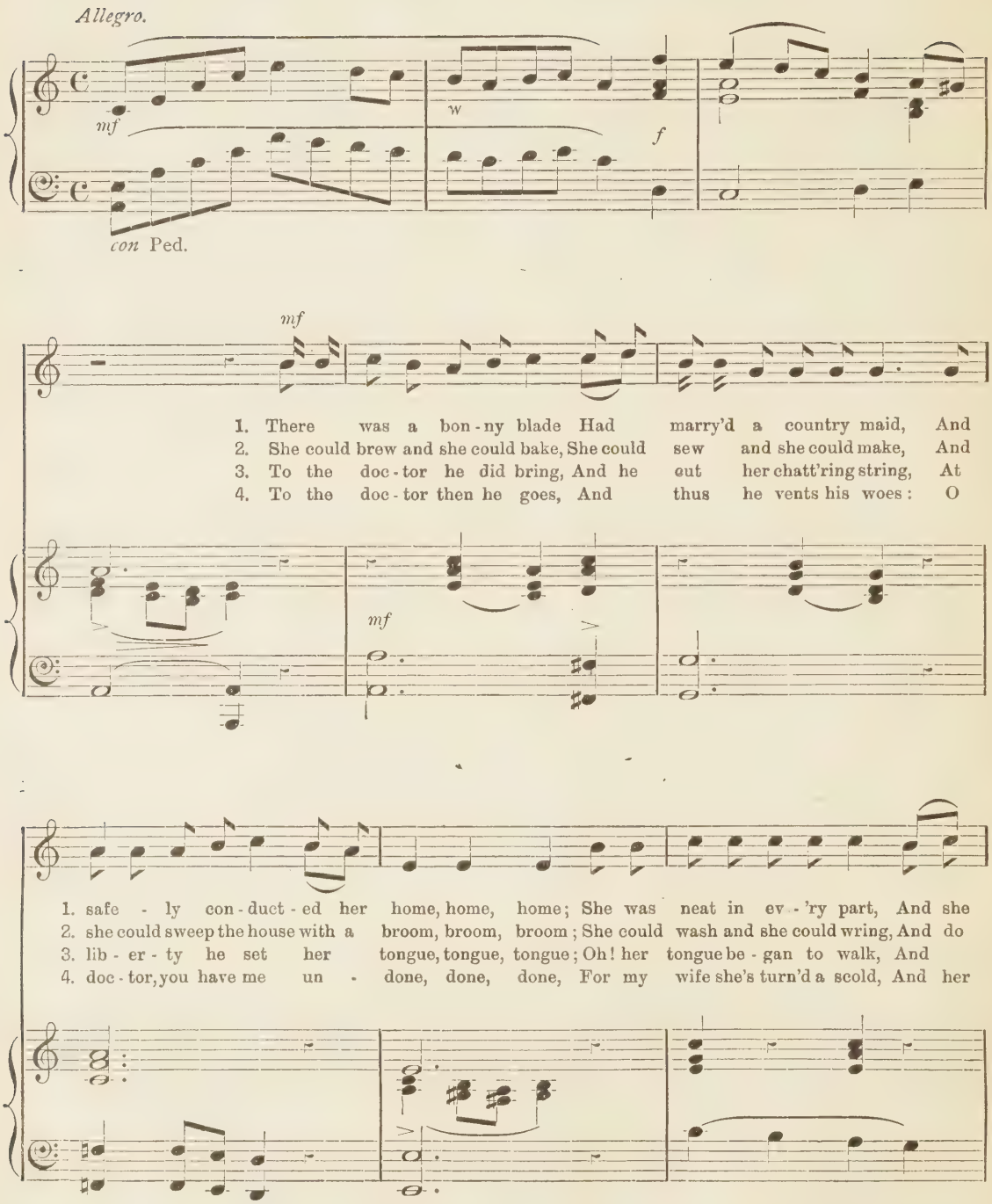
Hark! hark! the Joy-inspiring Horn.

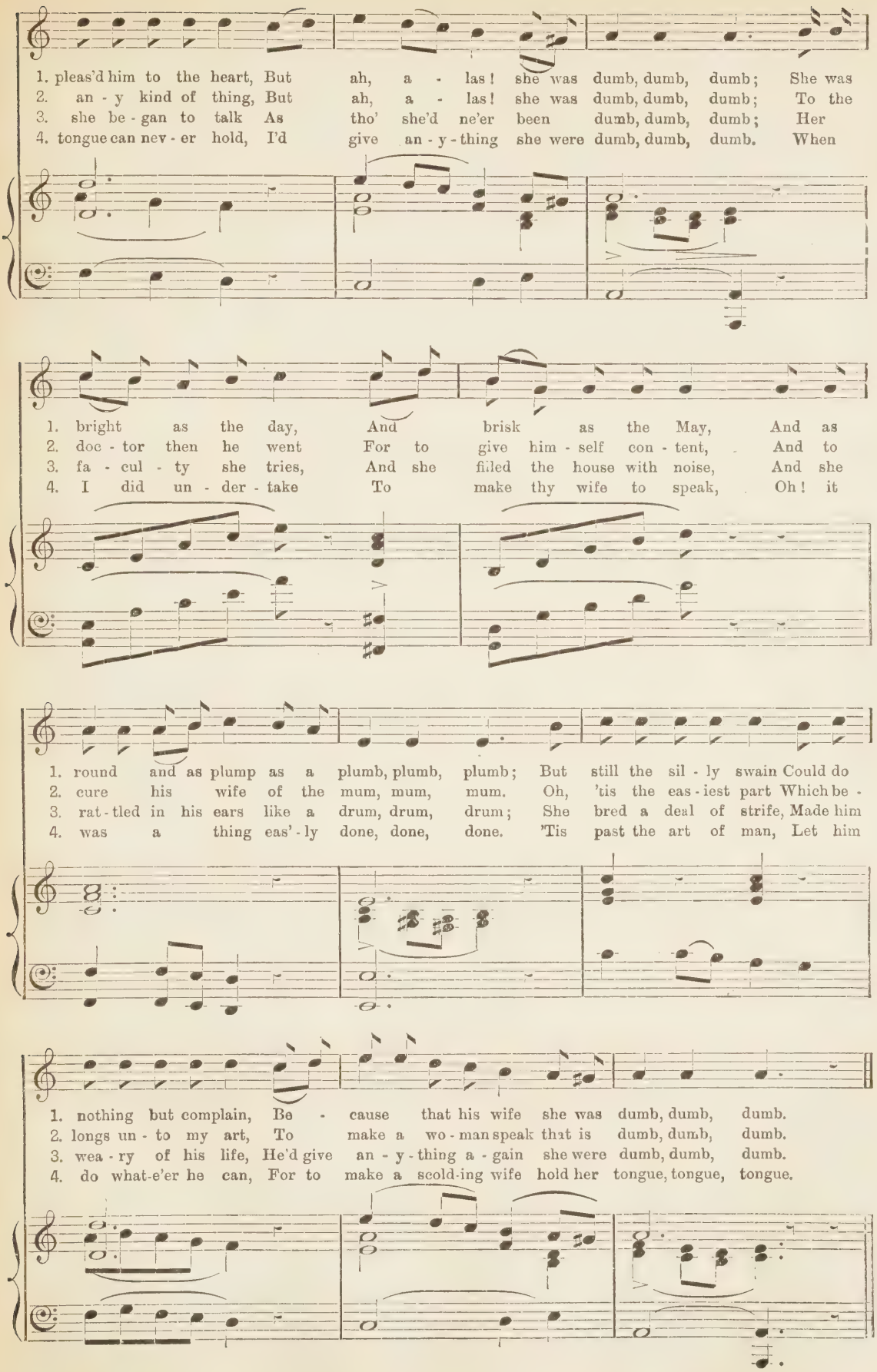
RICHARD BRIDE.

Spiritoso.
mf
f
pp rit.
mf
1. Hark! hark! the joy - in - spir - ing horn Sa - lutes the ro - sy,
2. Nor gates nor hed - ges can im - pede The brisk, high - met - tled,
3. Her path the tim - id hare for - sakes, And to the copse for
4. Di - rect - ed by the well - known breeze, The hounds their trem - bling
mf
cres.
f
3
1. ris - ing morn, And ech - oes through the dale, the dale, And
2. start - ing steed, The jo - vial pack pur - sue, pur - sue, The
3. shel - ter makes; There pants a - while for breath, for breath, There
4. vic - tim seize; She faints, she falls, she dies, she dies! She
cres.

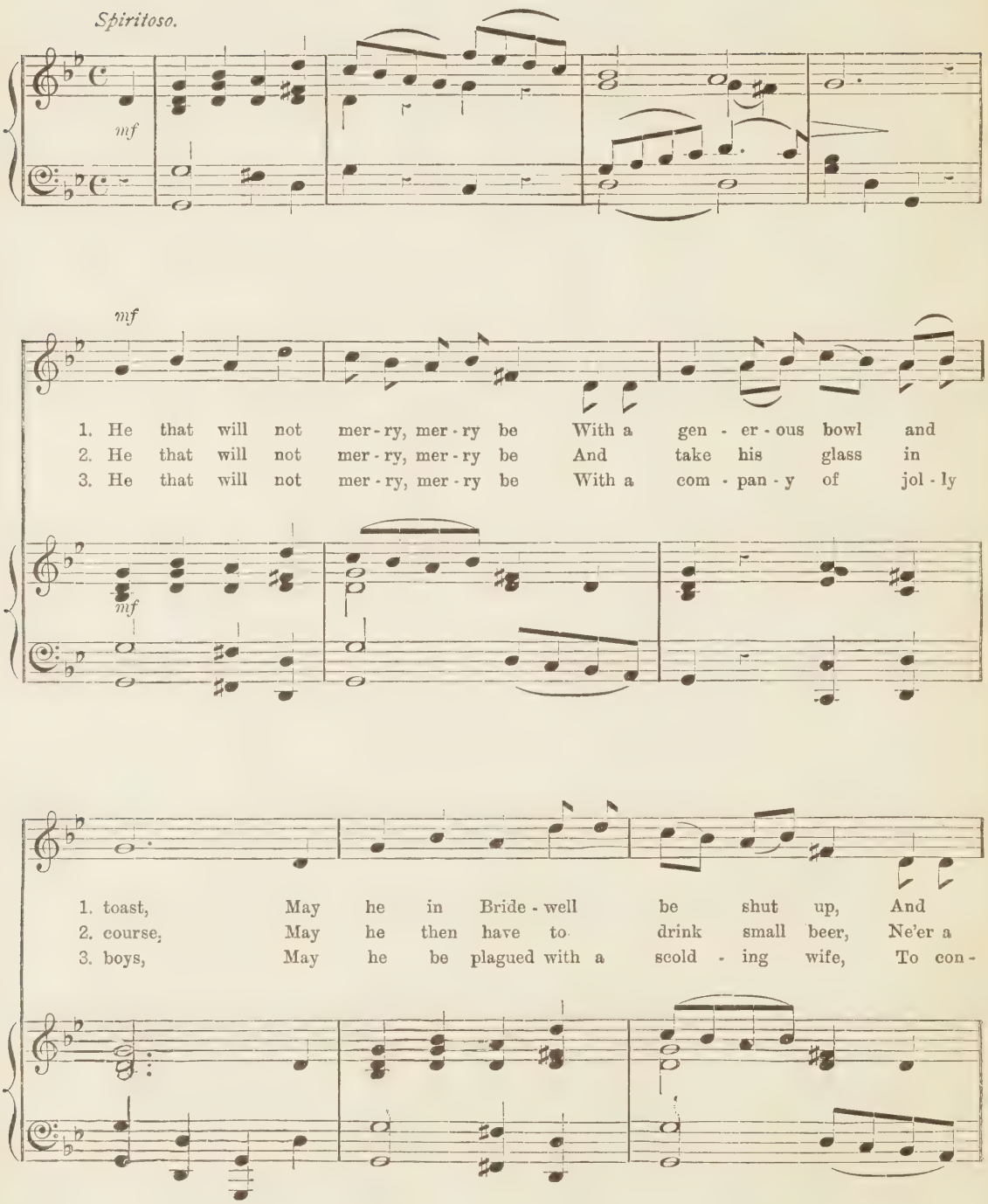
A hunting song popular during the latter part of the 18th century. A sheet copy of it with the music, *circa* 1770, informs us that it was "set" or composed by Richard Bride, and was sung by Mr. Dearl at the Grotto Gardens. This place of amusement was owned by one Finch, and the gardens were situate on the south side of the Thames, near the King's bench prison, part of their site being now occupied by the Borough Road Station. Richard Bride was a music publisher who succeeded Henry Waylett, at Exeter Change in the Strand. Copies of the song with the music occur in Horsfield's *Vocal Music*, 1775, Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress*, 1783, and many other works.

mf
1. ech - oes through the dale. With clam - 'rous peals the
2. jo - vial pack pur - sue. Like light - ning dart - ing
3. pants a - while for breath. When now the noise a -
4. faints, she falls, she dies! The dis - tant cours - ers
mf
1. hills re - sound, The hounds, quick scent - ed, scour the ground, And
2. o'er the plains, The dis - tant hills with speed he gains, And
3. larms her ear, Her haunt's des - cried, her fate is near, She
4. now come in, And join the loud tri - um - phant din, Till
1. snuff the fra - grant gale, the gale, And snuff the fra - grant gale.
2. sees the game in view, in view, And sees the game in view.
3. sees ap-proach - ing death, she sees, She sees ap - proach - ing death.
4. ech - o rend the skies, the skies, Till ech - o rend the skies.
cres.
sf
mf
dim.

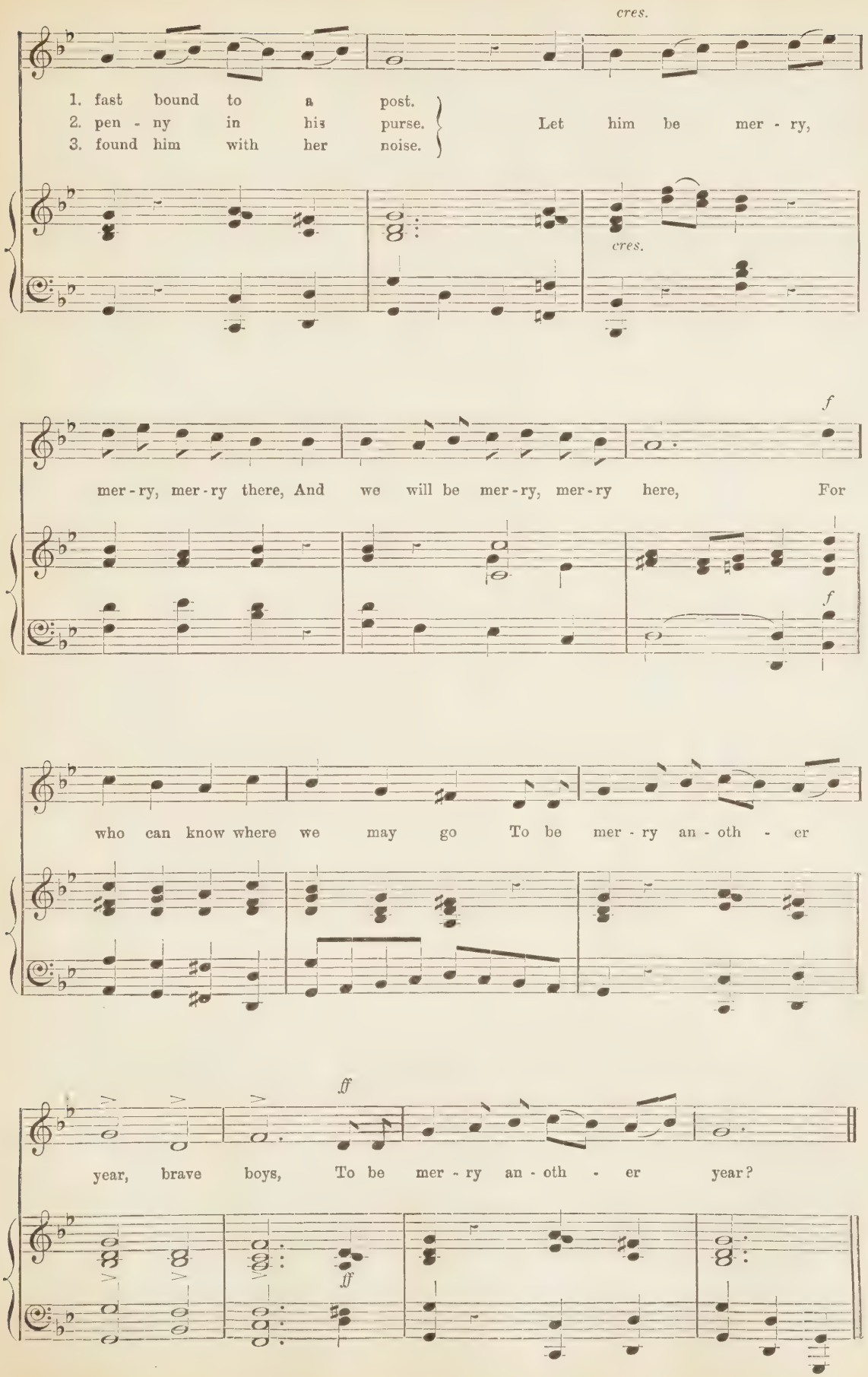
It was a Maid of my Countrie.

Allegretto.
mf
cres.
f
poco rit.
mf
1. It was a maid of my coun - trie, As she came by a
2. The tree made an - swer by - and - bye: I've cause to grow tri -
3. Tho' ma - ny one take flow'rs from me, And many a branch out
mf
1. haw - thorn tree, As full of flow'rs as might be seen, She
2. um - phant - ly, The sweet - est dew that e'er be seen Doth
3. of my tree, I've such a store they'll not be seen, For

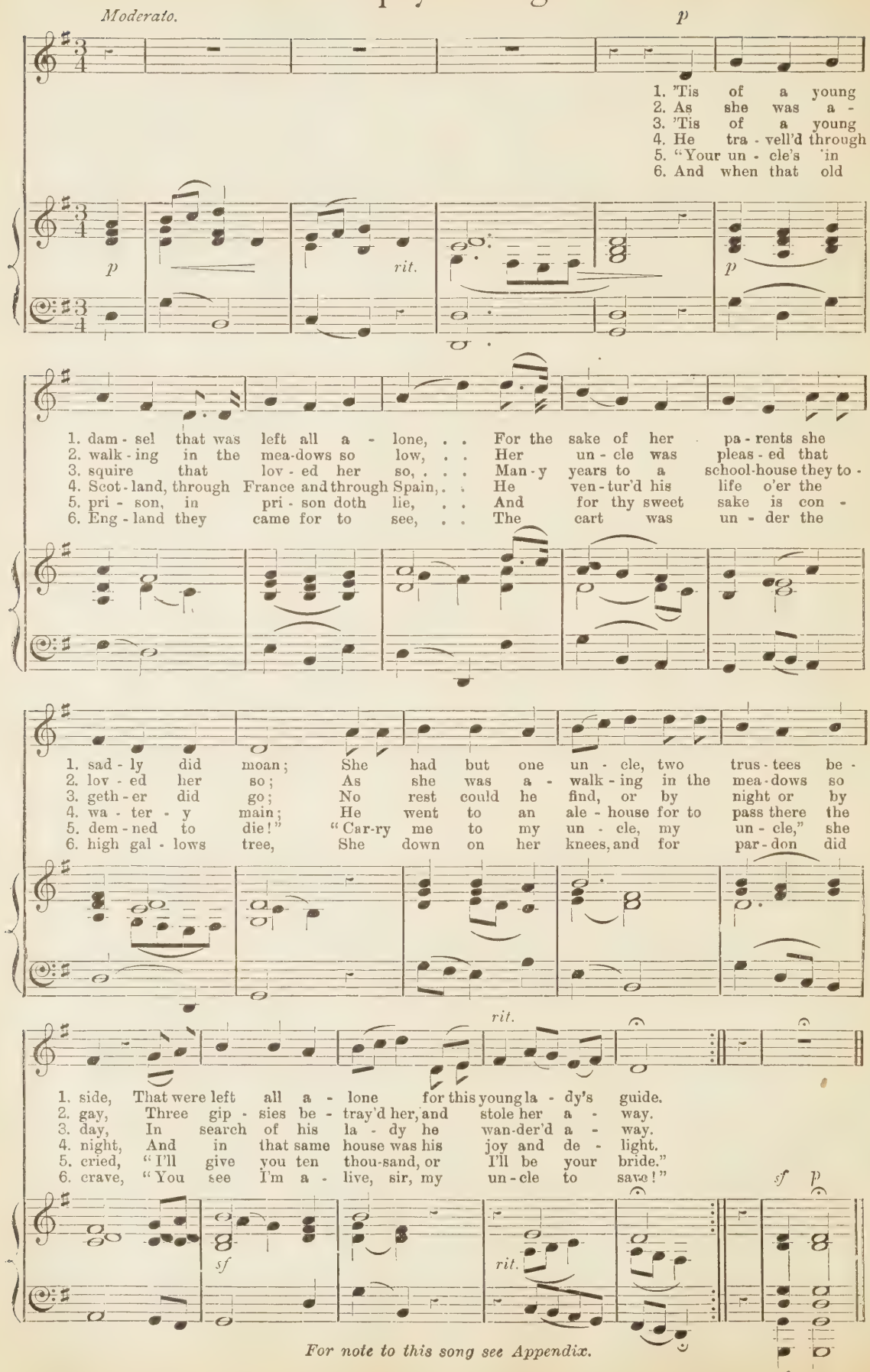
The song was first unearthed by Joseph Ritson from an Elizabethan MS. in the Cotton library. It is really a long poem extending to thirteen verses, and scarcely suited in its entirety to be reproduced here. The MS. directs it to be sung to "Donkin Dargeson." The tune, "Dargeson; or, The Sedany," is in Playford's *Dancing Master* from 1650 to 1690, and was the air for country or rustic dancing where the performers commenced by being in a single line, not facing each other as generally. The melody is interminable, and a version of it is also given to "Oft have I ridden upon my grey nag," in *Pammelia; or, Musick's Miscellanie*, 1609. Edward Jones prints a somewhat similar tune in his *Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards*, 1784, which he names "The Melody of Cynwyd." He apparently noted this down traditionally. Jones' tune has a distinct Irish flavour, and appears to be far more modern than "Dargeson."

1. mar - vell'd to see the tree so green. At last she ask - ed
2. fall on me to keep me green. Yea, quoth the maid, but
3. more and more my twigs grow green. But an' they chance to
1. of the tree, How came this fresh - ness un - to thee, And
2. when you grow You stand at hand at ev - 'ry blow Of
3. cut thee down, And take thy branch - es in - to town, Then
1. ev - 'ry branch so fair and clean, I mar - vel that ye grow so green.
2. ev - 'ry man for to be seen, I mar - vel that ye grow so green.
3. they will nev - er more be seen, To grow a - gain so fresh and green.
f

The Dumb Wife Cured.

Allegro.
mf
w
f
con Ped.
mf
1. There was a bon-ny blade Had marry'd a country maid, And
2. She could brew and she could bake, She could sew and she could make, And
3. To the doc-tor he did bring, And he cut her chatt'ring string, At
4. To the doc-tor then he goes, And thus he vents his woes: O
mf
1. safe - ly con-duct-ed her home, home, home; She was neat in ev-'ry part, And she
2. she could sweep the house with a broom, broom, broom; She could wash and she could wring, And do
3. lib-er-ty he set her tongue, tongue, tongue; Oh! her tongue be-gan to walk, And
4. doc-tor, you have me un - done, done, done, For my wife she's turn'd a scold, And her

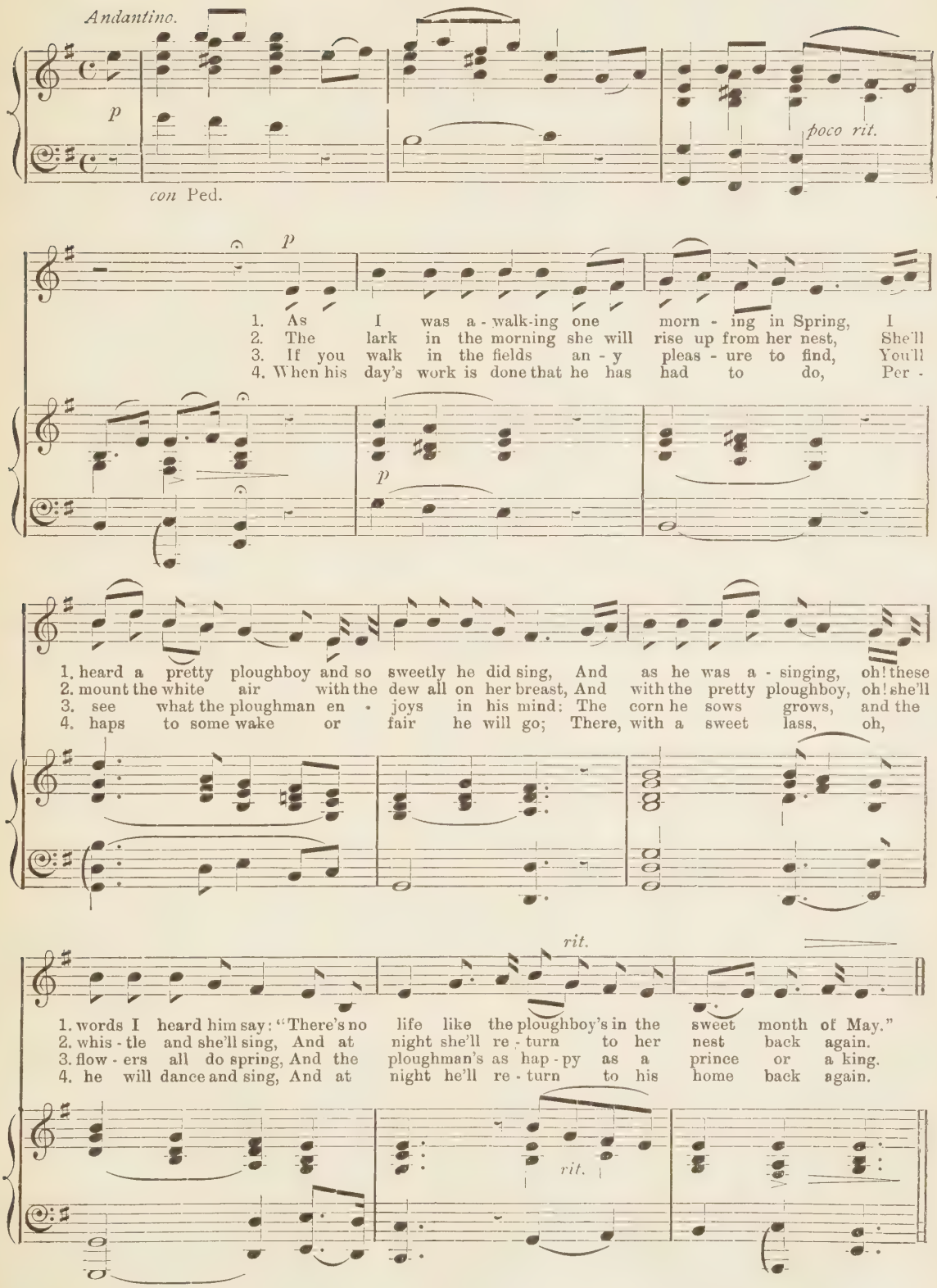
The song with the above air appears in all editions of *Pills to purge Melancholy*, from 1698 to 1719, and is even now known traditionally in country places—in Yorkshire to a tune quite different from the early printed one here given. The melody is a version of "I am the Duke of Norfolk," or "Paul's Steeple," printed under the latter named title in the first and other editions of Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1650, etc. The tune is one of the numerous branches of the primal theme of "John Anderson, my jo." Versions and survivals of the melody are found in Irish, English, and Scottish folk tunes; even to-day we may recognise it in the American song, "When Johnny comes marching home," and in the more modern edition of that tune set to a popular comic song.

1. pleas'd him to the heart, But ah, a - las! she was dumb, dumb, dumb; She was
2. an - y kind of thing, But ah, a - las! she was dumb, dumb, dumb; To the
3. she be - gan to talk As tho' she'd ne'er been dumb, dumb, dumb; Her
4. tongue can nev - er hold, I'd give an - y - thing she were dumb, dumb, dumb. When
1. bright as the day, And brisk as the May, And as
2. doc - tor then he went For to give him - self con - tent, And to
3. fa - cul - ty she tries, And she filled the house with noise, And she
4. I did un - der - take To make thy wife to speak, Oh! it
1. round and as plump as a plumb, plumb, plumb; But still the sil - ly swain Could do
2. cure his wife of the mum, mum, mum. Oh, 'tis the eas - iest part Which be -
3. rat - tled in his ears like a drum, drum, drum; She bred a deal of strife, Made him
4. was a thing eas' - ly done, done, done. 'Tis past the art of man, Let him
1. nothing but complain, Be - cause that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.
2. longs un - to my art, To make a wo - man speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb.
3. wea - ry of his life, He'd give an - y - thing a - gain she were dumb, dumb, dumb.
4. do what-e'er he can, For to make a scold-ing wife hold her tongue, tongue, tongue.

He that will not merry, merry be.

Spiritoso.
mf
mf
1. He that will not mer - ry, mer - ry be With a gen - er - ous bowl and
2. He that will not mer - ry, mer - ry be And take his glass in
3. He that will not mer - ry, mer - ry be With a com - pan - y of jol - ly
mf
1. toast, May he in Bride - well be shut up, And
2. course, May he then have to drink small beer, Ne'er a
3. boys, May he be plagued with a scold - ing wife, To con -

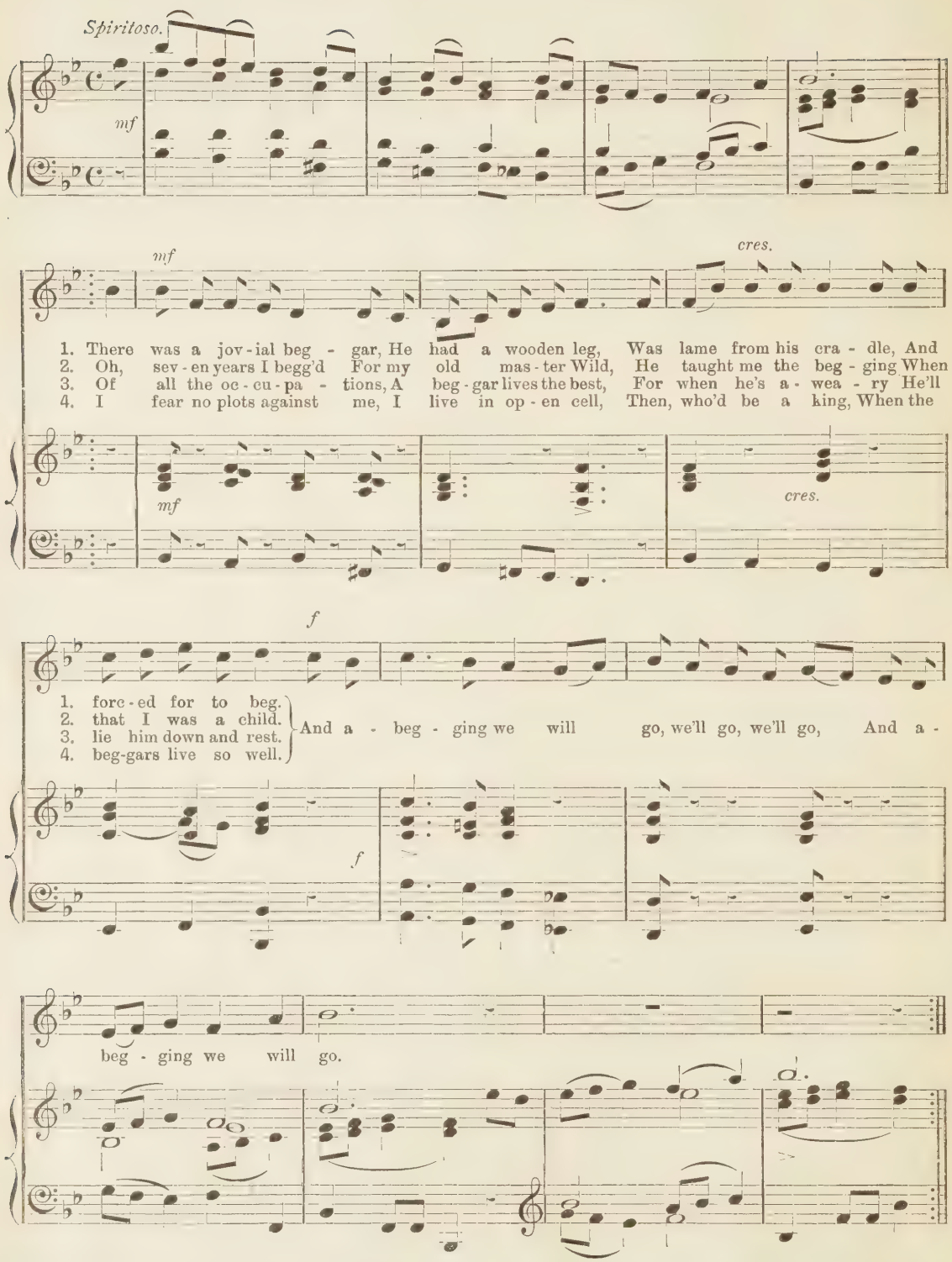
Song and air from the ballad opera, *The Jovial Crew*, printed in 1731. The old name of the tune is there given as "Three merry men of Kent." Chappell mentions that in a work called *Folly in print*, 1667, there is a song entitled "Three merry boys of Kent." The song from *The Jovial Crew* is only part of a much earlier lyric, the whole of which is reprinted in Dixon's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 239.

cres.
1. fast bound to a post.
2. pen - ny in his purse.
3. found him with her noise.
Let him be mer - ry,
cres.
f
mer - ry, mer - ry there, And we will be mer - ry, mer - ry here, For
f
who can know where we may go To be mer - ry an - oth - er
ff
year, brave boys, To be mer - ry an - oth - er year?
ff

Gipsy Song.

Moderato.
p
1. 'Tis of a young
2. As she was a -
3. 'Tis of a young
4. He tra - vell'd through
5. "Your un - cle's 'in
6. And when that old
p
rit.
p
1. dam - sel that was left all a - lone, . . For the sake of her pa - rents she
2. walk - ing in the mea-dows so low, . . Her un - cle was pleas - ed that
3. squire that lov - ed her so, . . . Man - y years to a school-house they to -
4. Scot - land, through France and through Spain, . . He ven - tur'd his life o'er the
5. pri - son, in pri - son doth lie, . . And for thy sweet sake is con -
6. Eng - land they came for to see, . . The cart was un - der the
1. sad - ly did moan; She had but one un - cle, two trus - tees be -
2. lov - ed her so; As she was a - walk - ing in the mea - dows so
3. geth - er did go; No rest could he find, or by night or by
4. wa - ter - y main; He went to an ale - house for to pass there the
5. dem - ned to die!" "Car-ry me to my un - cle, my un - cle," she
6. high gal - lows tree, She down on her knees, and for par - don did
rit.
1. side, That were left all a - lone for this young la - dy's guide.
2. gay, Three gip - sies be - tray'd her, and stole her a - way.
3. day, In search of his la - dy he wan-der'd a - way.
4. night, And in that same house was his joy and de - light.
5. cried, "I'll give you ten thou-sand, or I'll be your bride."
6. crave, "You see I'm a - live, sir, my un - cle to save!"
sf
rit.
sf p
sf p

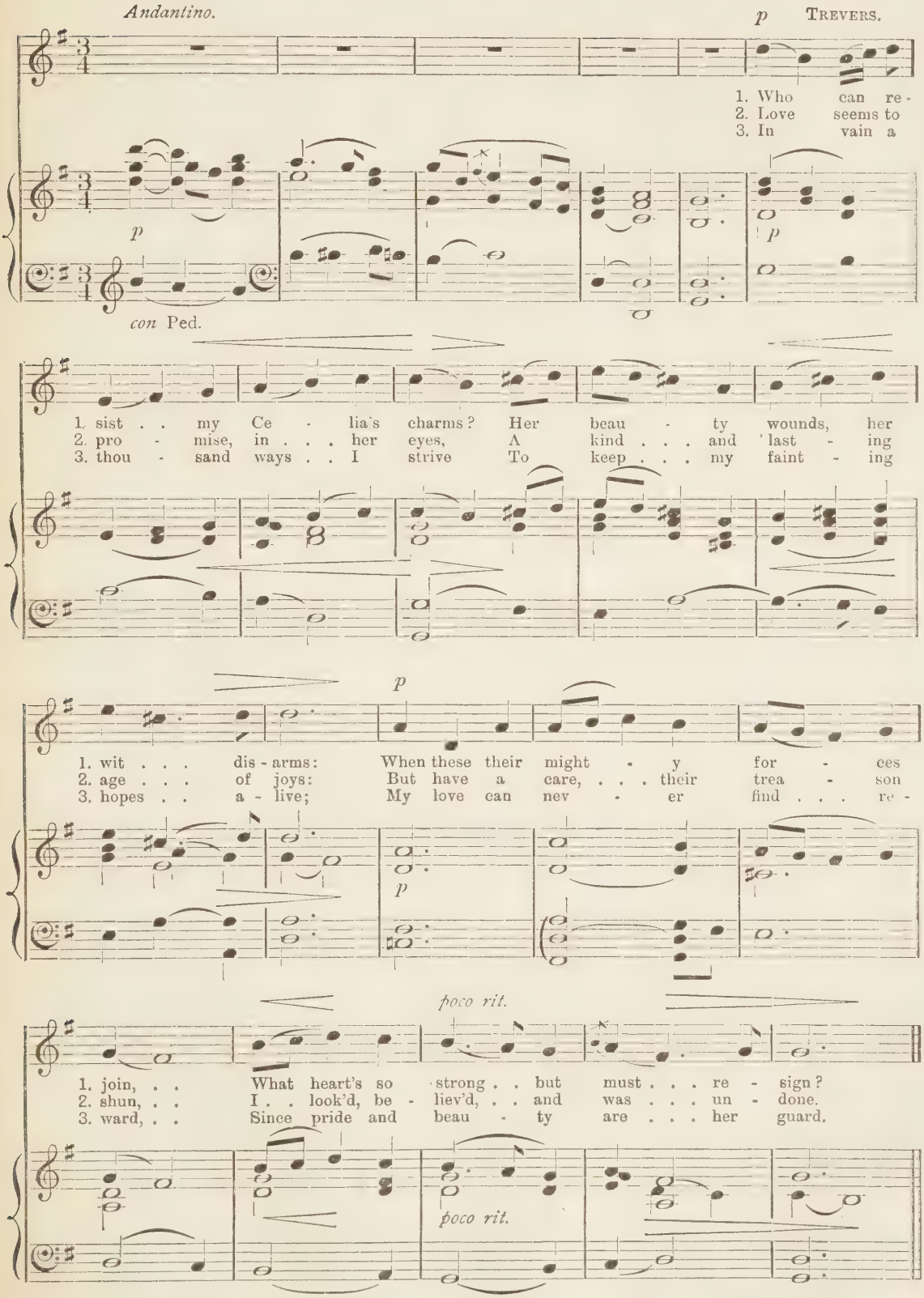
For note to this song see Appendix.

The Pretty Ploughboy.

Andantino.
p
con Ped.
poco rit.
p
1. As I was a - walk-ing one morn - ing in Spring, I
2. The lark in the morning she will rise up from her nest, She'll
3. If you walk in the fields an - y pleas - ure to find, You'll
4. When his day's work is done that he has had to do, Per -
p
1. heard a pretty ploughboy and so sweetly he did sing, And as he was a - singing, oh! these
2. mount the white air with the dew all on her breast, And with the pretty ploughboy, oh! she'll
3. see what the ploughman en - joys in his mind; The corn he sows grows, and the
4. haps to some wake or fair he will go; There, with a sweet lass, oh,
rit.
1. words I heard him say: "There's no life like the ploughboy's in the sweet month of May."
2. whis - tle and she'll sing, And at night she'll re - turn to her nest back again.
3. flow - ers all do spring, And the ploughman's as hap - py as a prince or a king.
4. he will dance and sing, And at night he'll re - turn to his home back again.
rit.

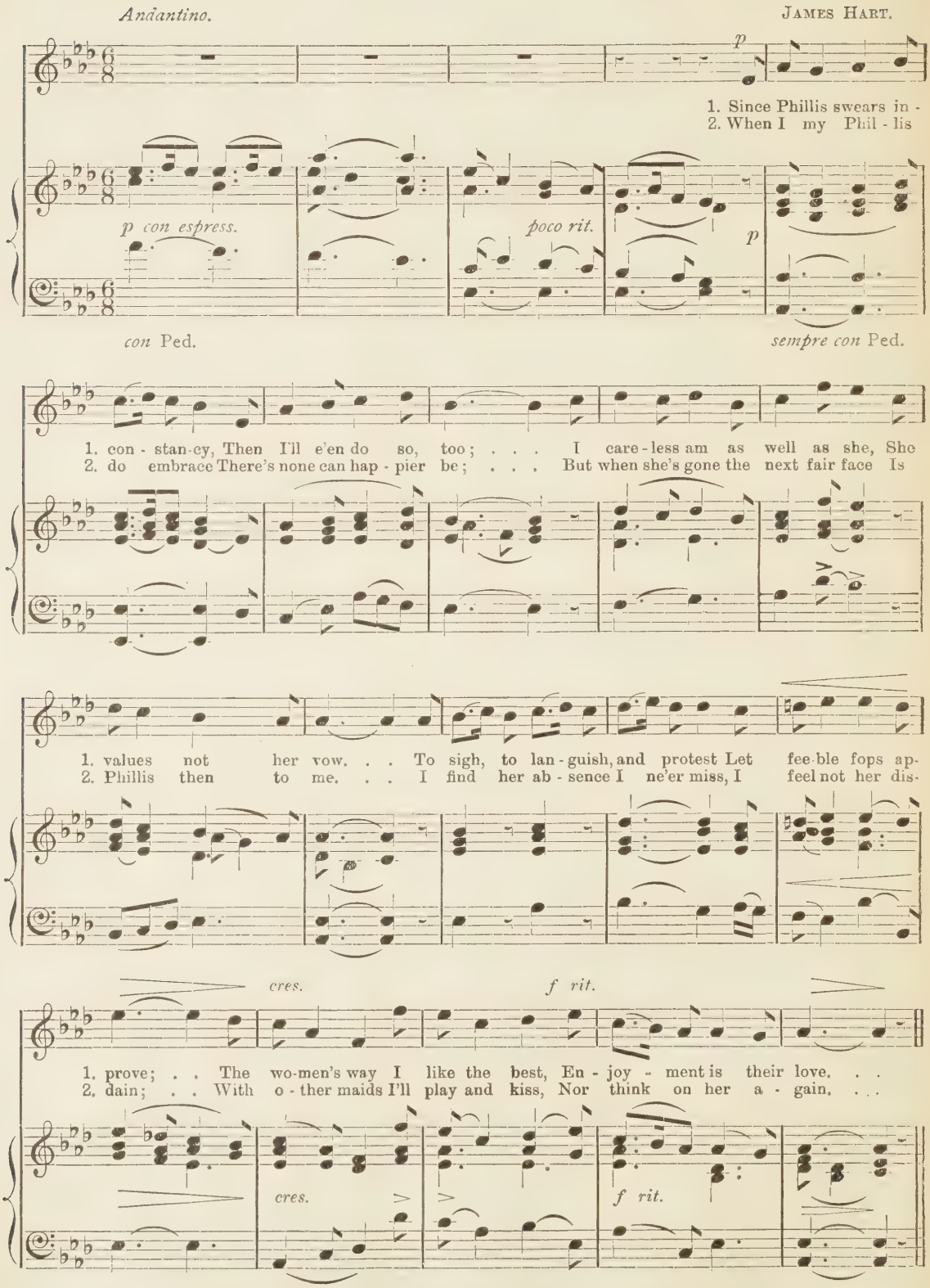
The song and air were taken down by Mr. Frank Kidson from the singing of a ploughman in North Yorkshire, and is by permission reprinted from his *Traditional Tunes*, 1891. The two verses there printed make a Yorkshire version of a song obtained traditionally by Robert Burns the poet (see Cromek's *Reliques*, 1808), but there is a lengthy copy of the song in a garland in the British Museum, from which we take the third and fourth verses.

The Jovial Beggar.

Spiritoso.
mf
mf
cres.
1. There was a jov - ial beg - gar, He had a wooden leg, Was lame from his cra - dle, And
2. Oh, sev - en years I begg'd For my old mas - ter Wild, He taught me the beg - ging When
3. Of all the oc - cu - pa - tions, A beg - gar lives the best, For when he's a - wea - ry He'll
4. I fear no plots against me, I live in op - en cell, Then, who'd be a king, When the
mf
cres.
f
1. forc - ed for to beg.
2. that I was a child.
3. lie him down and rest.
4. beg-gars live so well.
And a - beg - ging we will go, we'll go, we'll go, And a -
f
beg - ging we will go.

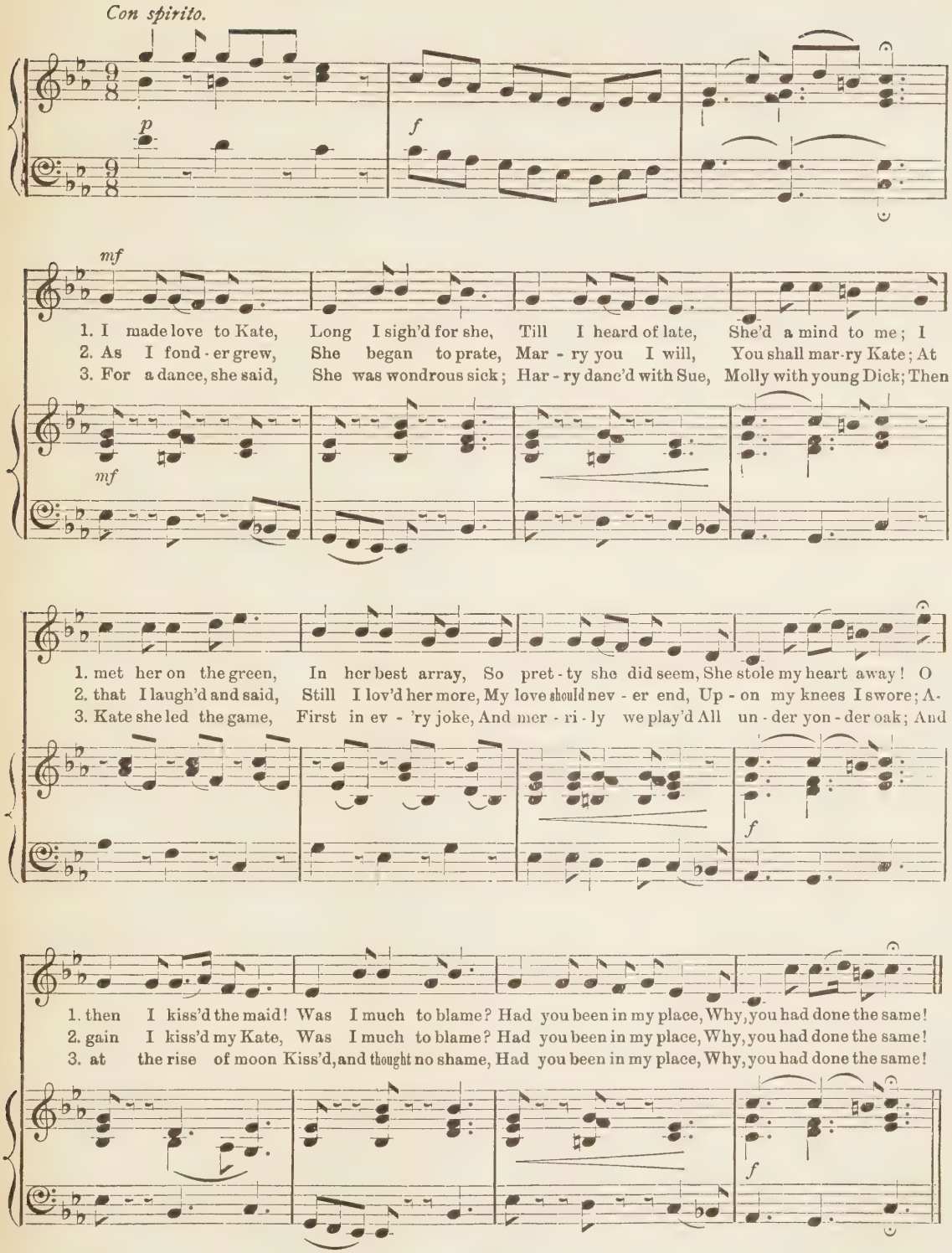
A very popular 18th century tune used for almost all classes of lyrics. The melody, however, dates back to the preceding century, and the song itself is attributed to Richard Brome, who wrote a play named *The Jovial Crew* in 1641, from which the later ballad opera was adapted. A black letter broadside in the Bagford collection has the song, "The Jovial Beggar," with the heading, "The Beggars' Chorus in *The Jovial Crew*." The song, however, does not appear in the original edition of the play, but it is possible it may have been interpolated in the acting. "The Jovial Beggar" with the air is given in Playford's *Choice Ayres and Songs*, fifth book, 1684, p. 26; in *180 Loyal Songs;* in all editions of *Pills*, etc. The tune is also present in many of the early ballad operas. When Henry Fielding wrote the words, "The Dusky Night," he intended them for this tune with the refrain, "A-hunting we will go." Other songs to the air have burdens "A-sailing we will go," "A-hawking we will go," "A-fishing we will go," etc., etc. Near the end of the 18th century a ditty commencing "Come bustle, bustle, drink about, and let us merry be," became associated with the melody.

Who can Resist my Celia's Charms?

Andantino.
p
TREVERS.
1. Who can re-
2. Love seems to
3. In vain a
p
con Ped.
1. sist . . my Ce - lia's charms? Her beau - ty wounds, her
2. pro - mise, in . . . her eyes, A kind . . . and last - ing
3. thou - sand ways . . I strive To keep . . . my faint - ing
p
1. wit . . . dis - arms: When these their might - y for - ces
2. age . . . of joys: But have a care, . . . their trea - son
3. hopes . . a - live; My love can nev - er find . . . re -
p
poco rit.
1. join, . . What heart's so strong . . but must . . . re - sign?
2. shun, . . I . . look'd, be - liev'd, . . and was . . . un - done.
3. ward, . . Since pride and beau - ty are . . . her guard.
poco rit.

The song is from the farce, *Duke and no Duke*, by N. Tate, 1685. Set to a lengthy piece of music by "Sen Baptist," it is also in Henry Playford's *Theater of Music*, first book, 1685. In Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol. v., 1731, another air (the one given above), is used for the words, "set by Mr. Trevers."

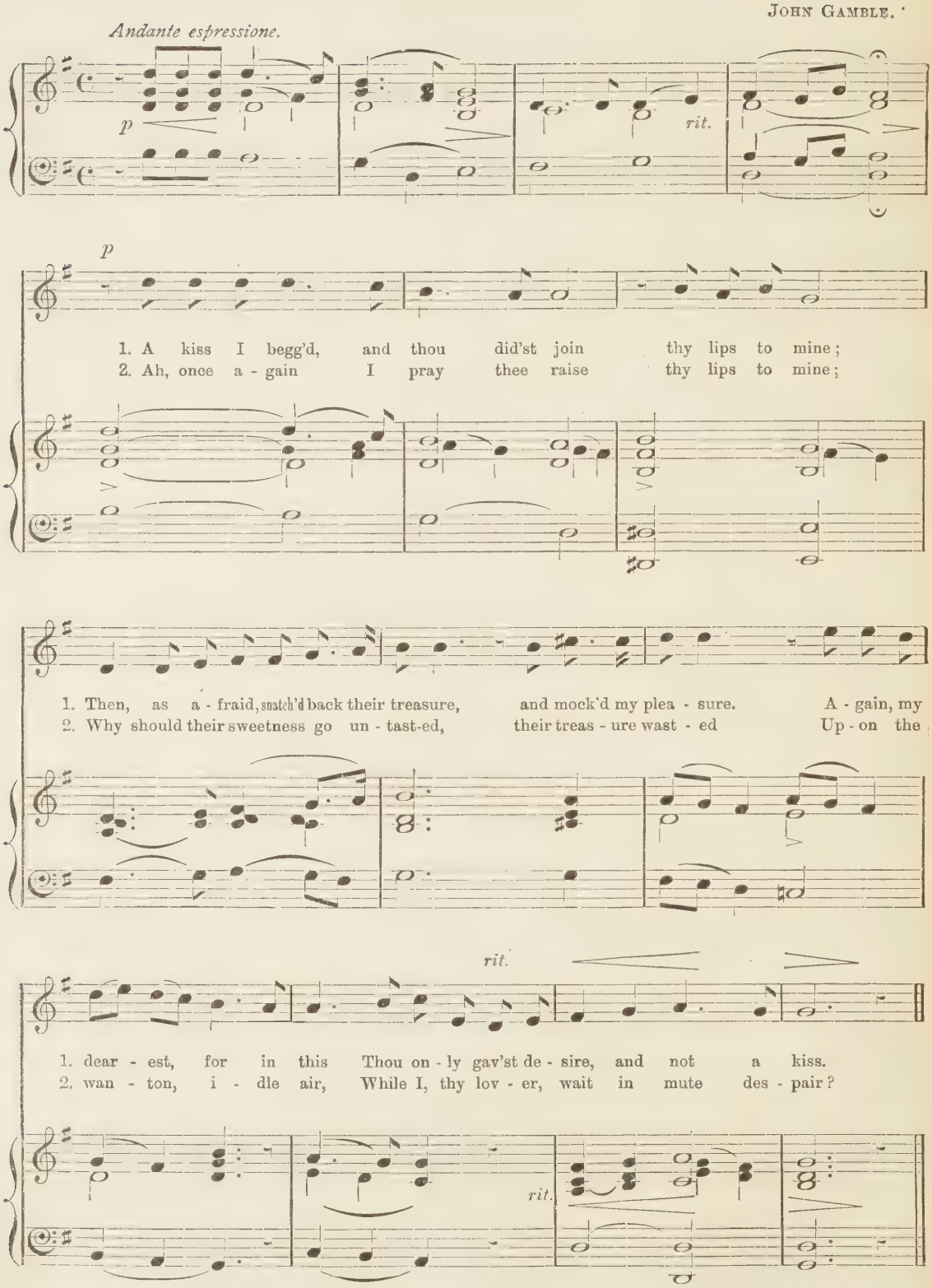
Since Phillis swears Inconstancy.

Andantino.
JAMES HART.
p
1. Since Phillis swears in -
2. When I my Phil - lis
p con espress.
poco rit.
p
con Ped.
sempre con Ped.
1. con - stan-cy, Then I'll e'en do so, too; . . . I care - less am as well as she, She
2. do embrace There's none can hap - pier be; . . . But when she's gone the next fair face Is
1. values not her vow. . . To sigh, to lan - guish, and protest Let fee-ble fops ap-
2. Phillis then to me. . . I find her ab - sence I ne'er miss, I feel not her dis-
cres.
f rit.
1. prove; . . The wo-men's way I like the best, En - joy - ment is their love. . .
2. dain; . . With o - ther maids I'll play and kiss, Nor think on her a - gain. . .
cres.
f rit.

Entitled "'Fair Phillis,' set by Mr. James Hart," in the sixth volume of *Pills*, 1720. James Hart, according to Brown and Stratton's excellent *British Musical Biography*, 1897, was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and a chorister of Westminster, who, born in 1647, died in 1718.

I made Love to Kate.

Con spirito.
p
f
mf
1. I made love to Kate, Long I sigh'd for she, Till I heard of late, She'd a mind to me; I
2. As I fond-er grew, She began to prate, Mar-ry you I will, You shall mar-ry Kate; At
3. For a dance, she said, She was wondrous sick; Har-ry danc'd with Sue, Molly with young Dick; Then
mf
1. met her on the green, In her best array, So pret-ty she did seem, She stole my heart away! O
2. that I laugh'd and said, Still I lov'd her more, My love should nev-er end, Up-on my knees I swore; A-
3. Kate she led the game, First in ev-'ry joke, And mer-ri-ly we play'd All un-der yon-der oak; And
f
1. then I kiss'd the maid! Was I much to blame? Had you been in my place, Why, you had done the same!
2. gain I kiss'd my Kate, Was I much to blame? Had you been in my place, Why, you had done the same!
3. at the rise of moon Kiss'd, and thought no shame, Had you been in my place, Why, you had done the same!
f

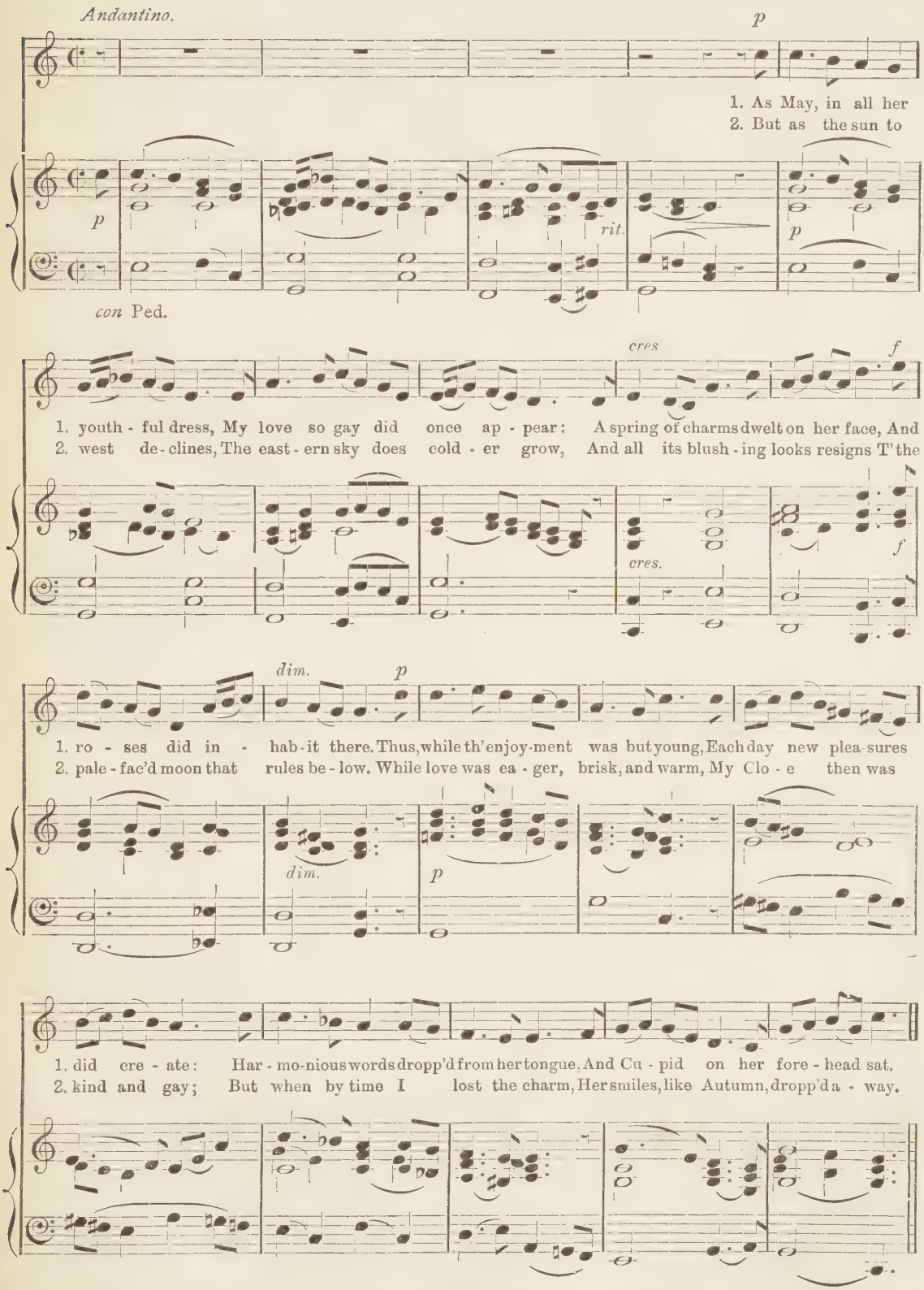
As "Woo'd an' Married an' a'," this tune has been claimed as a Scottish one, but while dates of Scotch and English publication are about equal, it must be pointed out that there are very marked differences between the two airs. "I made love to Kate" appears to have been sung by Mr. Beard at Ranelagh, and with this statement it was printed on half sheets, the plate afterwards being used in a folio edition of *The Jovial Crew; or, the Merry Beggars, circa* 1760. "Woo'd an' Married an' a'" was printed in *Bremner's Reels*, 1759. The song and air "I made love to Kate," as "A New Song sung by Mr. Beard at Ranelagh," appears in the December supplement to *The Universal Magazine*, 1759, and afterwards in *Clio and Euterpe*, vol. iii., 1762; *Edinburgh Musical Miscellany*, vol. ii., 1793; *The Songster's Companion, circa* 1809, and many other works. The verses have had to be slightly modified to suit modern taste.

A Kiss I Begged.

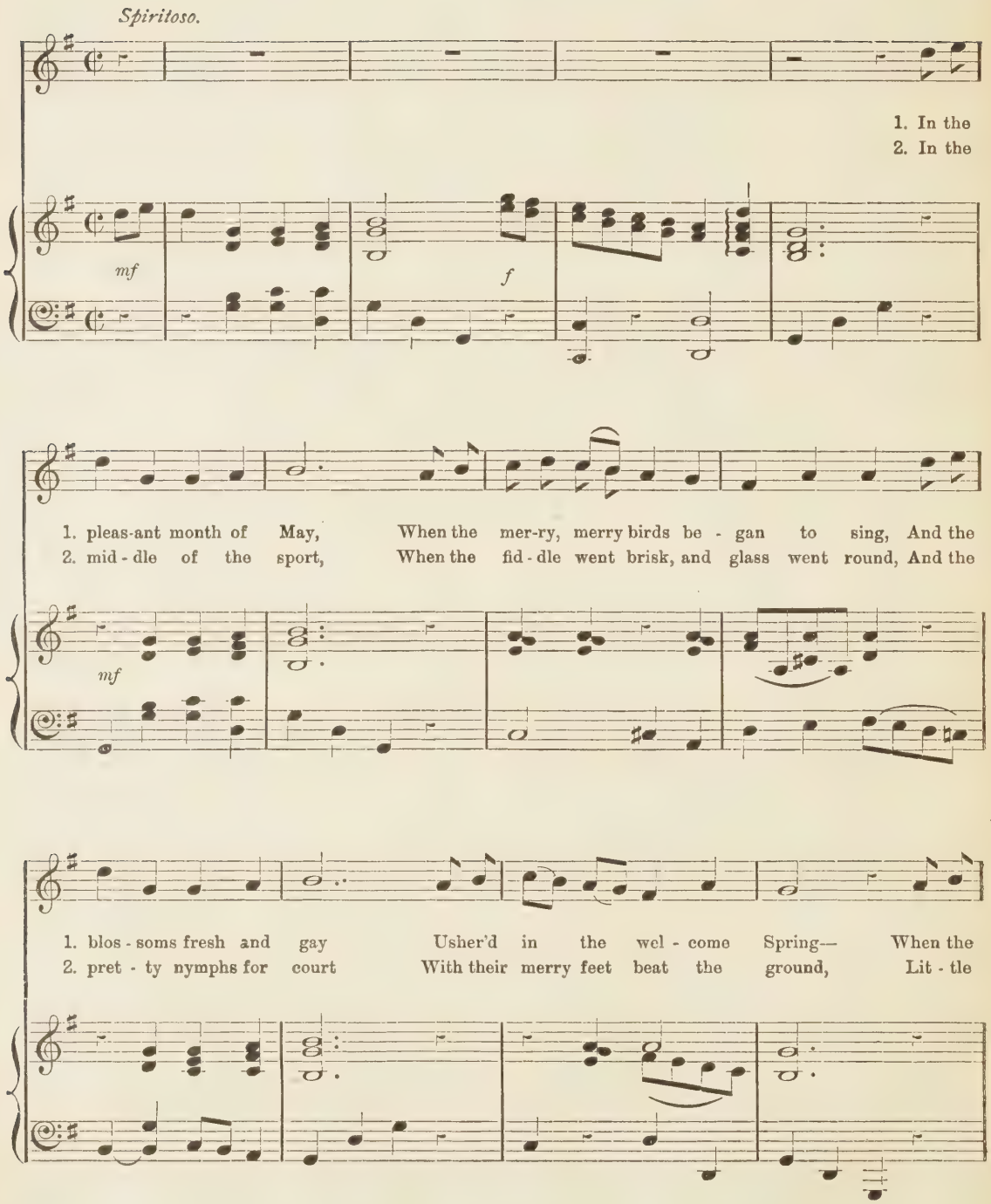
JOHN GAMBLE.

Andante espressione.
p
rit.
p
1. A kiss I begg'd, and thou did'st join thy lips to mine;
2. Ah, once a - gain I pray thee raise thy lips to mine;
1. Then, as a - fraid, snatch'd back their treasure, and mock'd my plea - sure. A - gain, my
2. Why should their sweetness go un - tast-ed, their treas - ure wast - ed Up - on the
rit.
1. dear - est, for in this Thou on - ly gav'st de - sire, and not a kiss.
2. wan - ton, i - dle air, While I, thy lov - er, wait in mute des - pair?
rit.

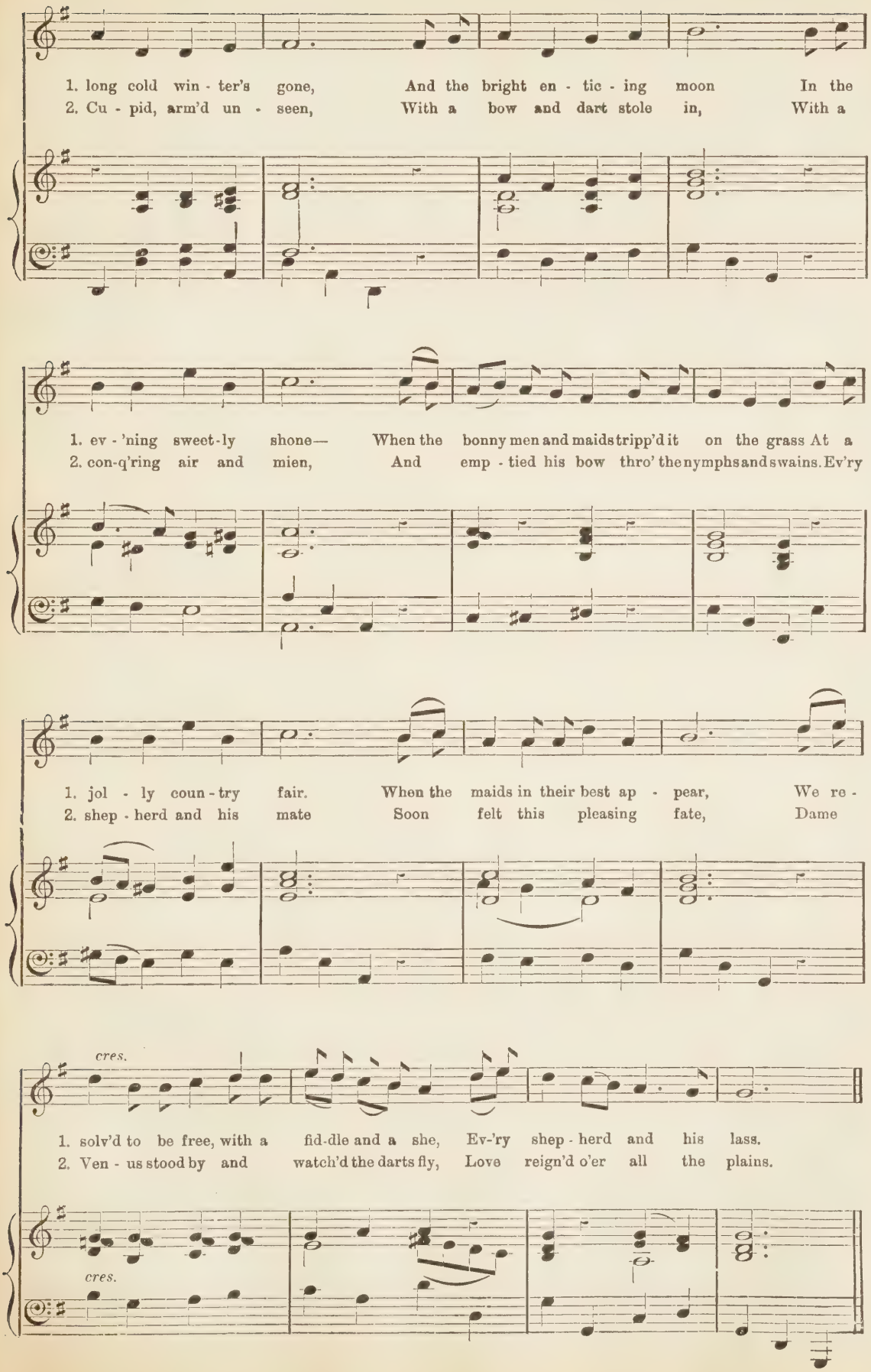
The air is by John Gamble, and is found in *Ayres and Dialogues to be sung to the theorbo-lute or basse-viol, by John Gamble*, published by John Playford in 16[illegible], folio. It is also reproduced in *New Ayres and Dialogues composed for Voices and Viols . . . . . London, printed by M. C. for H. Brome, 1678*, 12mo. Gamble was a violinist in the private band of Charles II. It is stated that he died in 1657.

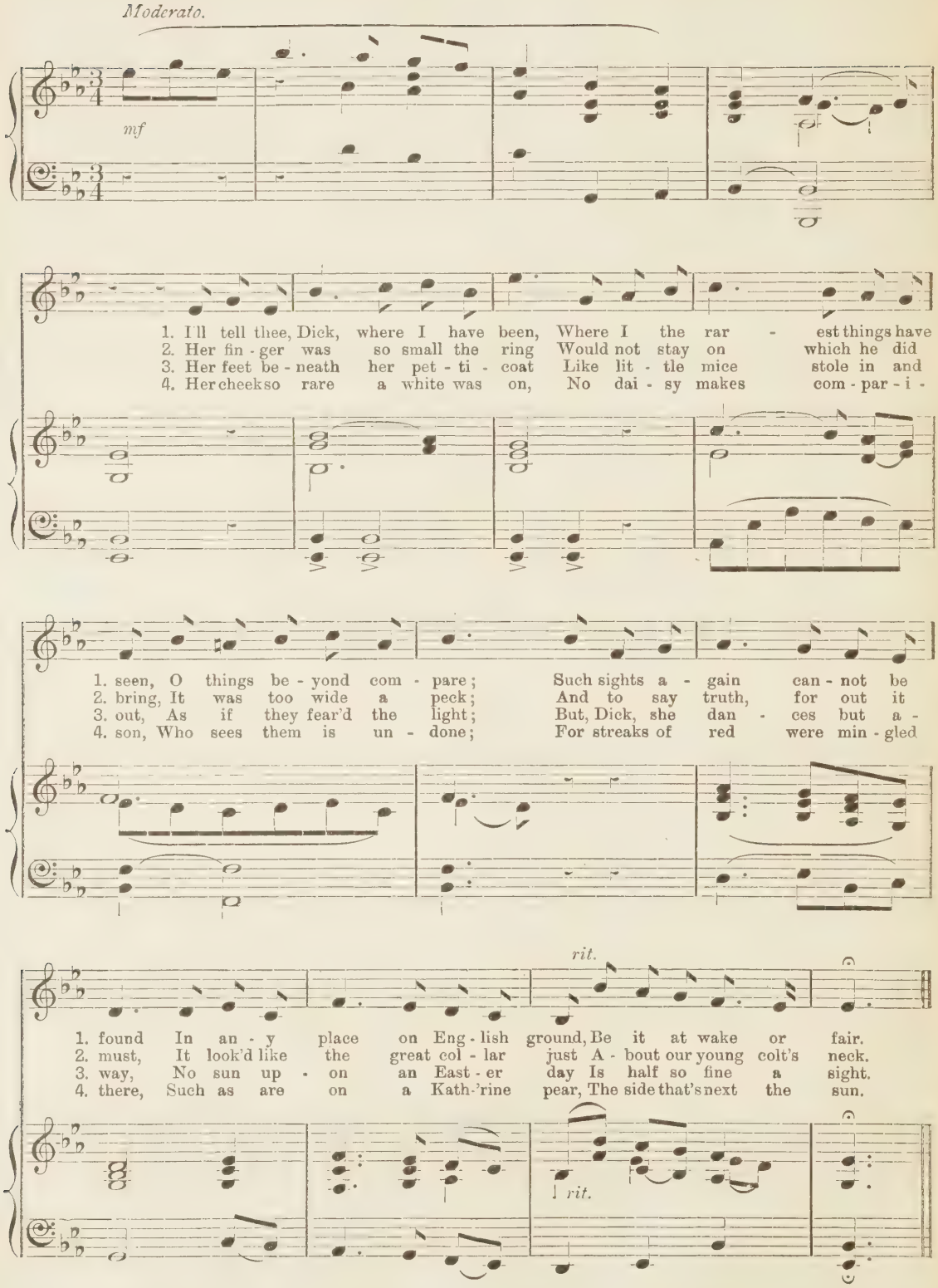
As May in all her Youthful Dress.

SAMUEL AKEROYDE.

Andantino.
p
1. As May, in all her
2. But as the sun to
p
rit.
p
con Ped.
cres
f
1. youth - ful dress, My love so gay did once ap - pear: A spring of charms dwelt on her face, And
2. west de - clines, The east - ern sky does cold - er grow, And all its blush - ing looks resigns T' the
cres.
f
dim.
p
1. ro - ses did in - hab - it there. Thus, while th' enjoy - ment was but young, Each day new plea - sures
2. pale - fac'd moon that rules be - low. While love was ea - ger, brisk, and warm, My Clo - e then was
dim.
p
1. did cre - ate: Har - mo - nious words dropp'd from her tongue, And Cu - pid on her fore - head sat.
2. kind and gay; But when by time I lost the charm, Her smiles, like Autumn, dropp'd a - way.

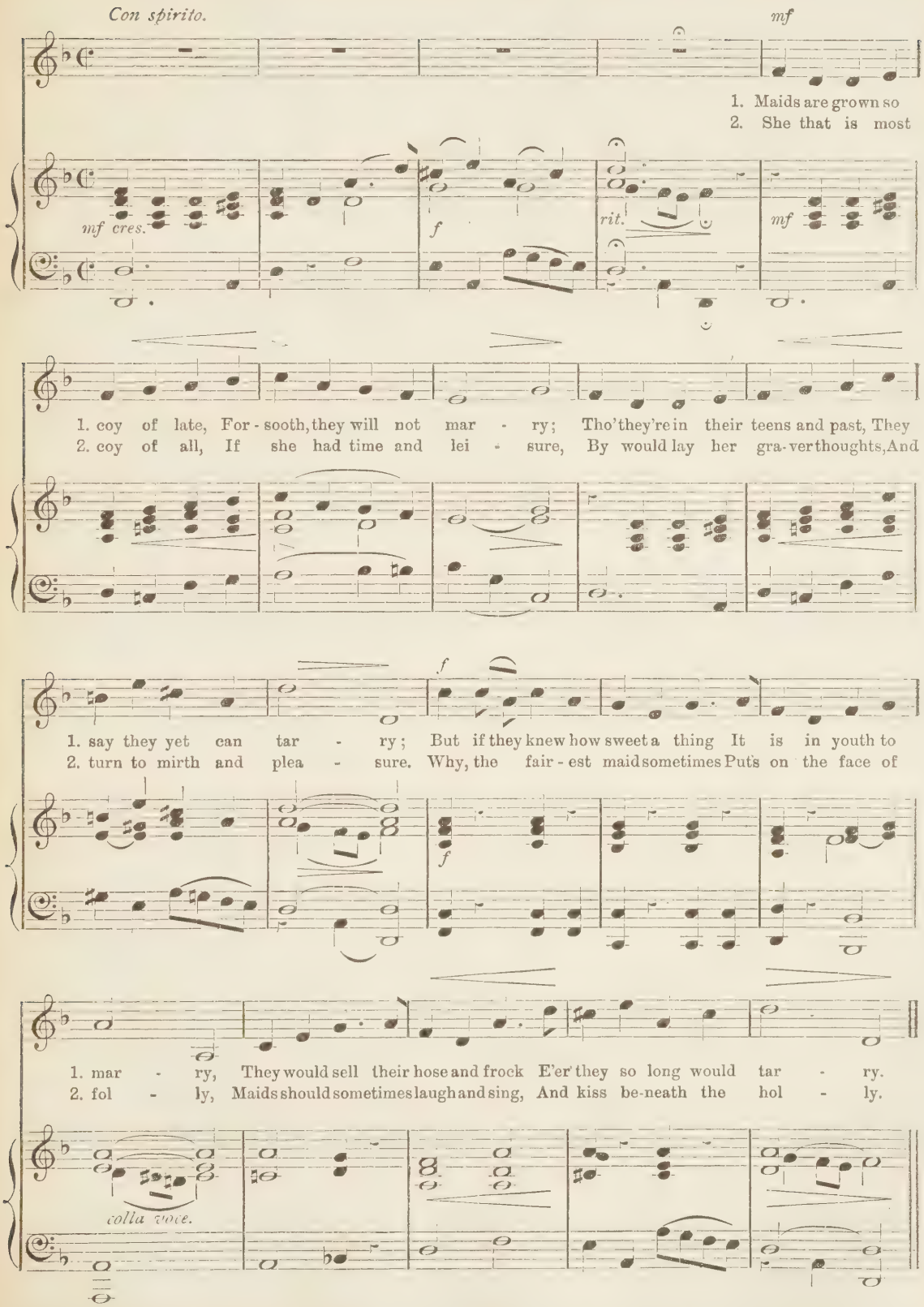
The air is by a Yorkshire composer named Samuel Akeroyde, whose works are found in many of the publications of Henry Playford and elsewhere at the end of the 17th century. The present song appears in *The Theater of Music*, first book, 1685, and afterwards in *Pills*, vol. i., 1707, and vol. iii., 1719.

The Country Fair.

Spiritoso.
1. In the
2. In the
mf
f
1. pleas-ant month of May, When the mer-ry, merry birds be - gan to sing, And the
2. mid - dle of the sport, When the fid - dle went brisk, and glass went round, And the
mf
1. blos - soms fresh and gay Usher'd in the wel - come Spring— When the
2. pret - ty nymphs for court With their merry feet beat the ground, Lit - tle

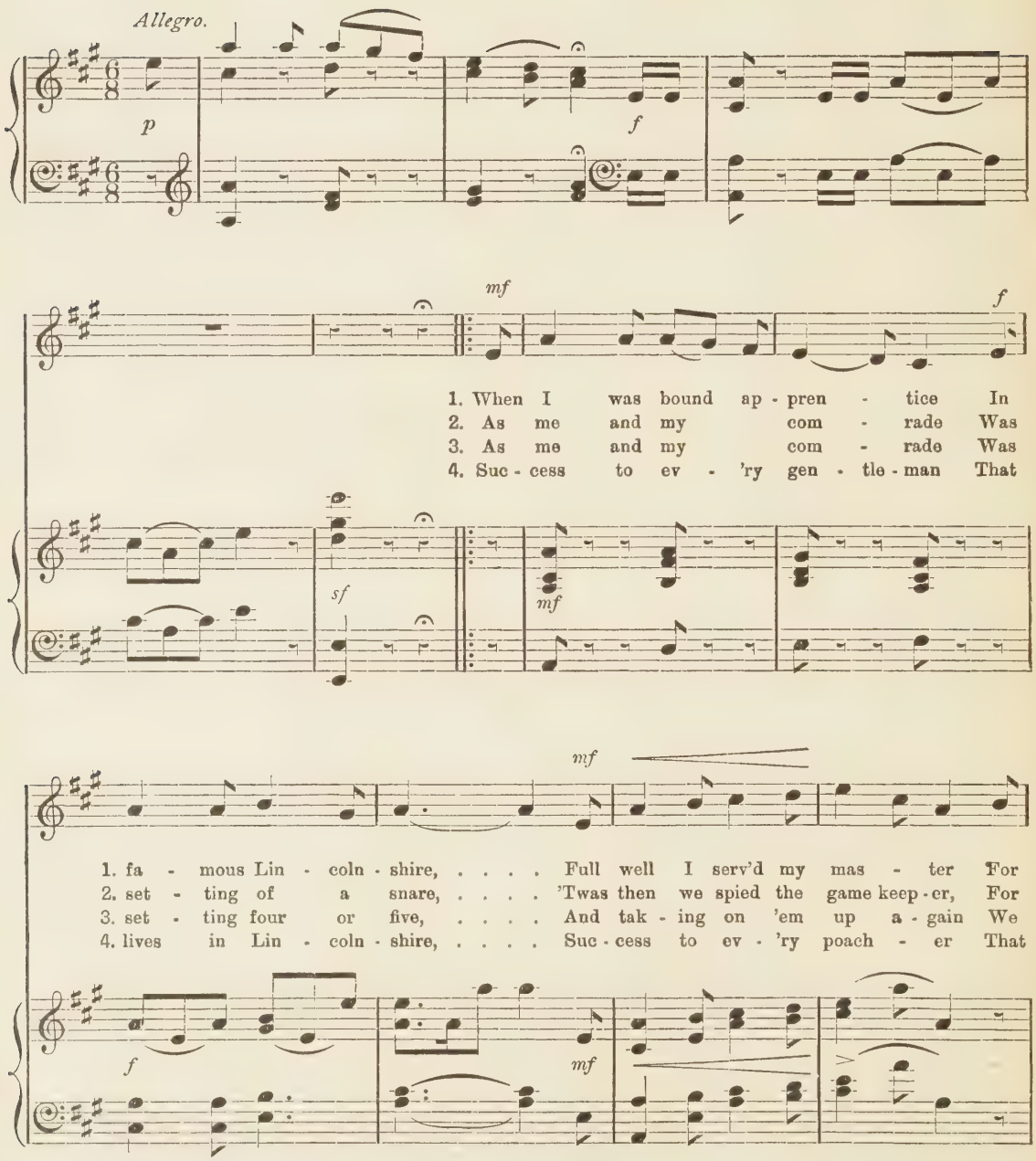
The words are by Thomas D'Urfey, and appear with the tune in *British Melody; or, the Musical Magazine*, 1739, there headed with a pictorial illustration. The melody, whose composer does not seem to be now known, is also used for a song in the ballad opera, *The Jovial Crew*, 1731. D'Urfey's words have had to be slightly modified to suit modern taste.

1. long cold win - ter's gone, And the bright en - tic - ing moon In the
2. Cu - pid, arm'd un - seen, With a bow and dart stole in, With a
1. ev - 'ning sweet - ly shone— When the bonny men and maids tripp'd it on the grass At a
2. con-q'ring air and mien, And emp - tied his bow thro' the nymphs and swains. Ev'ry
1. jol - ly coun - try fair. When the maids in their best ap - pear, We re -
2. shep - herd and his mate Soon felt this pleasing fate, Dame
cres.
1. solv'd to be free, with a fid-dle and a she, Ev-'ry shep - herd and his lass.
2. Ven - us stood by and watch'd the darts fly, Love reign'd o'er all the plains.
cres.

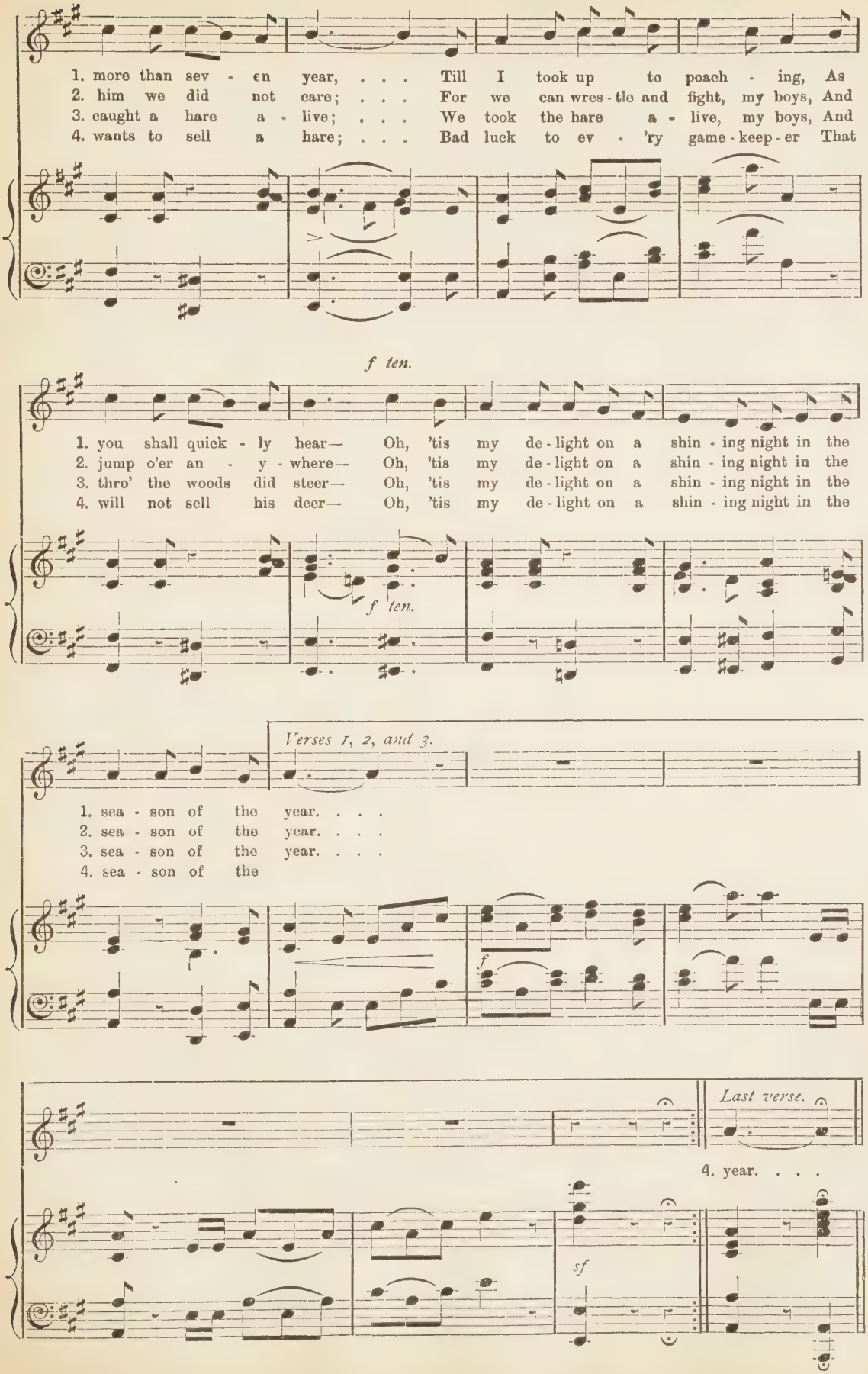
A Song of a Wedding.

Moderato.
mf
1. I'll tell thee, Dick, where I have been, Where I the rar - est things have
2. Her fin - ger was so small the ring Would not stay on which he did
3. Her feet be - neath her pet - ti - coat Like lit - tle mice stole in and
4. Her cheeks so rare a white was on, No dai - sy makes com - par - i -
1. seen, O things be - yond com - pare; Such sights a - gain can - not be
2. bring, It was too wide a peck; And to say truth, for out it
3. out, As if they fear'd the light; But, Dick, she dan - ces but a -
4. son, Who sees them is un - done; For streaks of red were min - gled
rit.
1. found In an - y place on Eng - lish ground, Be it at wake or fair.
2. must, It look'd like the great col - lar just A - bout our young colt's neck.
3. way, No sun up - on an East - er day Is half so fine a sight.
4. there, Such as are on a Kath-'rine pear, The side that's next the sun.
rit.

Sir John Suckling's famous and dainty "Song of a Wedding" has so many verses that we must refer the reader to other sources for the entire poem, our scheme only allowing us to print as much as will comfortably lie under the music. The present copy of the tune is taken from an early engraved half sheet, but it is in *A Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, and in all editions of *Pills to purge Melancholy*, from 1699 to 1719, also in *The Convivial Songster*, 1782. The words are said to have been occasioned by the marriage of Lord Broghill with Lady Margaret Howard, and were printed among Sir John Suckling's poems in 1646. A great number of political and other parodies were written in the same metre and to the same tune.

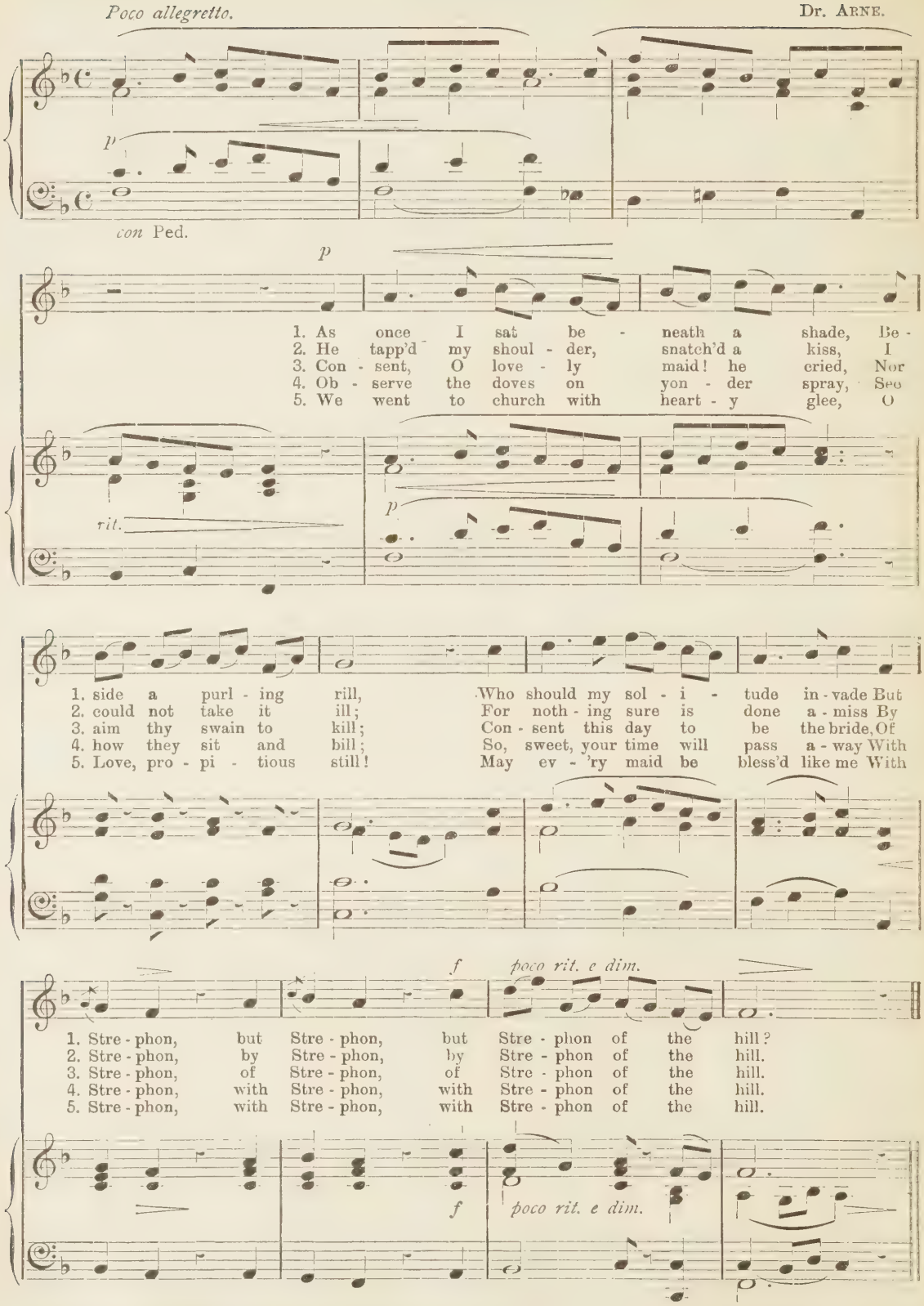
Maids are Grown so Coy of Late.

Con spirito.
mf
1. Maids are grown so
2. She that is most
mf cres.
f
rit.
mf
1. coy of late, For - sooth, they will not mar - ry; Tho' they're in their teens and past, They
2. coy of all, If she had time and lei - sure, By would lay her gra-ver thoughts, And
f
1. say they yet can tar - ry; But if they knew how sweet a thing It is in youth to
2. turn to mirth and plea - sure. Why, the fair - est maid sometimes Puts on the face of
f
1. mar - ry, They would sell their hose and frock E'er they so long would tar - ry.
2. fol - ly, Maids should sometimes laugh and sing, And kiss be-neath the hol - ly.
colla voce.

Words and tune from the fourth volume of *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1719, where they are headed "The Silly Maids." It has been necessary to slightly alter a few lines of the song.

When I was Bound Apprentice.

Allegro.
p
f
mf
f
1. When I was bound ap - pren - tice In
2. As me and my com - rade Was
3. As me and my com - rade Was
4. Suc - cess to ev - 'ry gen - tle - man That
sf
mf
mf
1. fa - mous Lin - coln - shire, ... Full well I serv'd my mas - ter For
2. set - ting of a snare, ... 'Twas then we spied the game keep - er, For
3. set - ting four or five, ... And tak - ing on 'em up a - gain We
4. lives in Lin - coln - shire, ... Suc - cess to ev - 'ry poach - er That
f
mf

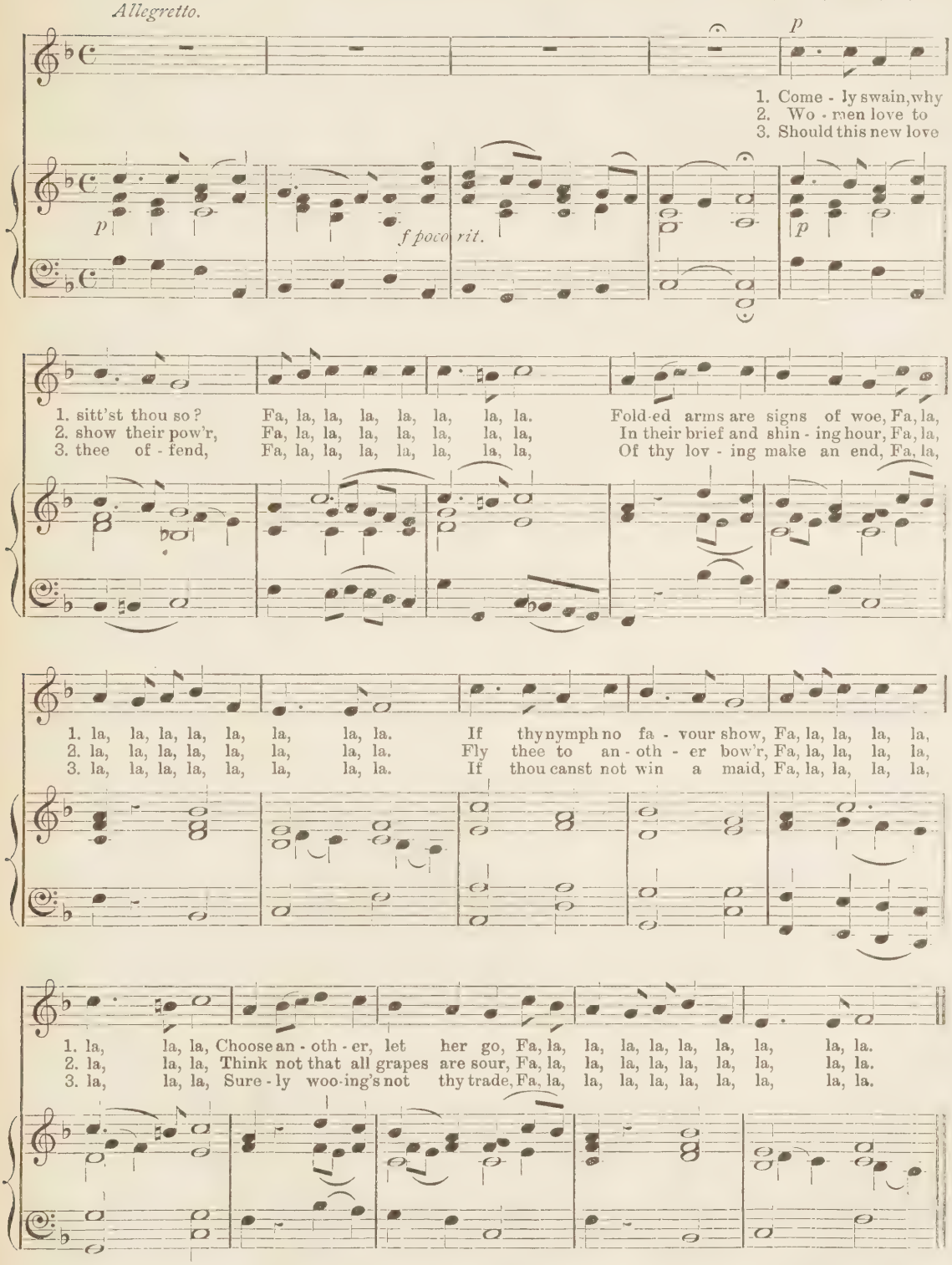
This now well known song was printed from traditional sources by the late William Chappell in his *National English Airs*, 1838, though Messrs. D'Almaine & Co. had shortly before this issued the air in sheet form with a song by J. R. Planché, named "In the Springtime of the year." During the forties the tune became immensely popular, and was much whistled and sung in the streets and in country alehouses. It is frequently to be met with in collections of airs for the accordion or for the early concertinas. How old the tune itself is would be difficult to definitely fix. Chappell informs us that it was on one occasion sung by several hundred voices before George IV. at Windsor. J. H. Dixon in his *Songs and Ballads of the Peasantry*, speaks of having seen a copy of the words printed at York in date about 1776. Traditional copies of the song, united to another tune, have "Northamptonshire" instead of "Lincolnshire."

1. more than sev - en year, . . . Till I took up to poach - ing, As
2. him we did not care; . . . For we can wres - tle and fight, my boys, And
3. caught a hare a - live; . . . We took the hare a - live, my boys, And
4. wants to sell a hare; . . . Bad luck to ev - 'ry game - keep - er That
f ten.
1. you shall quick - ly hear— Oh, 'tis my de - light on a shin - ing night in the
2. jump o'er an - y - where— Oh, 'tis my de - light on a shin - ing night in the
3. thro' the woods did steer— Oh, 'tis my de - light on a shin - ing night in the
4. will not sell his deer— Oh, 'tis my de - light on a shin - ing night in the
f ten.
Verses 1, 2, and 3.
1. sea - son of the year. . . .
2. sea - son of the year. . . .
3. sea - son of the year. . . .
4. sea - son of the
f
Last verse.
4. year. . . .
sf

Strephon of the Hill.

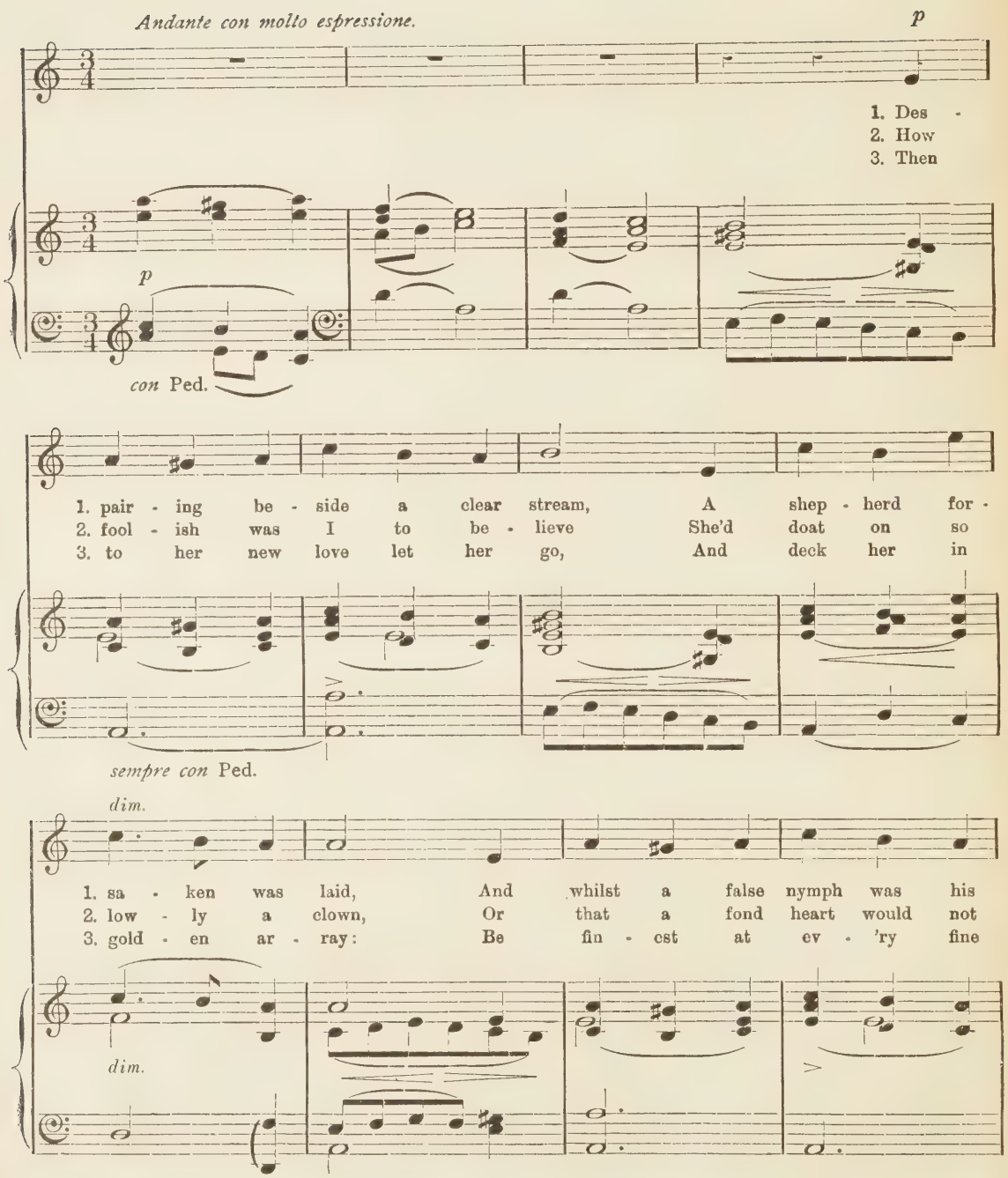
Poco allegretto. Dr. ARNE.

p
con Ped.
p
1. As once I sat be - neath a shade, Be -
2. He tapp'd my shoul - der, snatch'd a kiss, I
3. Con - sent, O love - ly maid! he cried, Nor
4. Ob - serve the doves on yon - der spray, See
5. We went to church with heart - y glee, O
rit.
p
1. side a purl - ing rill, Who should my sol - i - tude in - vade But
2. could not take it ill; For noth - ing sure is done a - miss By
3. aim thy swain to kill; Con - sent this day to be the bride, Of
4. how they sit and bill; So, sweet, your time will pass a - way With
5. Love, pro - pi - tious still! May ev - 'ry maid be bless'd like me With
f poco rit. e dim.
1. Stre - phon, but Stre - phon, but Stre - phon of the hill?
2. Stre - phon, by Stre - phon, by Stre - phon of the hill.
3. Stre - phon, of Stre - phon, of Stre - phon of the hill.
4. Stre - phon, with Stre - phon, with Stre - phon of the hill.
5. Stre - phon, with Stre - phon, with Stre - phon of the hill.
f poco rit. e dim.

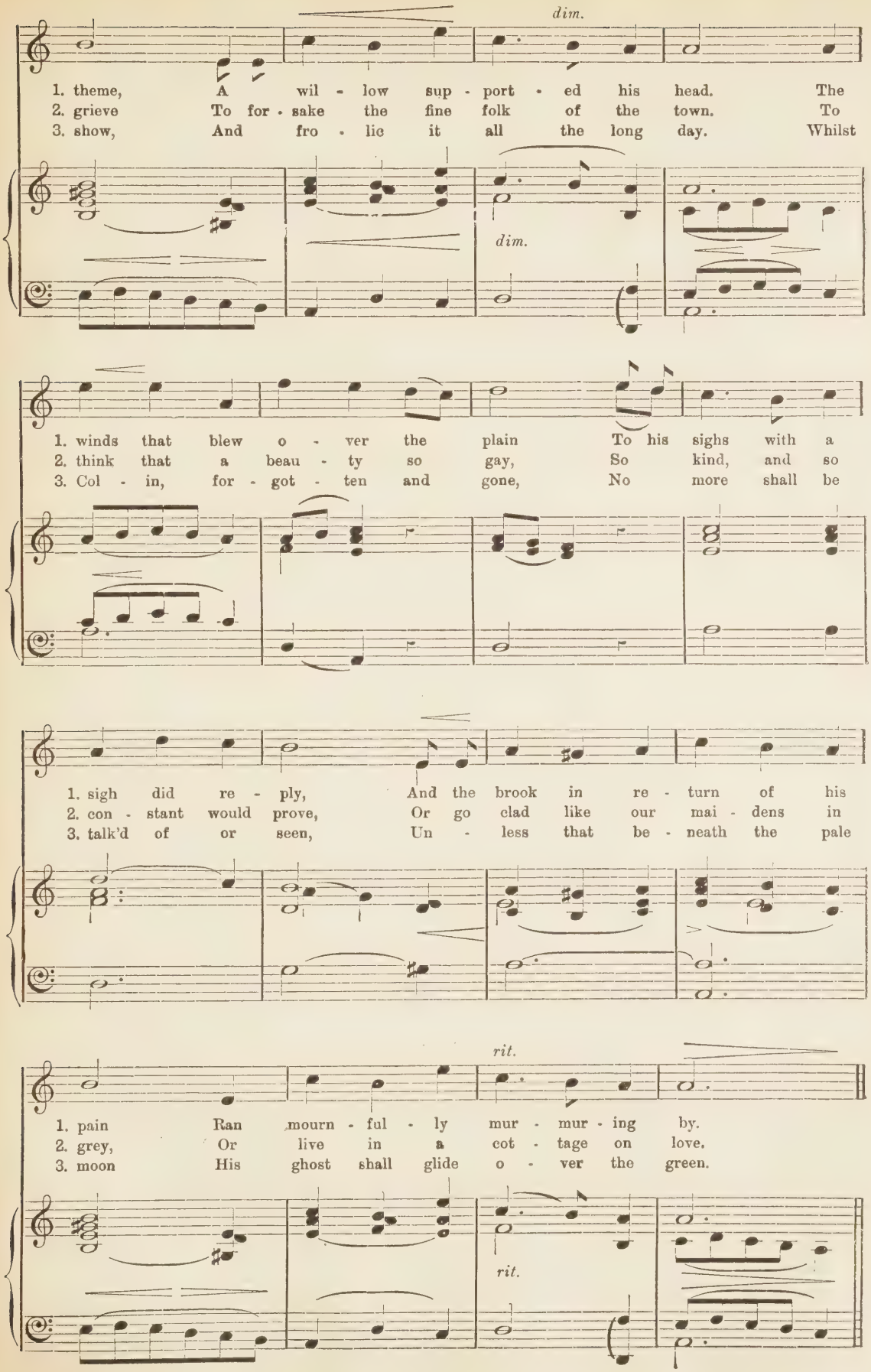
In the *Universal Magazine* for September, 1754, there is a song, of which the above is probably a parody, named "Polly of the Plain, a new song sung by Mrs. Chambers at Mary-le-Bon Gardens." The song we print above is in many song books (without music), of the latter part of the 18th century, such as *The Humming Bird, circa* 1775; *The Minstrell; The Bull-Finch*, 1780, etc. In these works the air is stated to be by Dr. Arne. In Bew's edition of *Vocal Music, circa* 1781, the air is present but without composer's name. The first verse here omitted, commences "Let others Damon's praise rehearse."

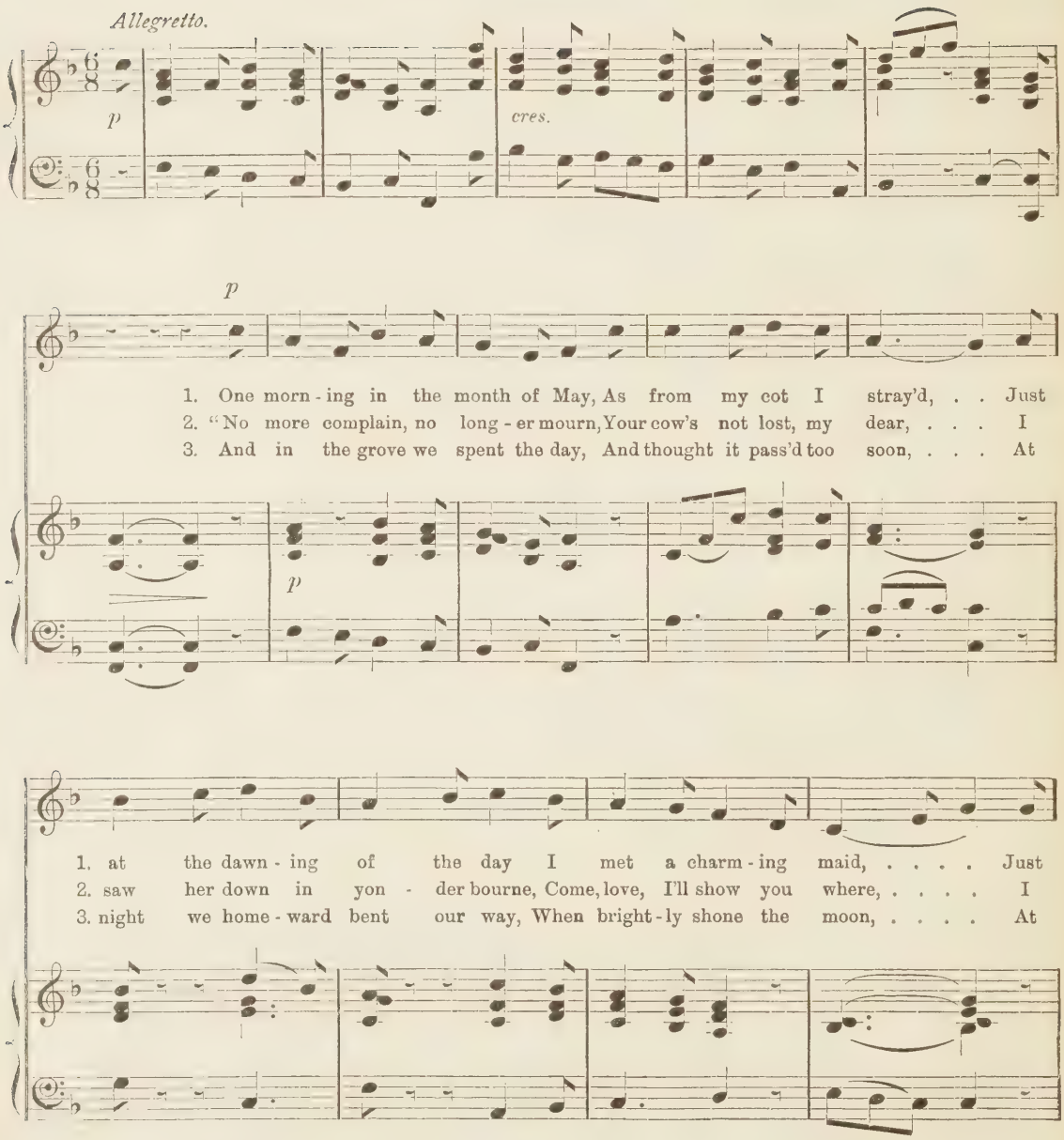
Comely Swain, why sitt'st thou so?

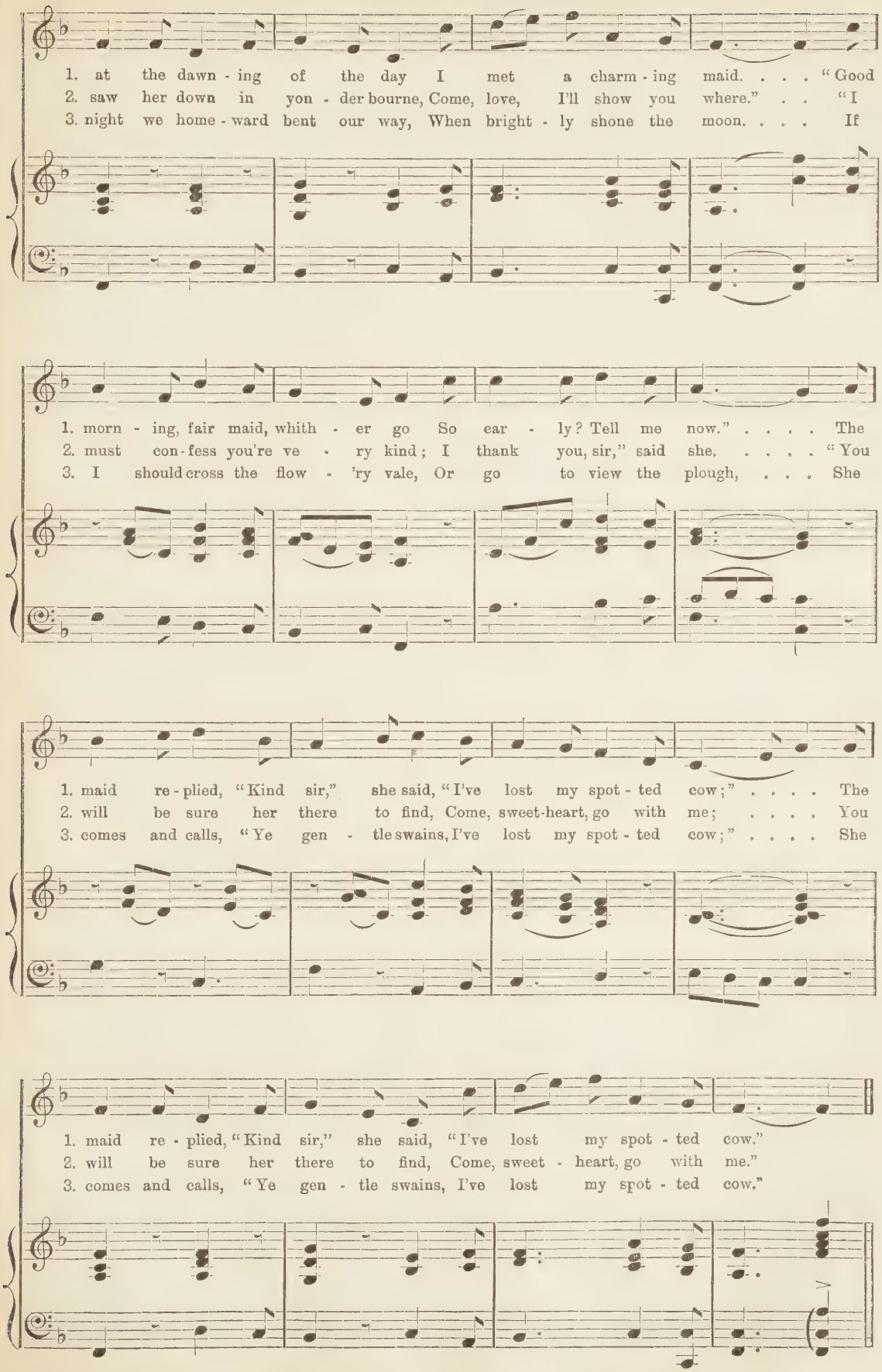
JOHN PLAYFORD.

Allegretto.
p
1. Come - ly swain, why
2. Wo - men love to
3. Should this new love
p
f poco rit.
p
1. sitt'st thou so? Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Fold-ed arms are signs of woe, Fa, la,
2. show their pow'r, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, In their brief and shin - ing hour, Fa, la,
3. thee of - fend, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, Of thy lov - ing make an end, Fa, la,
1. la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. If thy nymph no fa - vour show, Fa, la, la, la, la,
2. la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Fly thee to an - oth - er bow'r, Fa, la, la, la, la,
3. la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. If thou canst not win a maid, Fa, la, la, la, la,
1. la, la, la, Choose an - oth - er, let her go, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
2. la, la, la, Think not that all grapes are sour, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
3. la, la, la, Sure - ly woo-ing's not thy trade, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

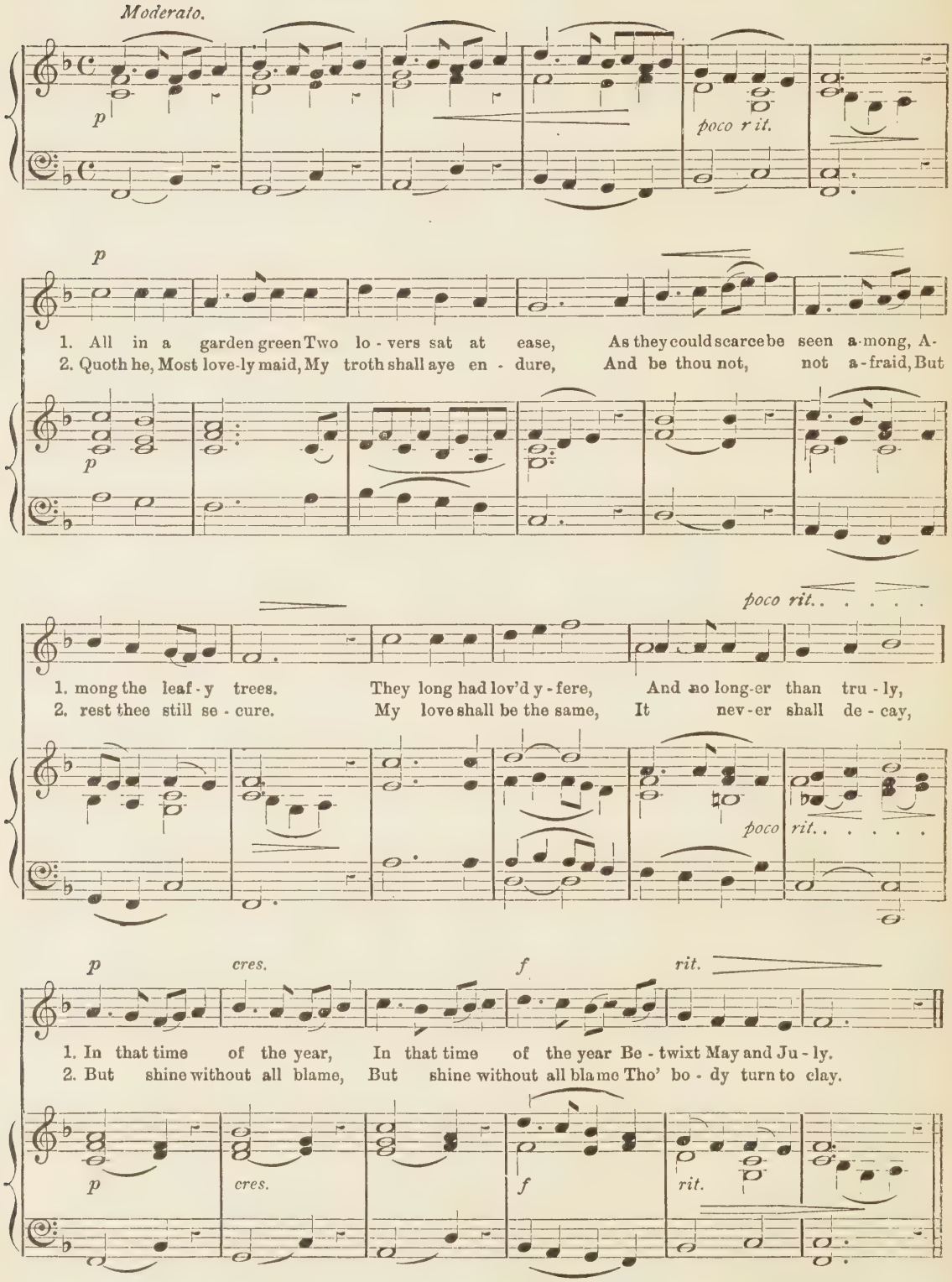
This is a part song by "Honest John Playford," and it appears in his *Musical Companion*, 1672. The original only consists of the first four lines, exclusive of the chorus. John Playford was the greatest, almost the only, publisher of music from 1650 to nearly the beginning of the 18th century. To him we are indebted for a mass of fine English music which, but for his enterprise, would probably have never seen the light. He seems to have won the respect and friendship of the best musicians of his time, and well earned the general epithet "Honest," so lovingly applied to him. He was Clerk to the Temple Church, near where he had his shop, and was succeeded in business by his son Henry. His eldest son John set up as music printer, but he died young. The elder Playford was born in 1623, and died about 1693-4. He was the composer of many psalm tunes and part songs, and author of an excellent *Introduction to the Skill of Music*, which held its place for nearly eighty years.

Colin's Complaint.

Andante con molto espressione.
p
1. Des -
2. How
3. Then
p
con Ped.
1. pair - ing be - side a clear stream, A shep - herd for -
2. fool - ish was I to be - lieve She'd doat on so
3. to her new love let her go, And deck her in
sempre con Ped.
dim.
1. sa - ken was laid, And whilst a false nymph was his
2. low - ly a clown, Or that a fond heart would not
3. gold - en ar - ray: Be fin - est at ev - 'ry fine
dim.

The words of this well known song were written by Nicholas Rowe (born 1673; died 1718), who in it is supposed to allude to his own suit with the Countess Dowager of Warwick, who bestowed her hand on Joseph Addison in 1716. Rowe's poem, which consists of seven verses, occurs in *Pills*, vol. vi., 1720, set to the air, and from the first appearance of the poem it has been the subject of innumerable parodies. The old air to which the song is adapted has the name, "Grim King of the Ghosts," from the first line of an early ballad first set to it. The tune was used for "Can love be controlled by advice?" in the *Beggars' Opera*, in *The Devil to Pay*, and others. To a song beginning, "On the bank of a river so deep," the air is included in Watts' *Musical Miscellany*, vol. i., 1729. In Hogg's *Jacobite Relics* there is also a song set to the tune, "By the side of a country kirk wall."

dim.
1. theme, A wil - low sup - port - ed his head. The
2. grieve To for - sake the fine folk of the town. To
3. show, And fro - lic it all the long day. Whilst
dim.
1. winds that blew o - ver the plain To his sighs with a
2. think that a beau - ty so gay, So kind, and so
3. Col - in, for - got - ten and gone, No more shall be
1. sigh did re - ply, And the brook in re - turn of his
2. con - stant would prove, Or go clad like our mai - dens in
3. talk'd of or seen, Un - less that be - neath the pale
rit.
1. pain Ran mourn - ful - ly mur - mur - ing by.
2. grey, Or live in a cot - tage on love,
3. moon His ghost shall glide o - ver the green.
rit.

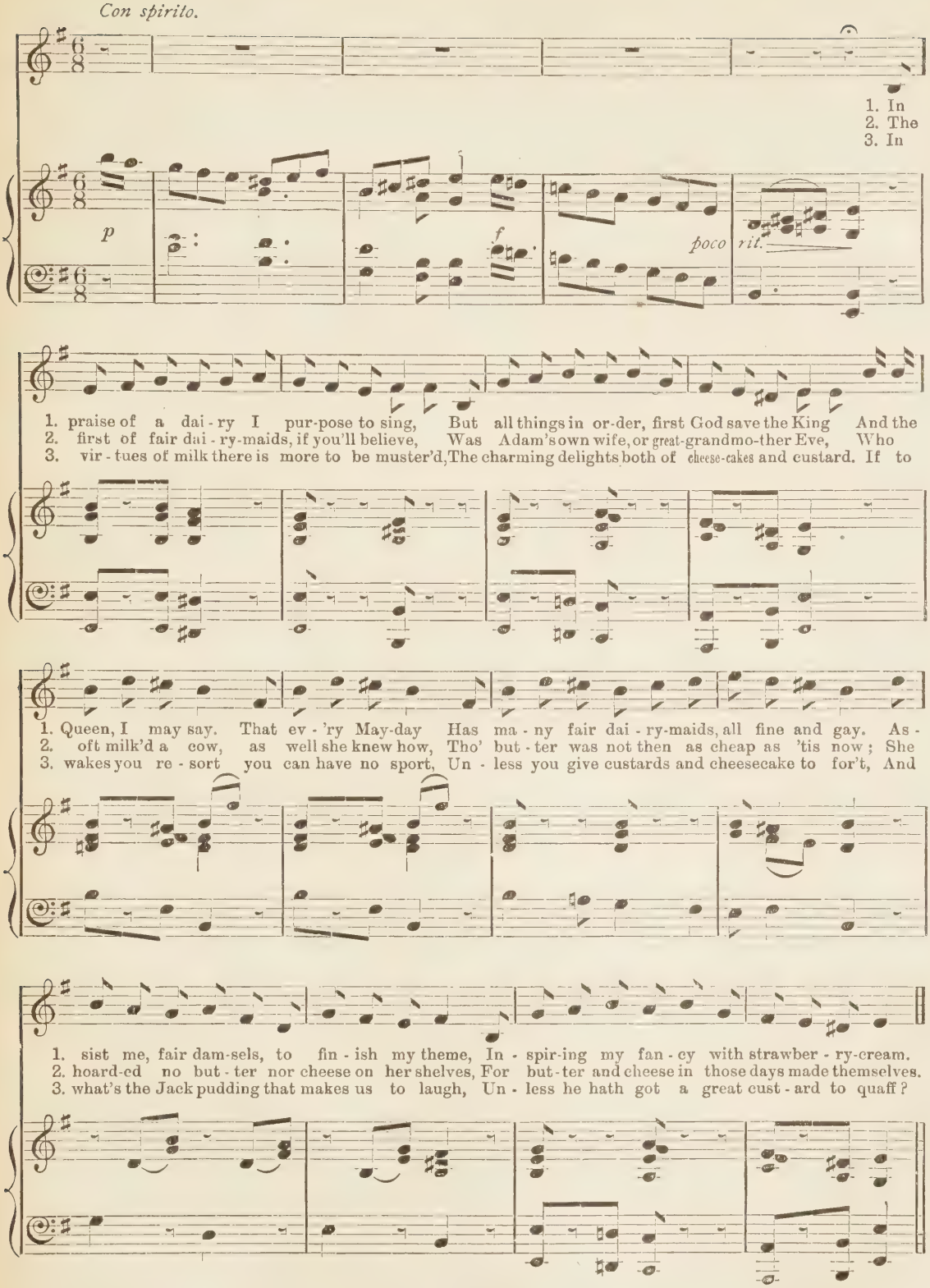
The Spotted Cow.

Allegretto.
p
cres.
p
1. One morn - ing in the month of May, As from my cot I stray'd, . . Just
2. "No more complain, no long - er mourn, Your cow's not lost, my dear, . . . I
3. And in the grove we spent the day, And thought it pass'd too soon, . . . At
p
1. at the dawn - ing of the day I met a charm - ing maid, ... Just
2. saw her down in yon - der bourne, Come, love, I'll show you where, ... I
3. night we home - ward bent our way, When bright - ly shone the moon, ... At

A folk melody which, united to these words, was once popular in Yorkshire. The present is taken from (by permission) Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, 1891, and is one of two versions of the melody there printed; it was noted down at Calverley, near Leeds. The words alone are in Fairburn's *Ever-lasting Songster, circa* 1825, and are also frequently found on ballad sheets.

1. at the dawn - ing of the day I met a charm - ing maid. . . . "Good
2. saw her down in yon - der bourne, Come, love, I'll show you where." . . "I
3. night we home - ward bent our way, When bright - ly shone the moon. . . . If
1. morn - ing, fair maid, whith - er go So ear - ly? Tell me now." . . . . The
2. must con - fess you're ve - ry kind; I thank you, sir," said she. . . . . "You
3. I should cross the flow - 'ry vale, Or go to view the plough, . . . She
1. maid re - plied, "Kind sir," she said, "I've lost my spot - ted cow;" . . . . The
2. will be sure her there to find, Come, sweet-heart, go with me; . . . . You
3. comes and calls, "Ye gen - tle swains, I've lost my spot - ted cow;" . . . . She
1. maid re - plied, "Kind sir," she said, "I've lost my spot - ted cow."
2. will be sure her there to find, Come, sweet - heart, go with me."
3. comes and calls, "Ye gen - tle swains, I've lost my spot - ted cow."

All in a Garden Green.

Moderato.
p
poco rit.
p
1. All in a garden green Two lo - vers sat at ease, As they could scarce be seen a-mong, A-
2. Quoth he, Most love-ly maid, My troth shall aye en - dure, And be thou not, not a-fraid, But
p
poco rit.
1. mong the leaf - y trees. They long had lov'd y - fere, And no long-er than tru - ly,
2. rest thee still se - cure. My love shall be the same, It nev-er shall de - cay,
poco rit.
p
cres.
f
rit.
1. In that time of the year, In that time of the year Be - twixt May and Ju - ly.
2. But shine without all blame, But shine without all blame Tho' bo - dy turn to clay.
p
cres.
f
rit.

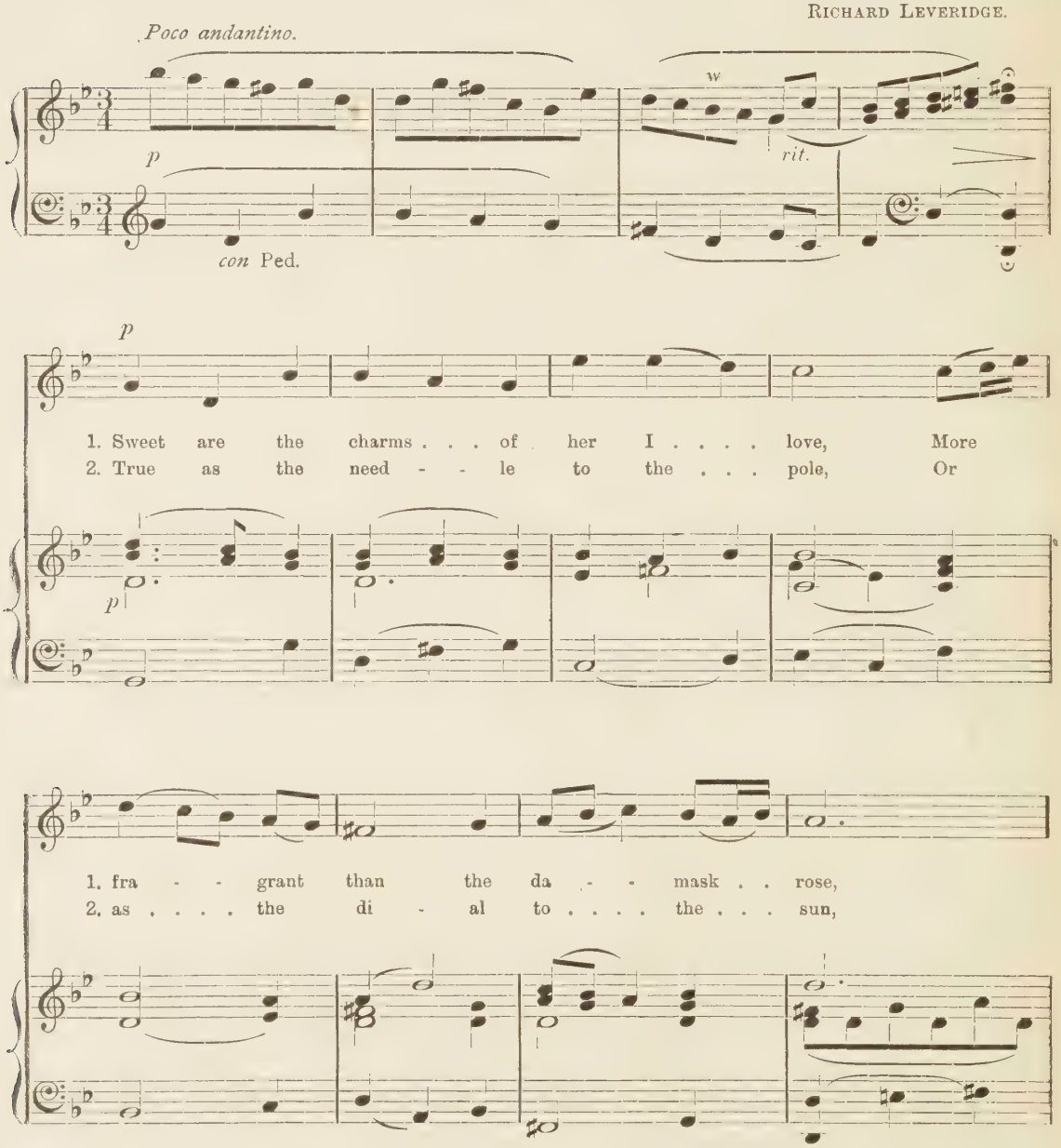
A song and tune of Elizabeth's reign, which occur in a manuscript. The air was employed for other songs, as: "An excellent song of an outcast Lover," to "All in a Garden Green," printed in an old song book with the quaint title, *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 15-4. This has been reprinted by Professor Arber, and is an interesting record of popular songs during the Elizabethan era. The air for "All in a Garden Green" is found in the *Fitzwilliam MS. (Queen Elizabeth's Virginal book*, as erroneously called), and is printed in editions of Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1st edition, 1650; 2nd, 1652; 3rd, 1665, and several later ones. In Walsh's *Country Dancing Master*, the air is named "The Green Garden," as it also is in Wright's *Country Dances*, vol. i.

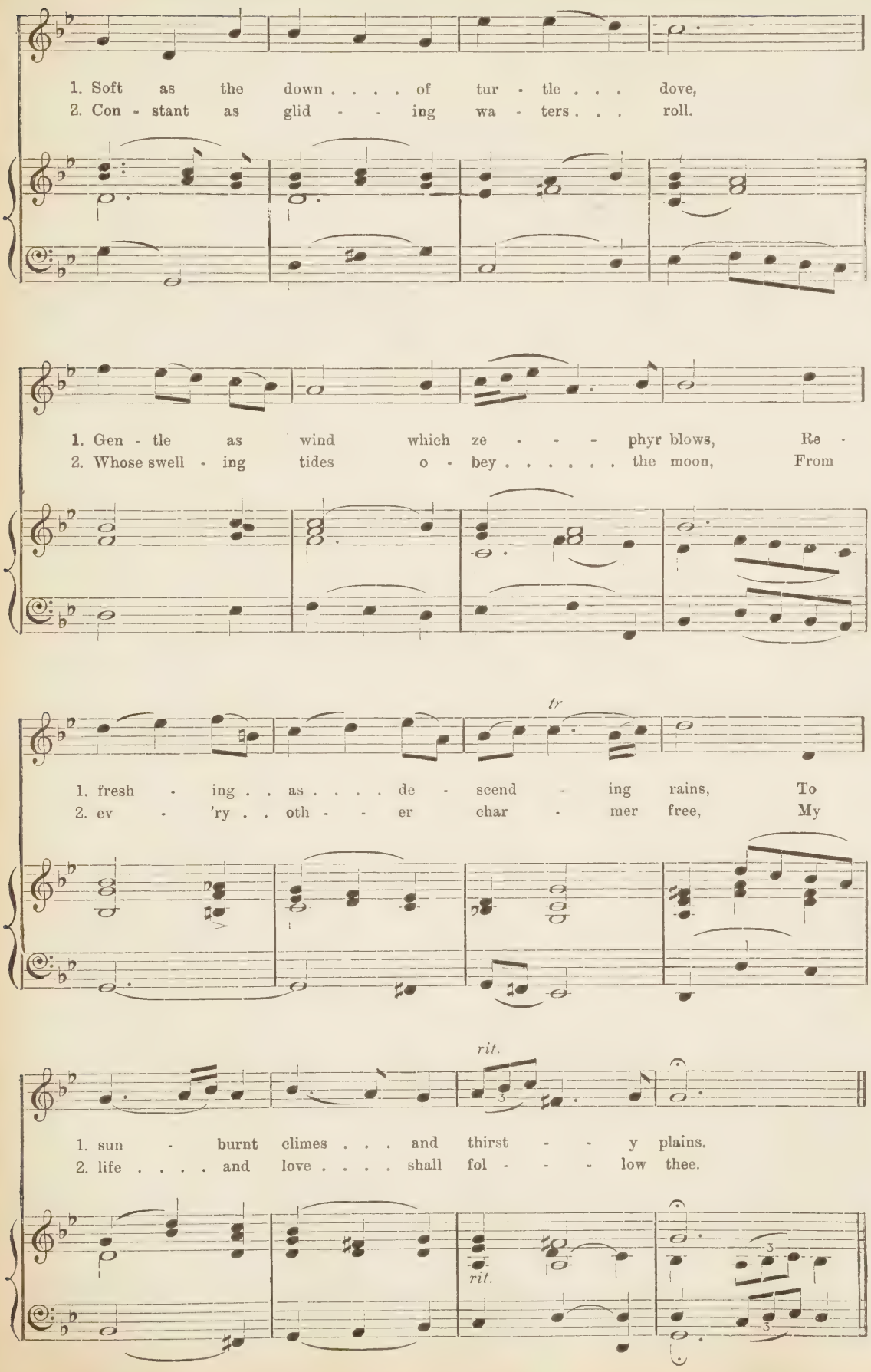
The Dairymaid.

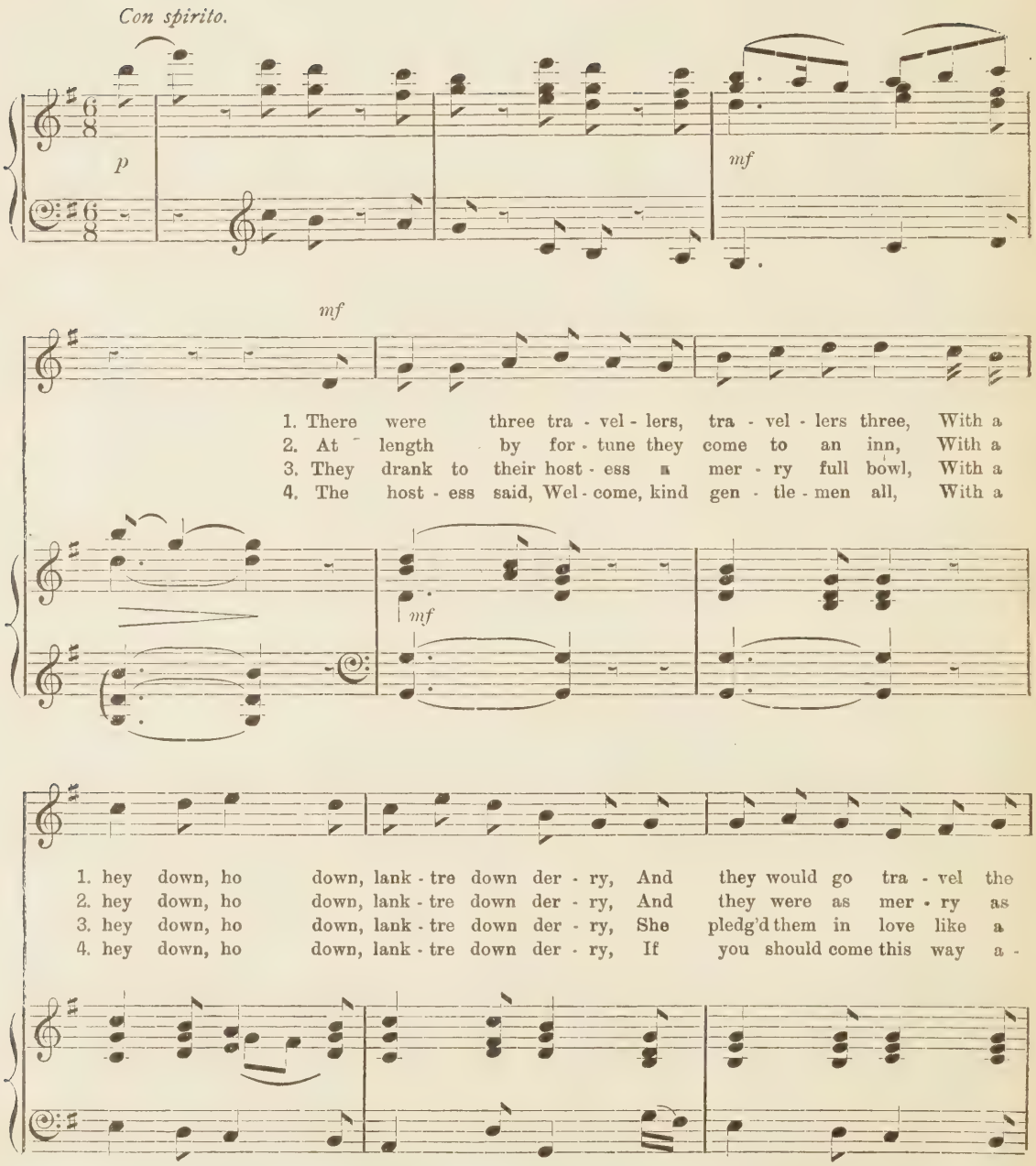
Con spirito.

1. In
2. The
3. In
p
f
poco
rit.
1. praise of a dai - ry I pur-pose to sing, But all things in or-der, first God save the King And the
2. first of fair dai - ry-maids, if you'll believe, Was Adam's own wife, or great-grandmo-ther Eve, Who
3. vir - tues of milk there is more to be muster'd, The charming delights both of cheese-cakes and custard. If to
1. Queen, I may say. That ev - 'ry May-day Has ma - ny fair dai - ry-maids, all fine and gay. As -
2. oft milk'd a cow, as well she knew how, Tho' but - ter was not then as cheap as 'tis now; She
3. wakes you re - sort you can have no sport, Un - less you give custards and cheesecake to for't, And
1. sist me, fair dam-sels, to fin - ish my theme, In - spir-ing my fan - cy with strawber - ry-cream.
2. hoard-ed no but - ter nor cheese on her shelves, For but-ter and cheese in those days made themselves.
3. what's the Jack pudding that makes us to laugh, Un - less he hath got a great cust - ard to quaff?

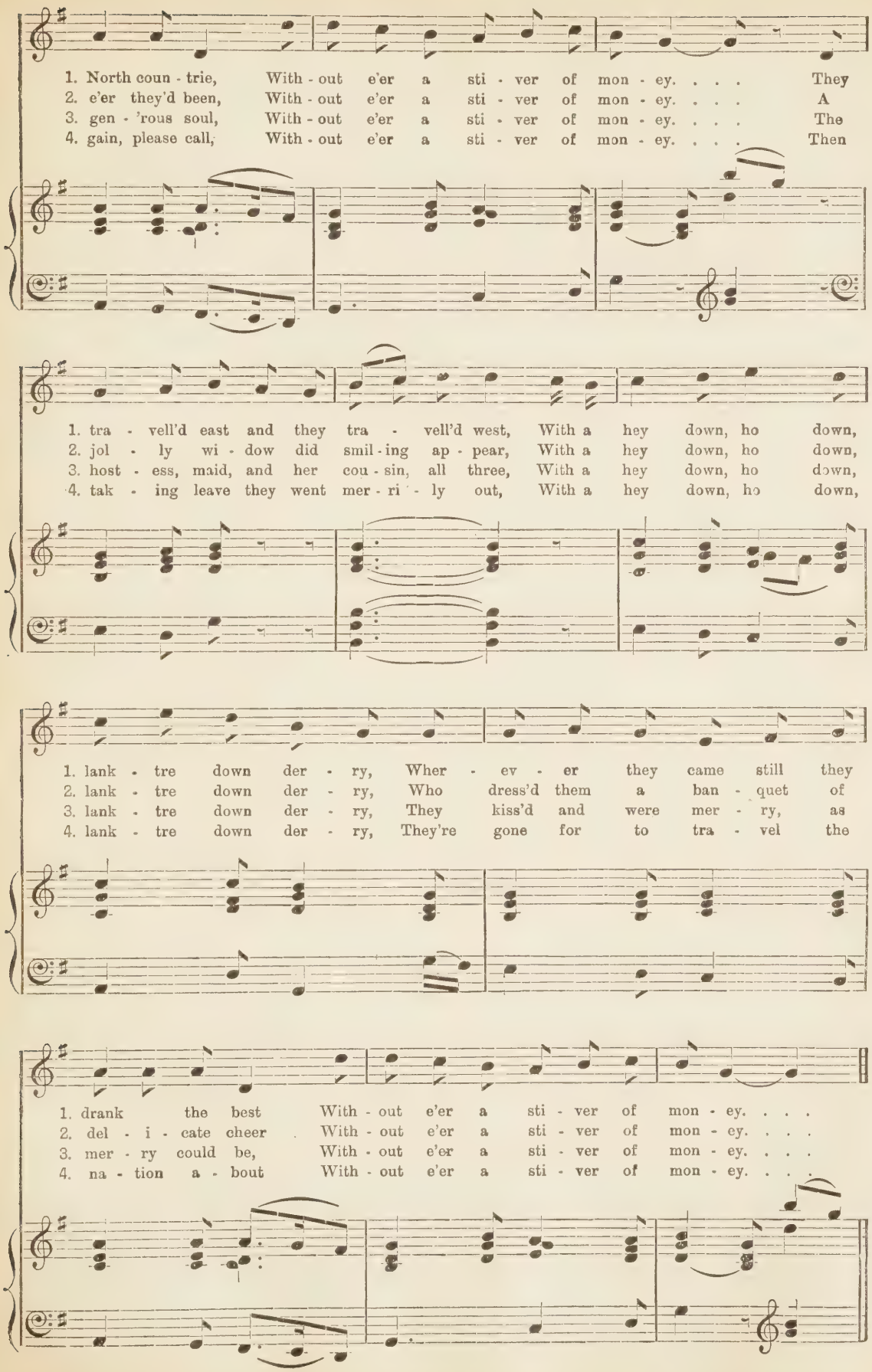
The fine old air has been the vehicle for a great number of ballads, frequently political ones. Its name, "Packington's Pound," or "Pagginton's Pound," is supposed to have arisen from one Sir John Packington (born 1549, died 1624-5), having made a large pond near his house, which pond encroaching on the public highway, gave rise to a satirical ditty sung to this air. The tune is a fine specimen of 16th century English melody, and it fortunately did not share the oblivion its original ballad words have suffered. The melody is in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal book*; in *A New Book of Tablature*, published by Wm. Barley in 1596; in Playford's *Select Ayres*, 1659, and many other later publications. Gay used it for a song in the *Beggars' Opera*. The present ballad, "The Dairymaid," is found with the music in Playford's *Musical Companion*, part second, 1687, and there are a great number of songs printed with the air in the several volumes of *Pills*, 1707 to 1719, etc.

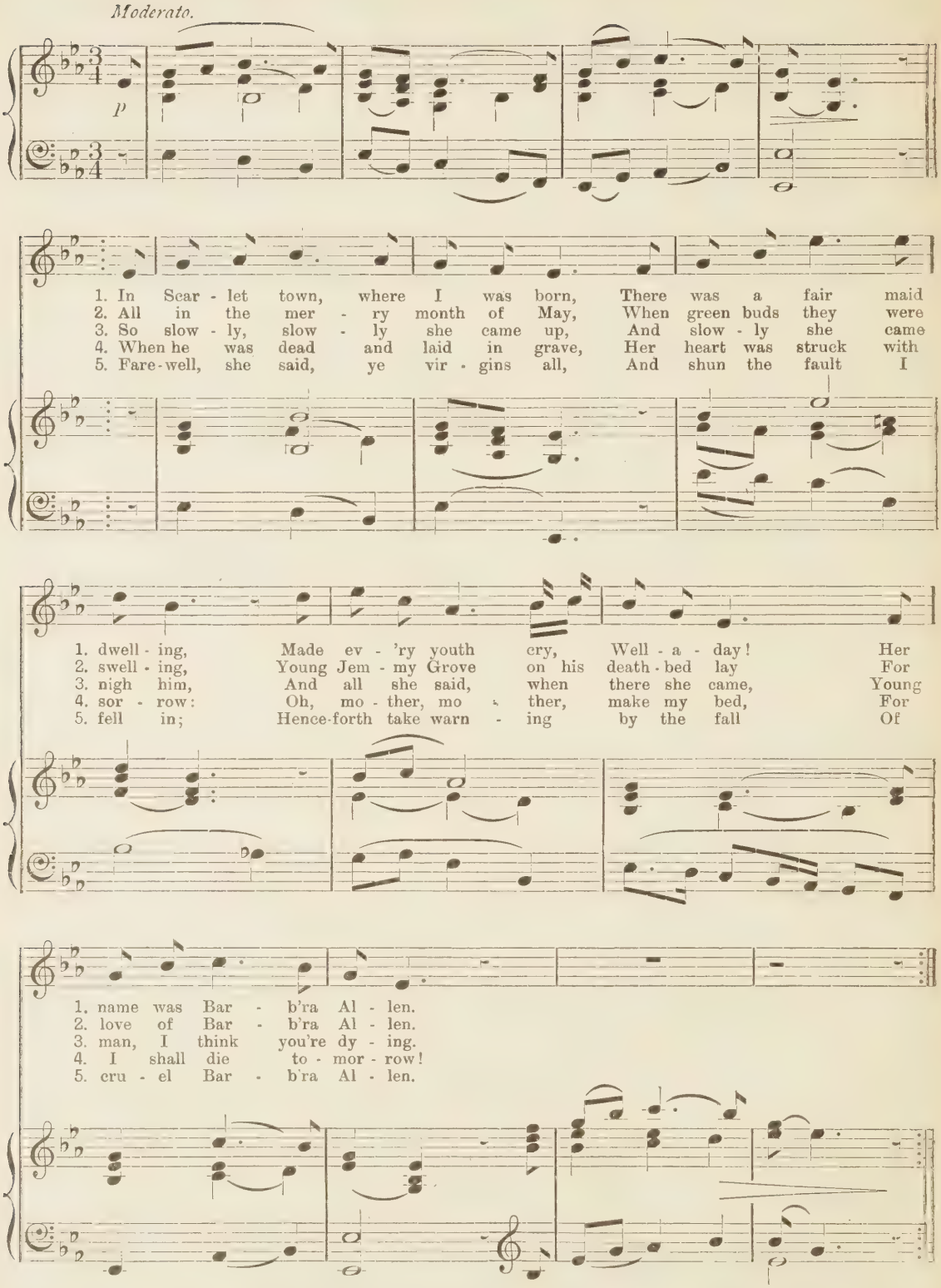
Sweet are the Charms of Her I Love.

RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

Poco andantino.
p
con Ped.
w
rit.
p
1. Sweet are the charms . . . of her I . . . . love, More
2. True as the need - - le to the . . . pole, Or
p
1. fra - - grant than the da - - mask . . rose,
2. as . . . . the di - al to . . . . the . . . sun,

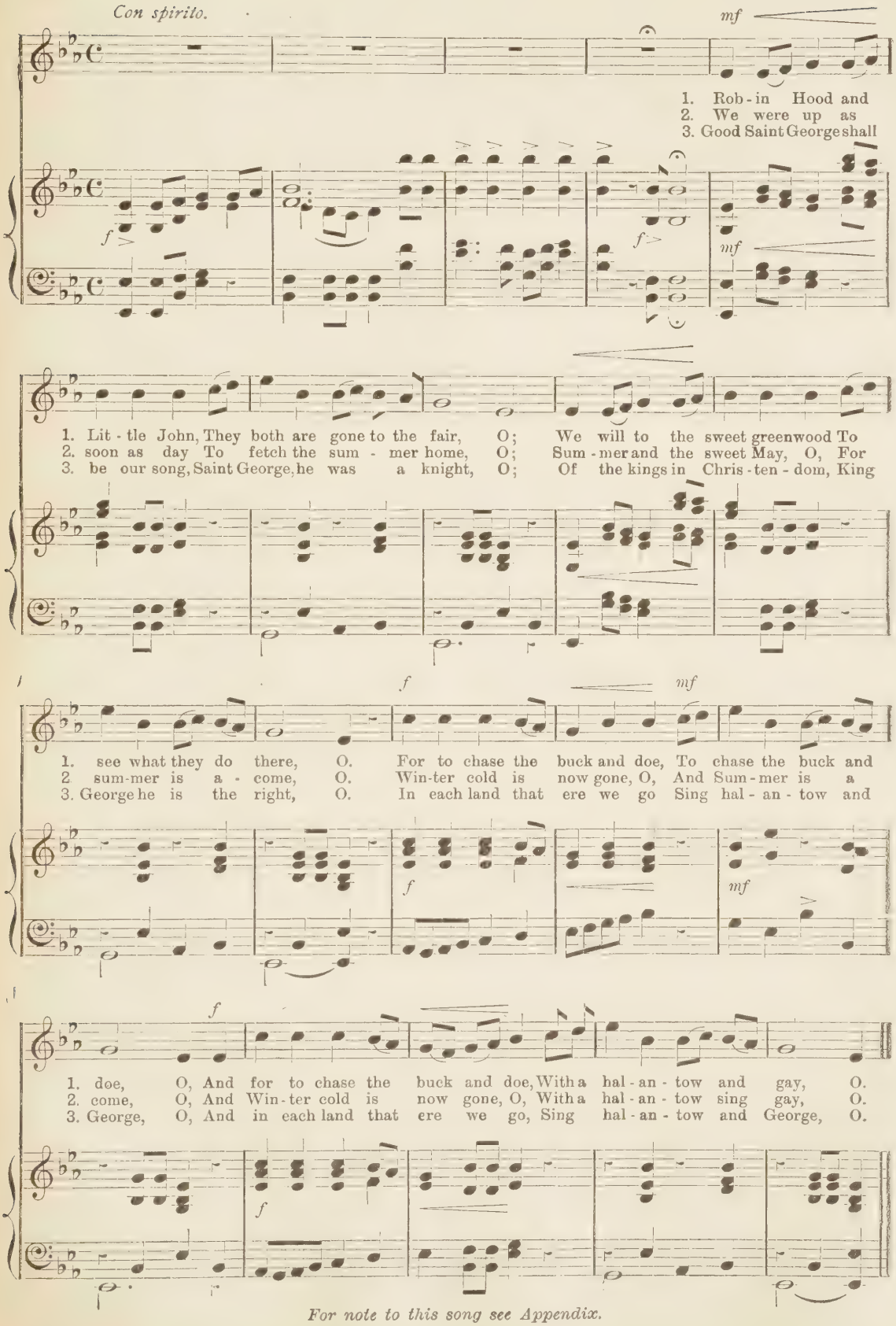
The air is by Richard Leveridge, and the words by a writer named Barton Booth. With the song, it is printed in Watts' *Musical Miscellany*, vol. ii., 1729; Bickham's *Musical Entertainer*, vol. i., 1737; *British Melody*, 1739, folio; Ritson's *English Songs*, 1783, and the tune was used for songs in the ballad operas: *Fashionable Lady* and *Village Opera*. Leveridge, one of our finest song composers, was a bass singer who retained his voice and sang in public for many years. He was born in 1670, and died in 1758. A collection of Leveridge's songs, engraved by Thomas Cross, on single folio leaves, was published about 1698; it is now very rare. A better known work, in two volumes, beautifully engraved, is dated 1727.

1. Soft as the down . . . . of tur - tle . . . dove,
2. Con - stant as glid - - - ing wa - ters . . . roll.
1. Gen - tle as wind which ze - - - - phyr blows, Re -
2. Whose swell - ing tides o - bey . . . . . the moon, From
tr
1. fresh - ing . . as . . . . de - scend - ing rains, To
2. ev - 'ry . . oth - - - er char - mer free, My
rit.
1. sun - burnt climes . . . and thirst - - - y plains.
2. life . . . . and love . . . . shall fol - - - low thee.
rit.

There were Three Travellers.

Con spirito.
p
mf
mf
1. There were three tra - vel - lers, tra - vel - lers three, With a
2. At length by for - tune they come to an inn, With a
3. They drank to their host - ess a mer - ry full bowl, With a
4. The host - ess said, Wel - come, kind gen - tle - men all, With a
mf
1. hey down, ho down, lank - tre down der - ry, And they would go tra - vel the
2. hey down, ho down, lank - tre down der - ry, And they were as mer - ry as
3. hey down, ho down, lank - tre down der - ry, She pledg'd them in love like a
4. hey down, ho down, lank - tre down der - ry, If you should come this way a -

A copy of the ballad is in the Bagford collection entitled, "The Jovial Companions; or, the Merry Travellers who paid their shot wherever they came without ever a stiver of money. To an excellent North Country tune." An early parody of this exists as "A new ditty to an old tune of 'Three Travellers,'" among the *Harleian MSS.*, and the air and song are in *Pills*, vol. vi., 1720. A somewhat similar song is found on ballad sheets under the name, "The Adventures of a Penny." This, with a tune, exists traditionally in Yorkshire.

1. North coun - trie, With - out e'er a sti - ver of mon - ey. . . . They
2. e'er they'd been, With - out e'er a sti - ver of mon - ey. . . . A
3. gen - 'rous soul, With - out e'er a sti - ver of mon - ey. . . . The
4. gain, please call, With - out e'er a sti - ver of mon - ey. . . . Then
1. tra - vell'd east and they tra - vell'd west, With a hey down, ho down,
2. jol - ly wi - dow did smil - ing ap - pear, With a hey down, ho down,
3. host - ess, maid, and her cou - sin, all three, With a hey down, ho down,
4. tak - ing leave they went mer - ri - ly out, With a hey down, ho down,
1. lank - tre down der - ry, Wher - ev - er they came still they
2. lank - tre down der - ry, Who dress'd them a ban - quet of
3. lank - tre down der - ry, They kiss'd and were mer - ry, as
4. lank - tre down der - ry, They're gone for to tra - vel the
1. drank the best With - out e'er a sti - ver of mon - ey. . . .
2. del - i - cate cheer With - out e'er a sti - ver of mon - ey. . . .
3. mer - ry could be, With - out e'er a sti - ver of mon - ey. . . .
4. na - tion a - bout With - out e'er a sti - ver of mon - ey. . . .

Barbara Allen's Cruelty.

Moderato.
p
1. In Scar - let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid
2. All in the mer - ry month of May, When green buds they were
3. So slow - ly, slow - ly she came up, And slow - ly she came
4. When he was dead and laid in grave, Her heart was struck with
5. Fare-well, she said, ye vir - gins all, And shun the fault I
1. dwell - ing, Made ev - 'ry youth cry, Well - a - day! Her
2. swell - ing, Young Jem - my Grove on his death - bed lay For
3. nigh him, And all she said, when there she came, Young
4. sor - row: Oh, mo - ther, mo - ther, make my bed, For
5. fell in; Hence-forth take warn - ing by the fall Of
1. name was Bar - b'ra Al - len.
2. love of Bar - b'ra Al - len.
3. man, I think you're dy - ing.
4. I shall die to - mor - row!
5. cru - el Bar - b'ra Al - len.

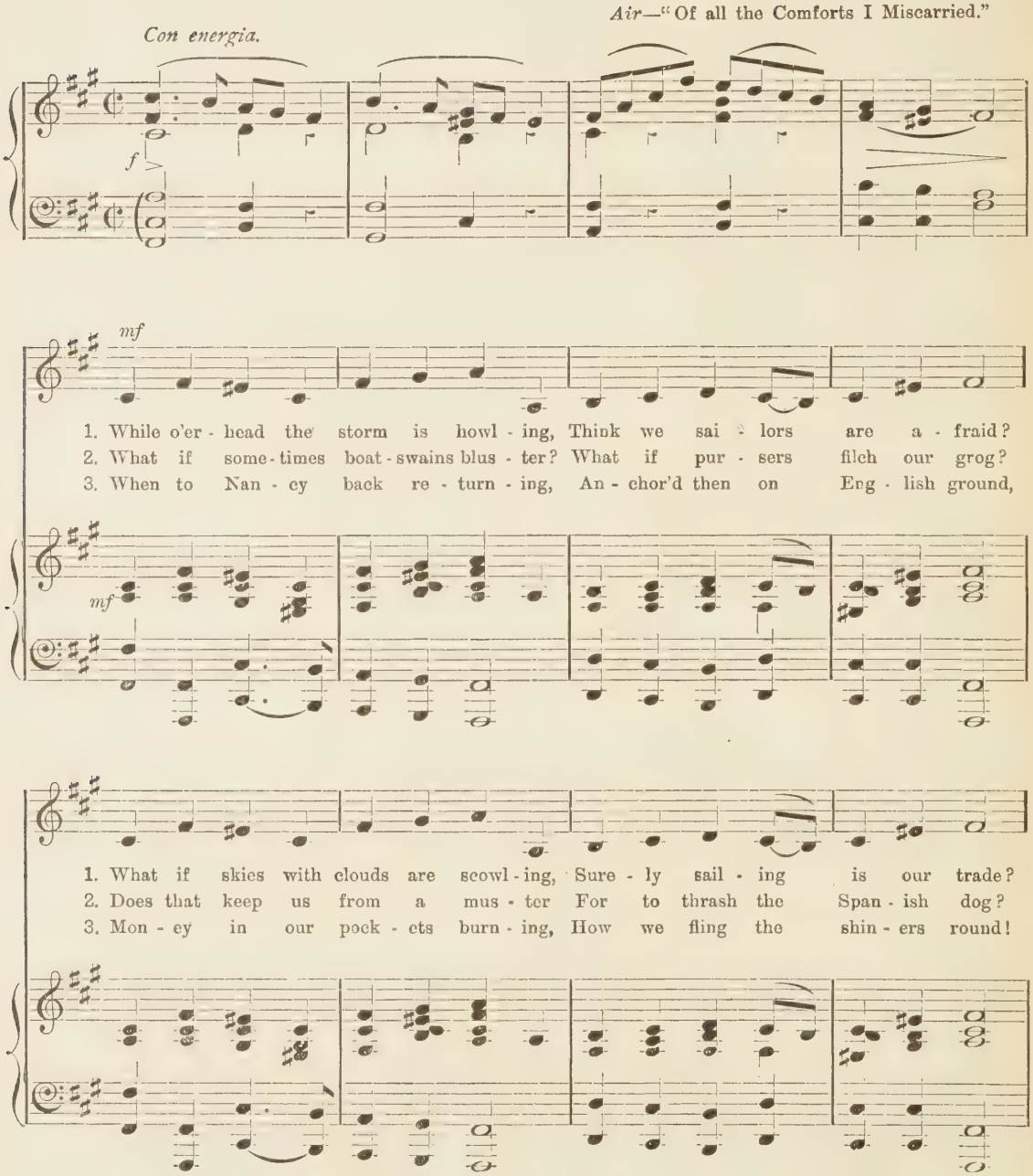
Forty or fifty years ago there were few more popular songs in country districts than "Barbara Allen." A great number of different traditional melodies to the ballad have been recovered, some of which will be found printed in *Traditional Tunes: a collection of ballad airs chiefly obtained in Yorkshire and the South of Scotland, by Frank Kidson*, 1891. The set of the tune given above is one taken down by Dr. Rimbault from north country singing, and first printed in his *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques*, 1850. The ballad itself is very old, and traditional versions vary considerably in length and wording. The Scottish copy, which has quite a different tune of its own, commences, "It was in and about the Martinmas time." From lack of space we have here to abbreviate the English version; it can be seen in full in Percy's *Reliques*, and most ballad books.

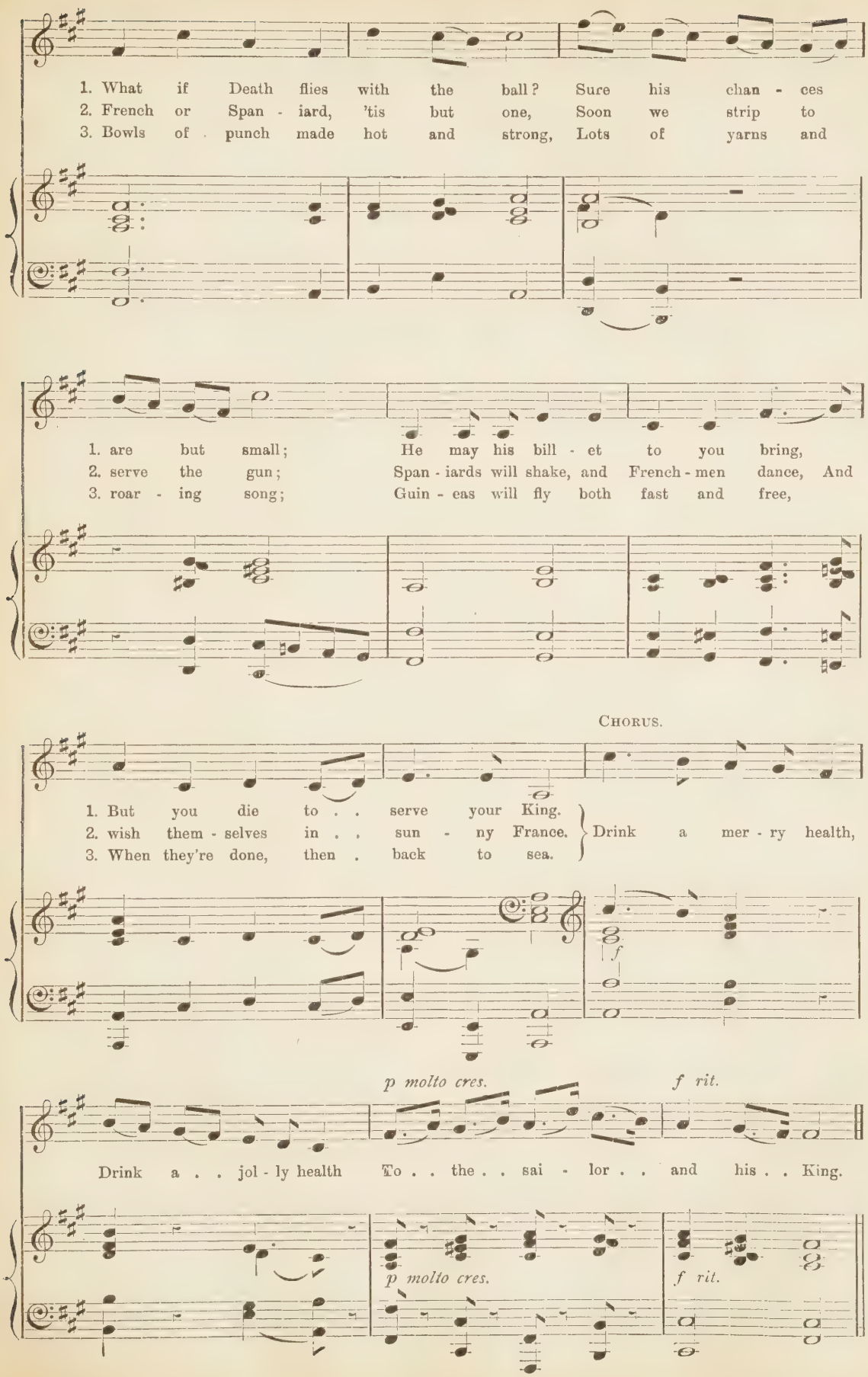
Robin Hood and Little John.

Con spirito.
mf
1. Rob-in Hood and
2. We were up as
3. Good Saint George shall
f
f
mf
1. Lit-tle John, They both are gone to the fair, O; We will to the sweet greenwood To
2. soon as day To fetch the sum-mer home, O; Sum-mer and the sweet May, O, For
3. be our song, Saint George, he was a knight, O; Of the kings in Chris-ten-dom, King
f
mf
1. see what they do there, O. For to chase the buck and doe, To chase the buck and
2 sum-mer is a-come, O. Win-ter cold is now gone, O, And Sum-mer is a
3. George he is the right, O. In each land that ere we go Sing hal-an-tow and
f
mf
f
1. doe, O, And for to chase the buck and doe, With a hal-an-tow and gay, O.
2. come, O, And Win-ter cold is now gone, O, With a hal-an-tow sing gay, O.
3. George, O, And in each land that ere we go, Sing hal-an-tow and George, O.
f

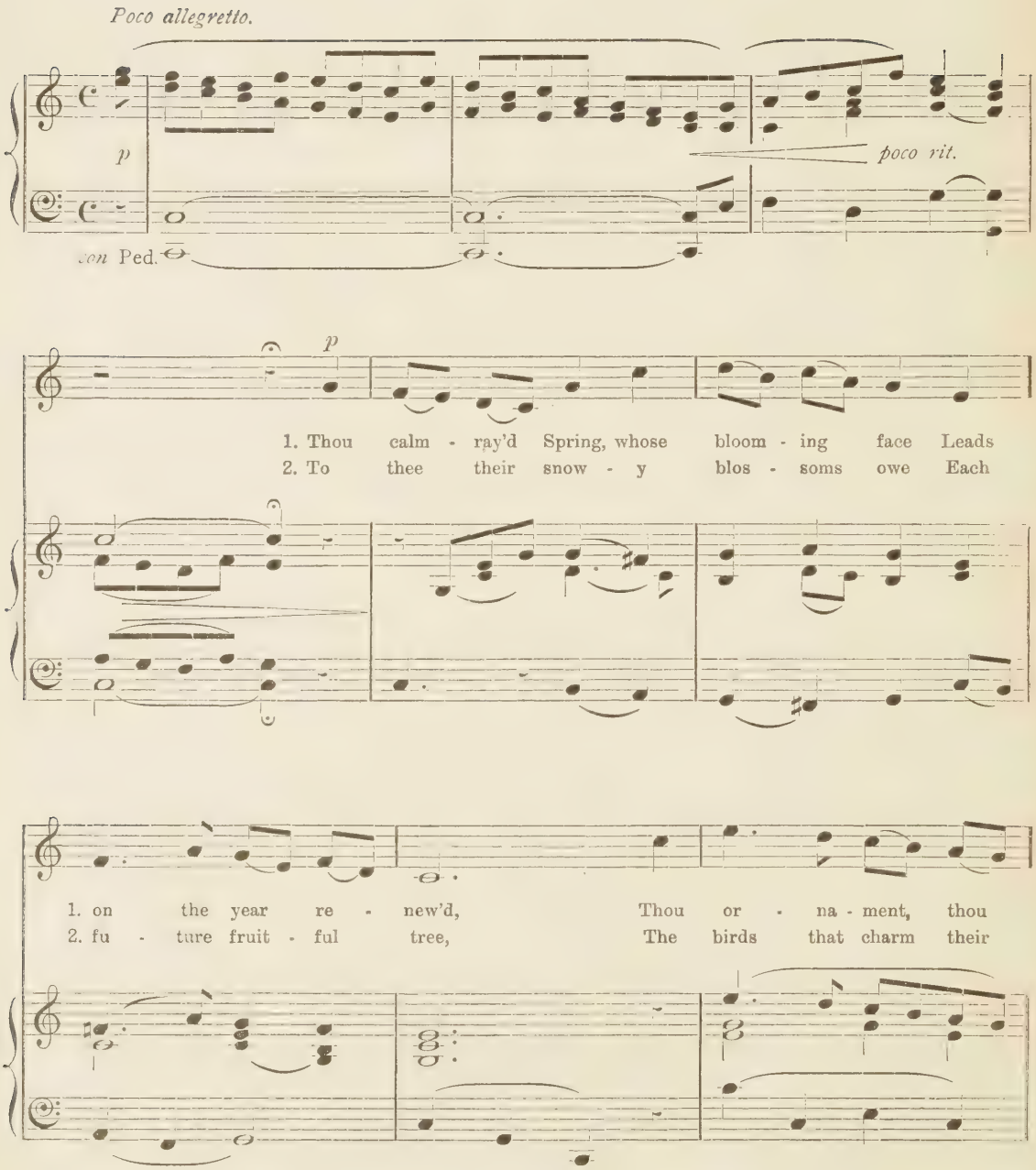
For note to this song see Appendix.

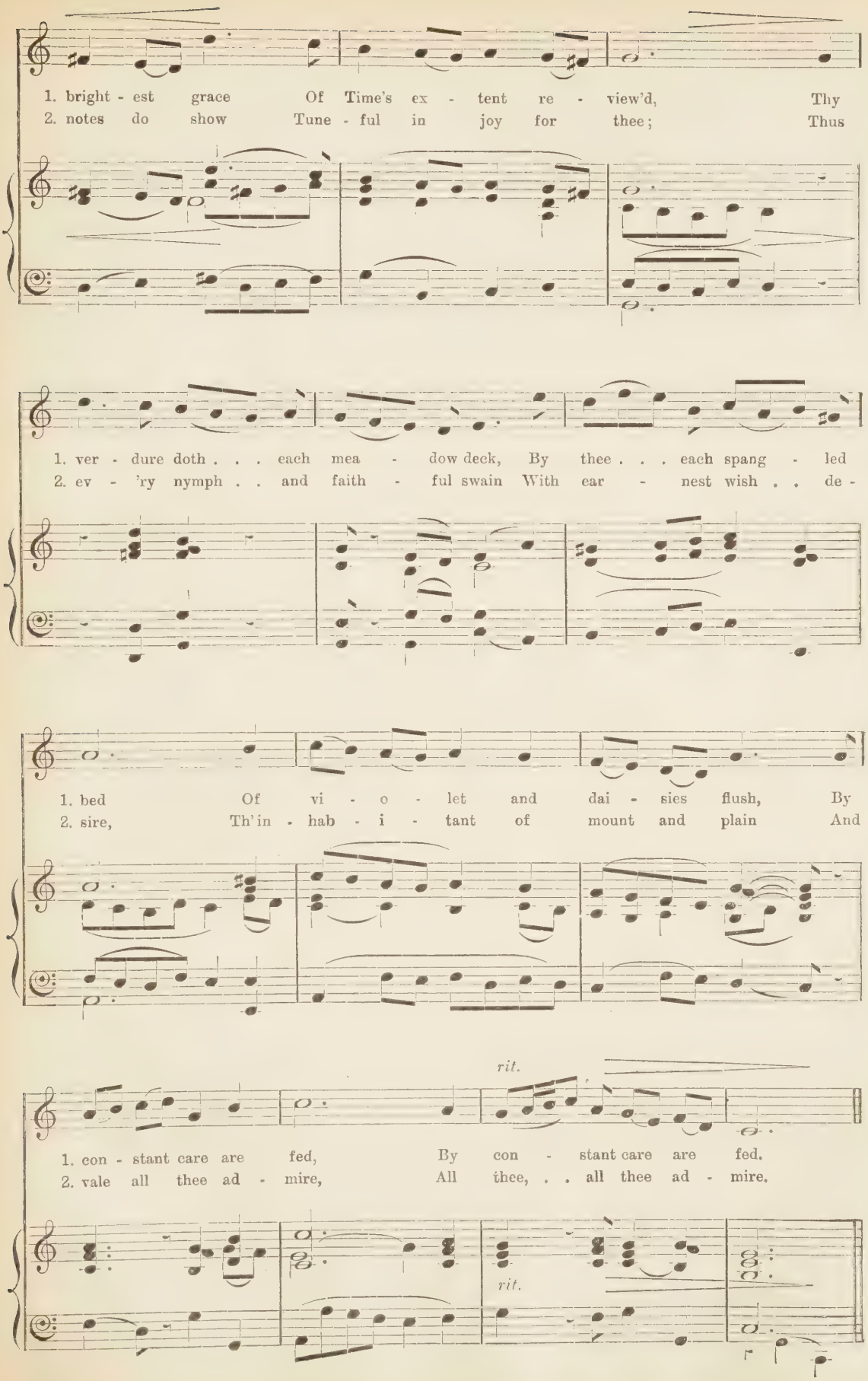
While O'erhead the Storm is Howling.

Air—"Of all the Comforts I Miscarried."

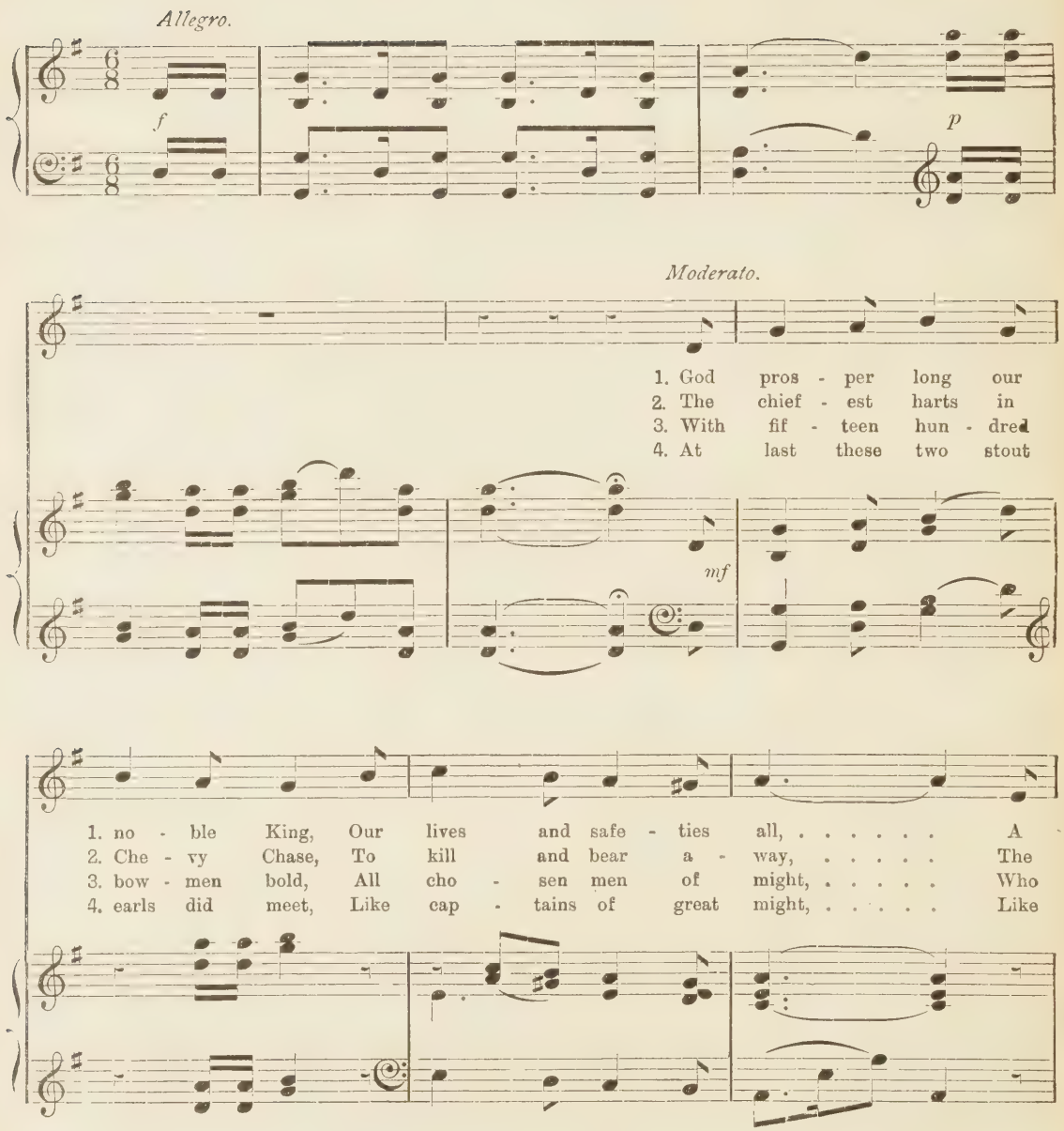
Con energia.

f
mf
1. While o'er - head the storm is howl - ing, Think we sai - lors are a - fraid?
2. What if some - times boat - swains blus - ter? What if pur - sers filch our grog?
3. When to Nan - cy back re - turn - ing, An - chor'd then on Eng - lish ground,
mf
1. What if skies with clouds are scowl - ing, Sure - ly sail - ing is our trade?
2. Does that keep us from a mus - ter For to thrash the Span - ish dog?
3. Mon - ey in our pock - ets burn - ing, How we fling the shin - ers round!

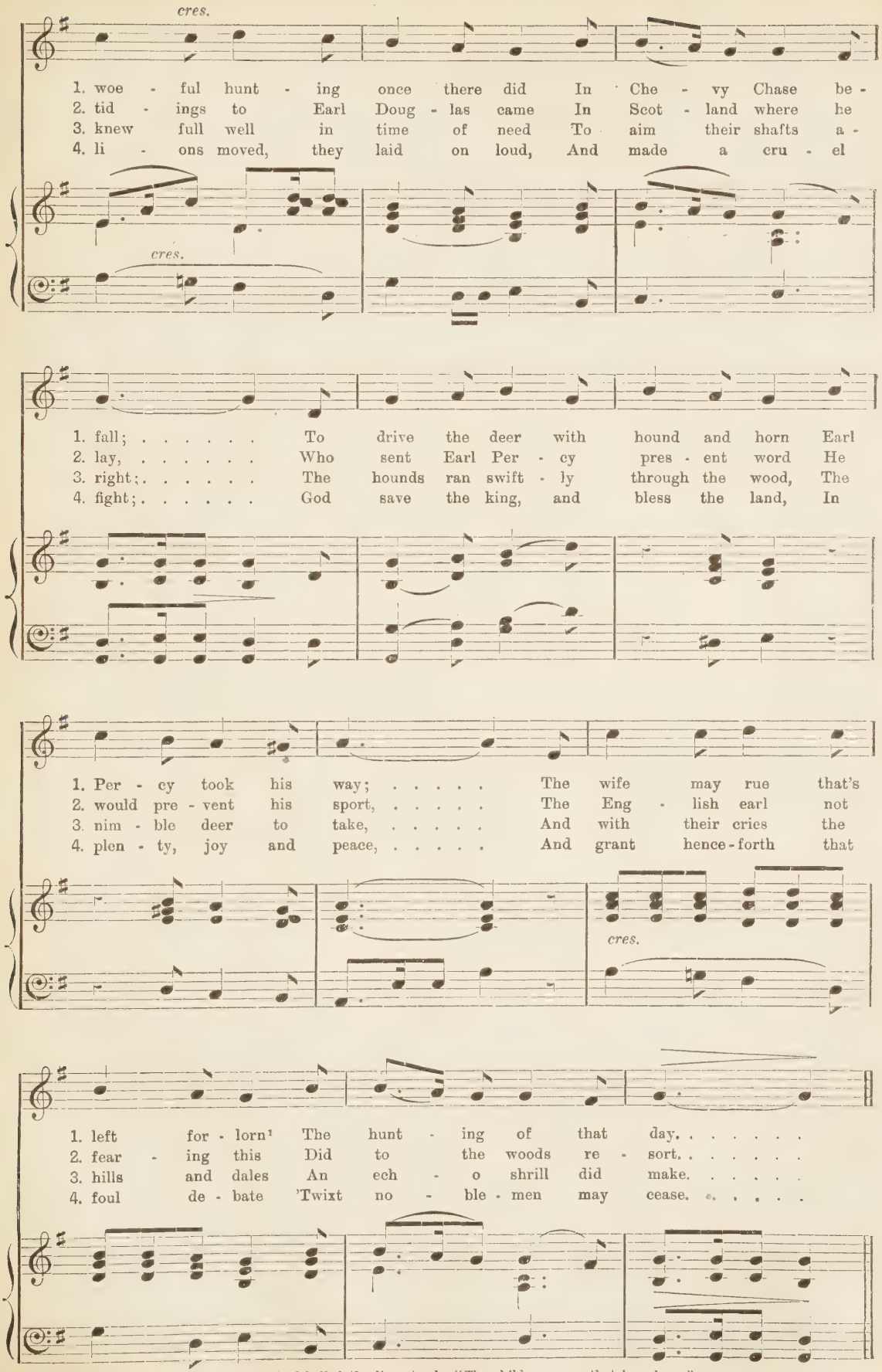
The original air for this song is found in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. ii., 1719, p. 137, under the title, "The Curtain Lecture: a New Song"; it is in the form of a dialogue, and begins "Of all the comforts I miscarried." With the first line as title it is used as an air for songs in the ballad operas, *The Devil to pay*, and *Momus turned Fabulist*. With the names, "Of all the Comforts; or, Whitechapel Mount," the melody is given in the *Dancing Master*, vol. ii., 1719. As the original song is totally unfit for present day singing, modern words have been written for the air.

1. What if Death flies with the ball? Sure his chan - ces
2. French or Span - iard, 'tis but one, Soon we strip to
3. Bowls of punch made hot and strong, Lots of yarns and
1. are but small; He may his bill - et to you bring,
2. serve the gun; Span - iards will shake, and French - men dance, And
3. roar - ing song; Guin - eas will fly both fast and free,
Chorus.
1. But you die to . . serve your King.
2. wish them - selves in . . sun - ny France.
3. When they're done, then . back to sea.
Drink a mer - ry health,
f
p molto cres.
f rit.
Drink a . . jol - ly health To . . the . . sai - lor . . and his . . King.
p molto cres.
f rit.

Spring Song.

Poco allegretto.
p
poco rit.
con Ped.
p
1. Thou calm - ray'd Spring, whose bloom - ing face Leads
2. To thee their snow - y blos - soms owe Each
1. on the year re - new'd, Thou or - na - ment, thou
2. fu - ture fruit - ful tree, The birds that charm their

The song and air are taken from a folio publication entitled, *A Collection of English Songs sung by Miss Falkner at Marybon-Gardens, Mr. Beard, Mr. Lowe, Mrs. Arne at Ranelagh and Vauxhall Gardens, composed by the most eminent masters*, with no printer's name or date, but prior to 1760. The same words were, at a later period (*circa* 1780-90), set to music by Edward Light in a little volume of guitar music which he issued about that time.

1. bright - est grace Of Time's ex - tent re - view'd, Thy
2. notes do show Tune - ful in joy for thee; Thus
1. ver - dure doth . . . each mea - dow deck, By thee . . . each spang - led
2. ev - 'ry nymph . . and faith - ful swain With ear - nest wish . . de -
1. bed Of vi - o - let and dai - sies flush, By
2. sire, Th'in - hab - i - tant of mount and plain And
rit.
1. con - stant care are fed, By con - stant care are fed.
2. vale all thee ad - mire, All thee, . . all thee ad - mire.
rit.

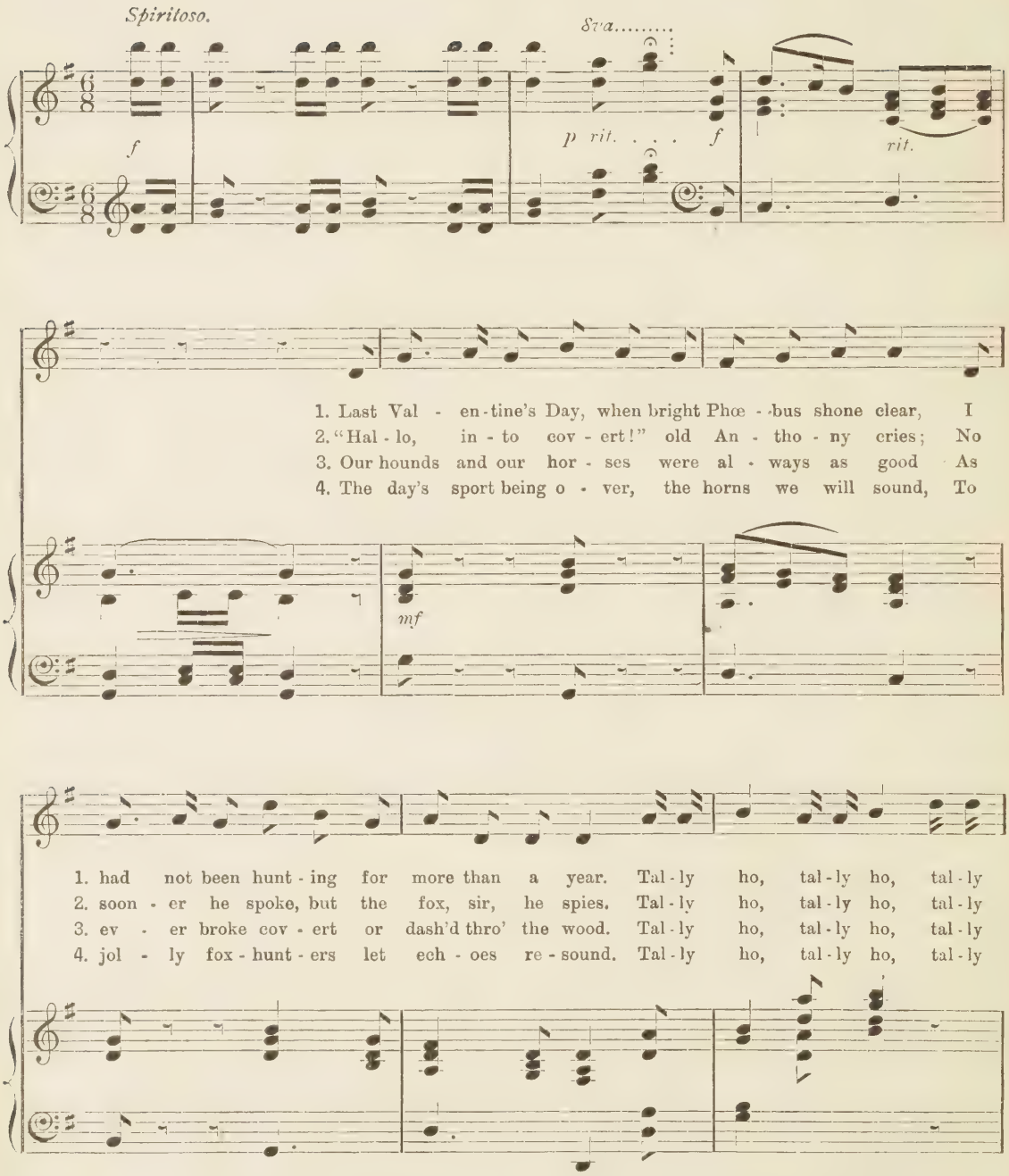
Chevy Chase.

Air—"In Pescod Time."

Allegro.
f
p
Moderato.
1. God pros - per long our
2. The chief - est harts in
3. With fif - teen hun - dred
4. At last these two stout
mf
1. no - ble King, Our lives and safe - ties all, ... A
2. Che - vy Chase, To kill and bear a - way, ... The
3. bow - men bold, All cho - sen men of might, ... Who
4. earls did meet, Like cap - tains of great might, ... Like

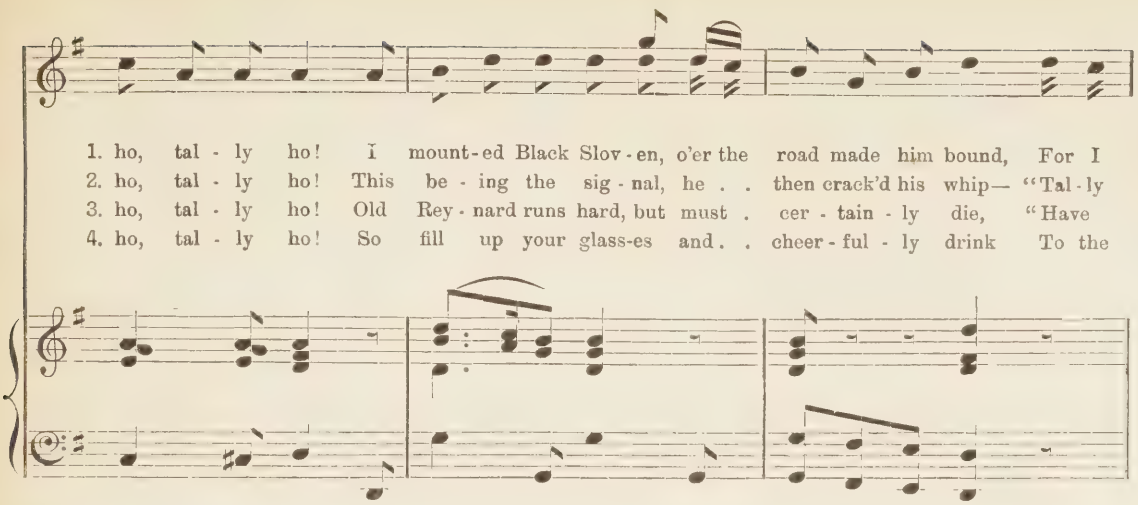
"Chevy Chase" is above all others the ballad of the English people. During and before the 18th century it must have been much sung and recited among country people. Writers like Addison and Goldsmith have referred to it in terms of warm eulogy and affection. There is an earlier ballad of "Chevy Chase," but the better known one commencing, "God prosper long our noble King" may be referred back to the reign of Charles II., if not before. A ballad so much sung was naturally set to many different airs. One was "In Pescod Time," another, "Flying Fame," and perhaps the most frequently of all, "Rogero." The air we have used is "In Pescod Time," a ballad tune to be found in several old MSS. of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and in Anthony Holborne's *Cithara Schoole*, 1597, a rare, if not unique work which was one of the treasures of the old Sacred Harmonic Society's Library. The tune must not be confounded with "Gathering Peascods." The above is merely a selection of verses from the lengthy ballad.

cres.
1. woe - ful hunt - ing once there did In Che - vy Chase be -
2. tid - ings to Earl Doug - las came In Scot - land where he
3. knew full well in time of need To aim their shafts a -
4. li - ons moved, they laid on loud, And made a cru - el
cres.
1. fall; . . . . . To drive the deer with hound and horn Earl
2. lay, ... Who sent Earl Per - cy pres - ent word He
3. right; . . . . . The hounds ran swift - ly through the wood, The
4. fight; . . . . . God save the king, and bless the land, In
1. Per - cy took his way; . . . . . The wife may rue that's
2. would pre - vent his sport, ... The Eng - lish earl not
3. nim - ble deer to take, ... And with their cries the
4. plen - ty, joy and peace, ... And grant hence - forth that
cres.
1. left for - lorn[1] The hunt - ing of that day. . . . . .
2. fear - ing this Did to the woods re - sort. . . . . .
3. hills and dales An ech - o shrill did make. . . . . .
4. foul de - bate 'Twixt no - ble - men may cease. . . . . .

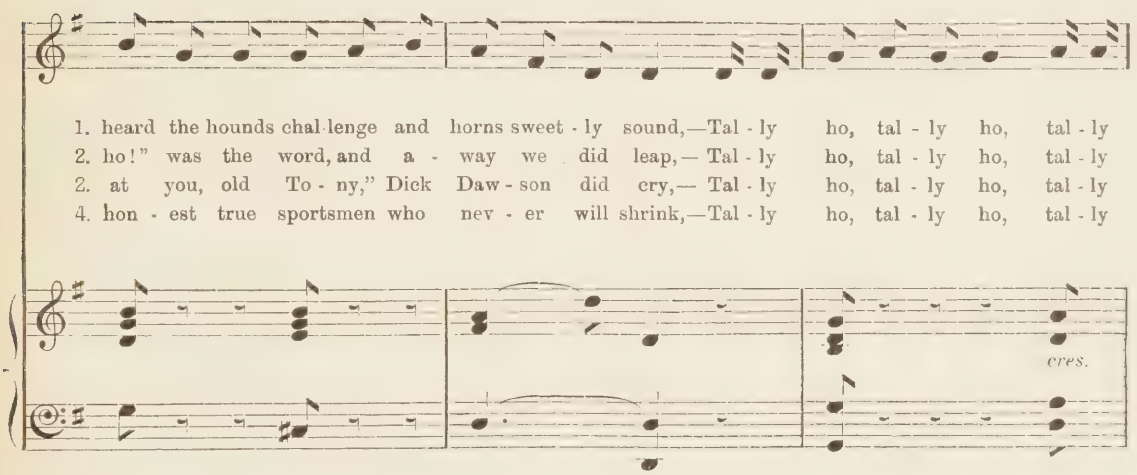
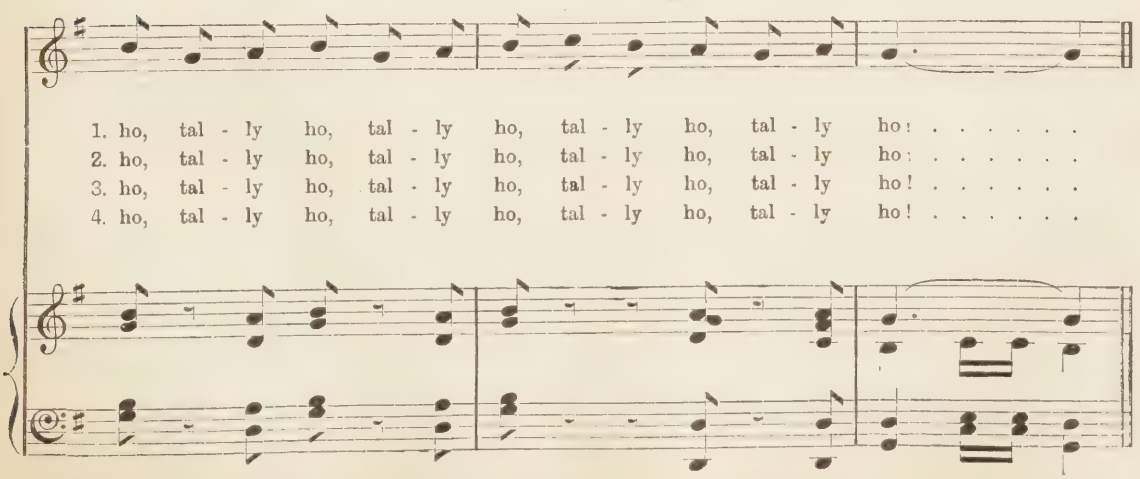
[1] In the original ballad the line stands, "The child may rue that is unborn."

Black Sloven.

Hunting Song.

Spiritoso.
8va.....
f
p rit. . . . f
rit.
1. Last Val - en-tine's Day, when bright Phœ - bus shone clear, I
2. "Hal - lo, in - to cov - ert!" old An - tho - ny cries; No
3. Our hounds and our hor - ses were al - ways as good As
4. The day's sport being o - ver, the horns we will sound, To
mf
1. had not been hunt - ing for more than a year. Tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly
2. soon - er he spoke, but the fox, sir, he spies. Tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly
3. ev - er broke cov - ert or dash'd thro' the wood. Tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly
4. jol - ly fox - hunt - ers let ech - oes re - sound. Tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly

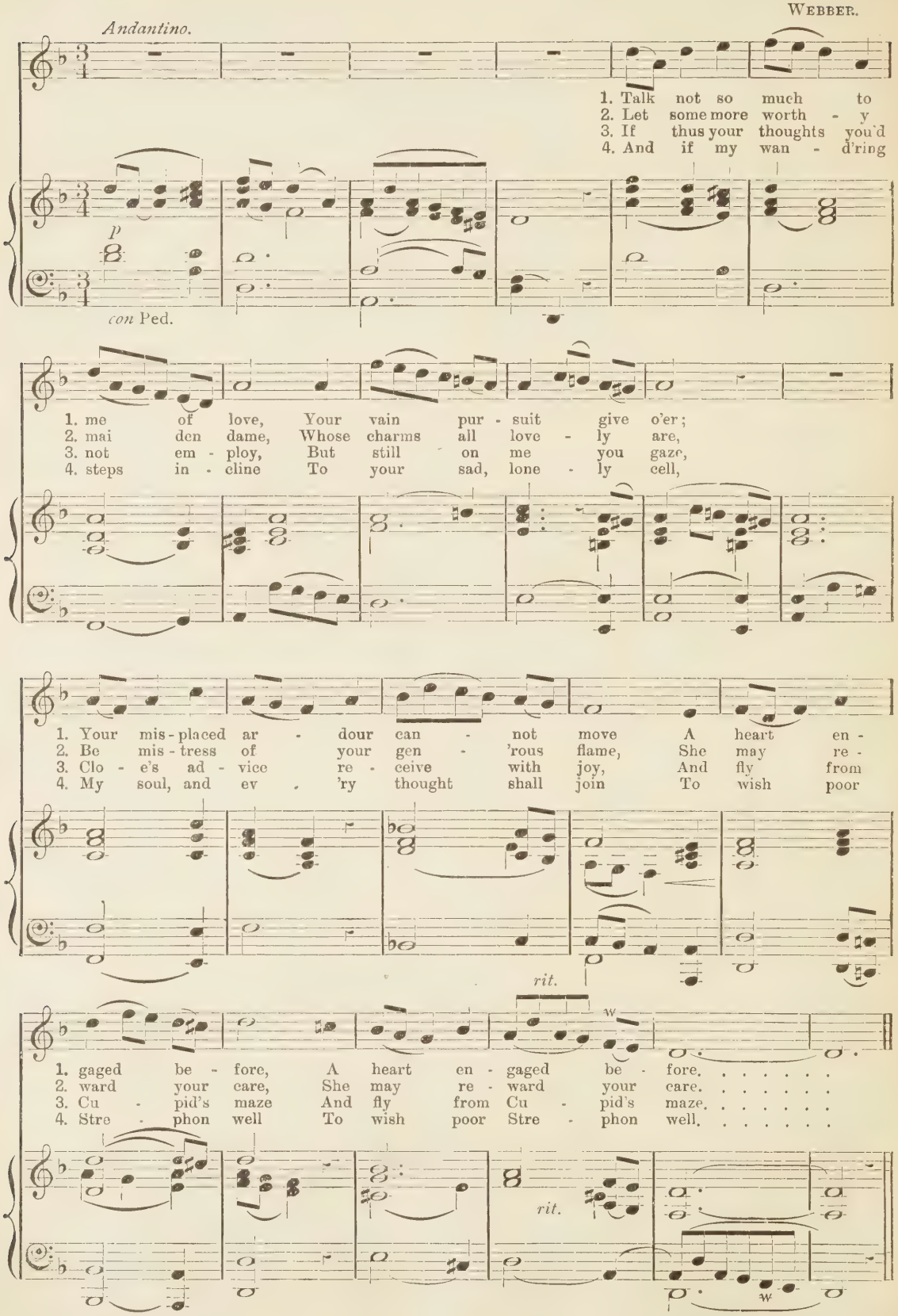
During the 18th century the florid hunting song was strongly in evidence. It always contained classic allusions to Diana or Aurora, and finished up with complicated musical passages devoted to the imitation of the hunting horn, and fitted to numberless "tally ho's." Kelly in his *Reminiscences*, vol. i., p. 222, gives an amusing account of an English lady singer at Vienna, startling the Emperor by the shrieking out of "Tally ho!" in such a song as above alluded to, the Emperor being unable to comprehend the meaning of the word. "Black Sloven" is one of the best of these 18th century hunting lyrics. It was engraved as a half sheet song about 1775, and appears in Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress*, in 1783.


1. ho, tal - ly ho! I mount-ed Black Slov-en, o'er the road made him bound, For I
2. ho, tal - ly ho! This be - ing the sig - nal, he . . then crack'd his whip— "Tal - ly
3. ho, tal - ly ho! Old Rey - nard runs hard, but must . cer - tain - ly die, "Have
4. ho, tal - ly ho! So fill up your glass-es and . . cheer - ful - ly drink To the

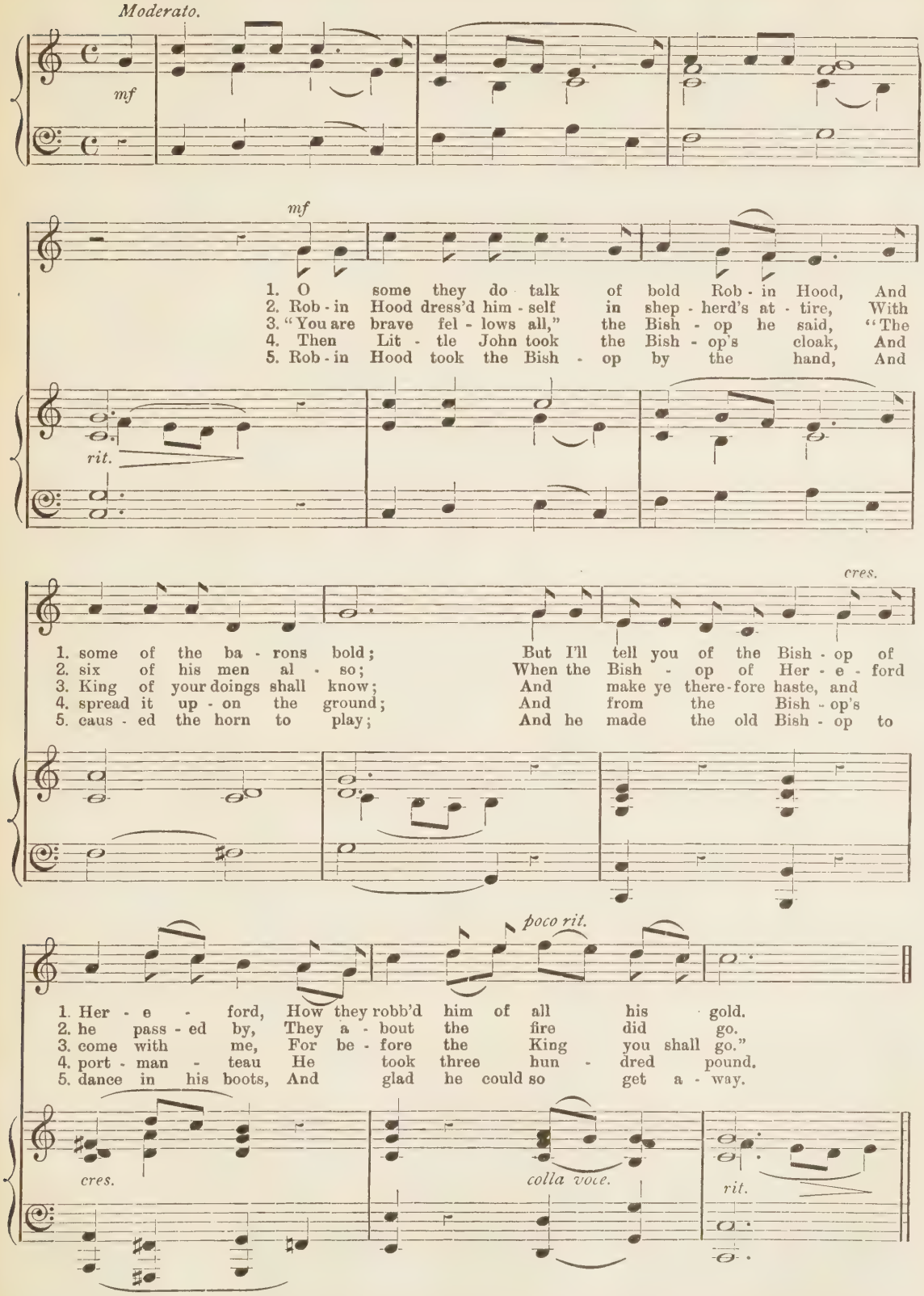

1. heard the hounds chal-lenge and horns sweet - ly sound,—Tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly
2. ho!" was the word, and a - way we did leap,— Tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly
2. at you, old To - ny," Dick Daw - son did cry,— Tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly
4. hon - est true sportsmen who nev - er will shrink,—Tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly
cres.

1. ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho!
2. ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho!
3. ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho!
4. ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho, tal - ly ho!

Talk not so much to me of Love.

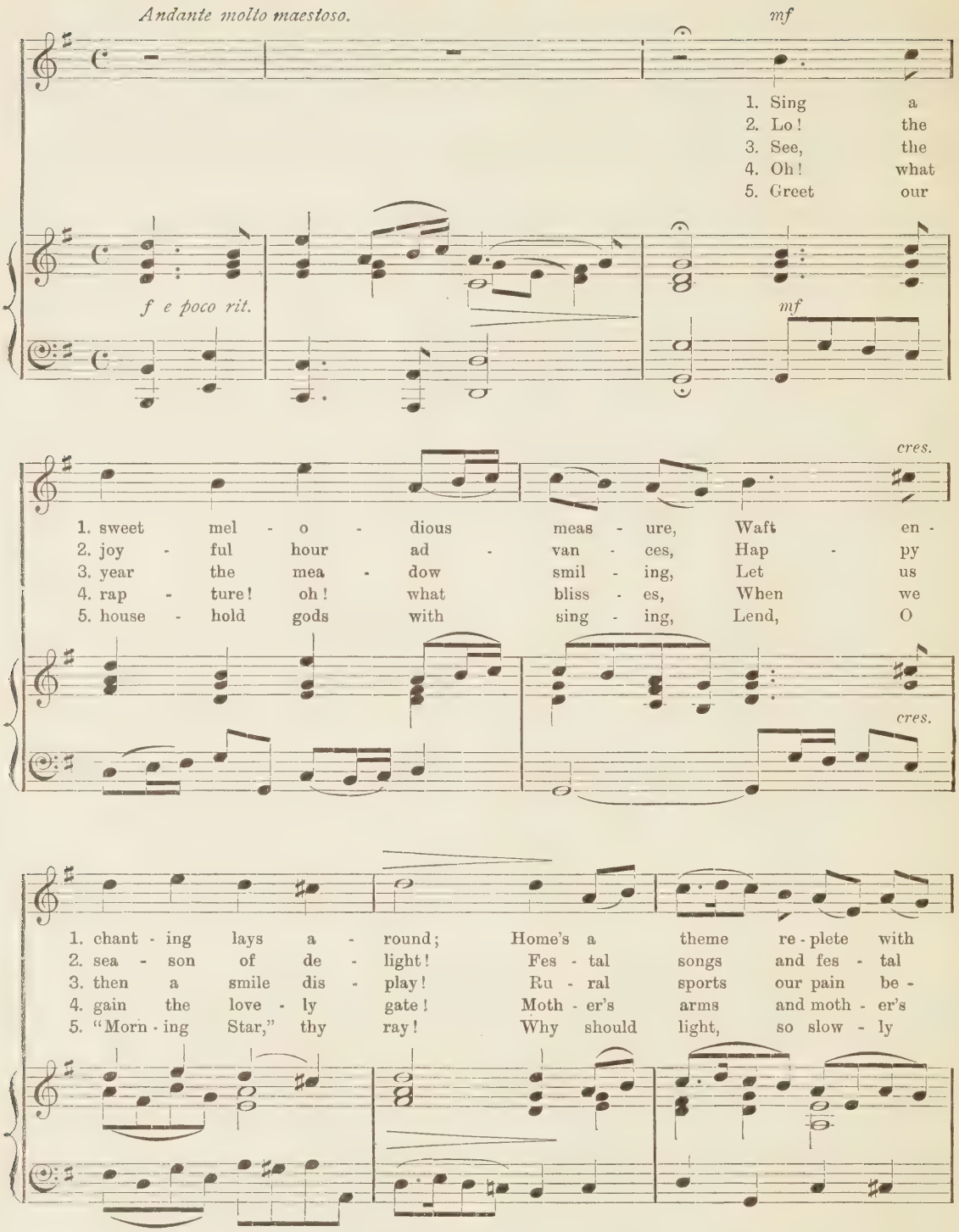
WEBBER.

Andantino.

1. Talk not so much to
2. Let some more worth - y
3. If thus your thoughts you'd
4. And if my wan - d'ring
p
con Ped.
1. me of love, Your vain pur - suit give o'er;
2. mai den dame, Whose charms all love - ly are,
3. not em - ploy, But still on me you gaze,
4. steps in - cline To your sad, lone - ly cell,
1. Your mis-placed ar - dour can - not move A heart en -
2. Be mis-tress of your gen - 'rous flame, She may re -
3. Clo - e's ad - vice re - ceive with joy, And fly from
4. My soul, and ev - 'ry thought shall join To wish poor
rit.
1. gaged be - fore, A heart en - gaged be - fore.
2. ward your care, She may re - ward your care.
3. Cu - pid's maze And fly from Cu - pid's maze.
4. Stre - phon well To wish poor Stre - phon well.
rit.

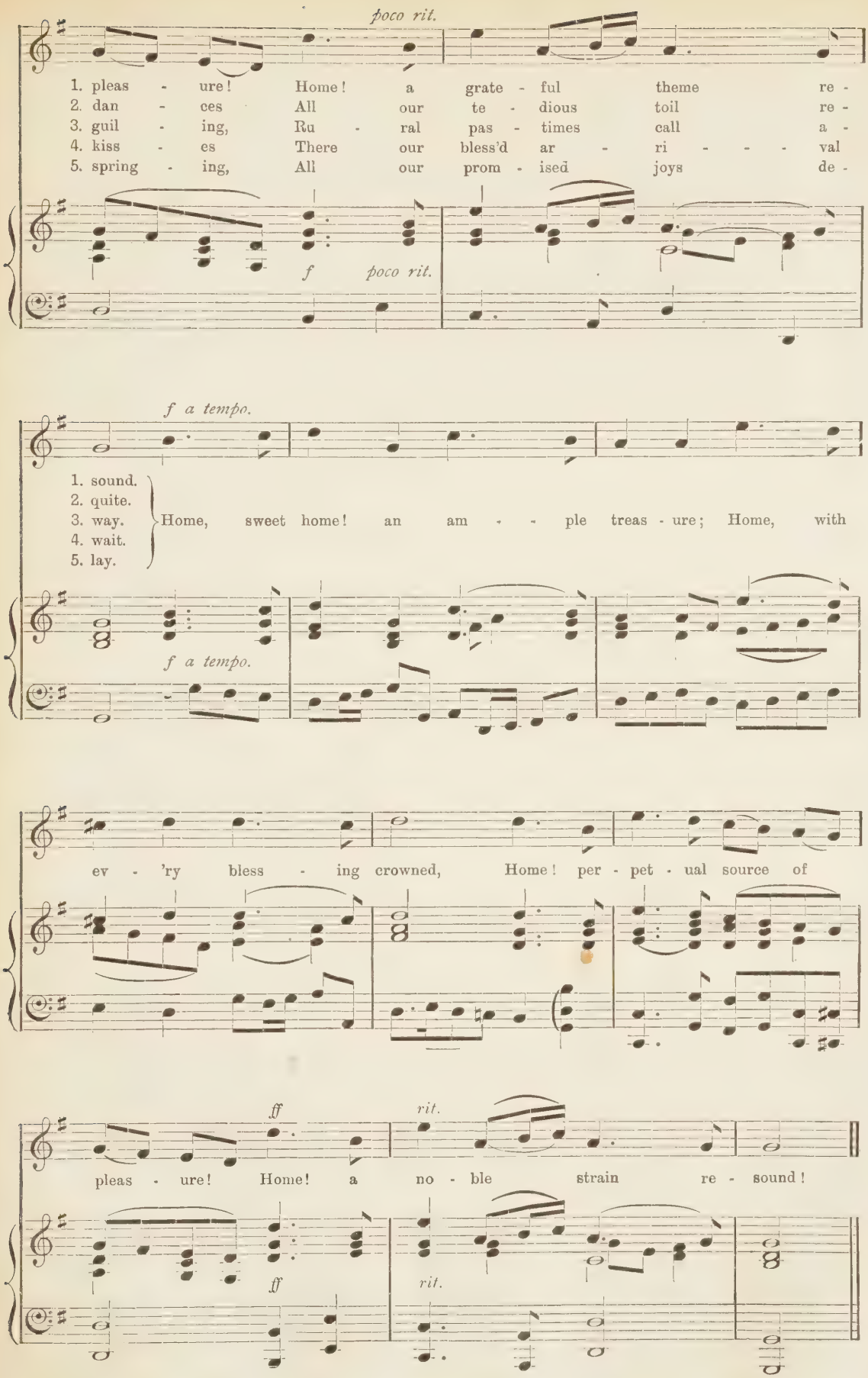
The song and melody from volume iii. of the *Merry Musician: or, a Cure for the Spleen, circa* 1728. The fine air is there stated to be by a Mr. Webber.

Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford.

Moderato.
mf
mf
1. O some they do talk of bold Rob - in Hood, And
2. Rob - in Hood dress'd him - self in shep - herd's at - tire, With
3. "You are brave fel - lows all," the Bish - op he said, "The
4. Then Lit - tle John took the Bish - op's cloak, And
5. Rob - in Hood took the Bish - op by the hand, And
rit.
cres.
1. some of the ba - rons bold; But I'll tell you of the Bish - op of
2. six of his men al - so; When the Bish - op of Her - e - ford
3. King of your doings shall know; And make ye there - fore haste, and
4. spread it up - on the ground; And from the Bish - op's
5. caus - ed the horn to play; And he made the old Bish - op to
poco rit.
1. Her - e - ford, How they robb'd him of all his gold.
2. he pass - ed by, They a - bout the fire did go.
3. come with me, For be - fore the King you shall go."
4. port - man - teau He took three hun - dred pound.
5. dance in his boots, And glad he could so get a - way.
cres.
colla voce.
rit.

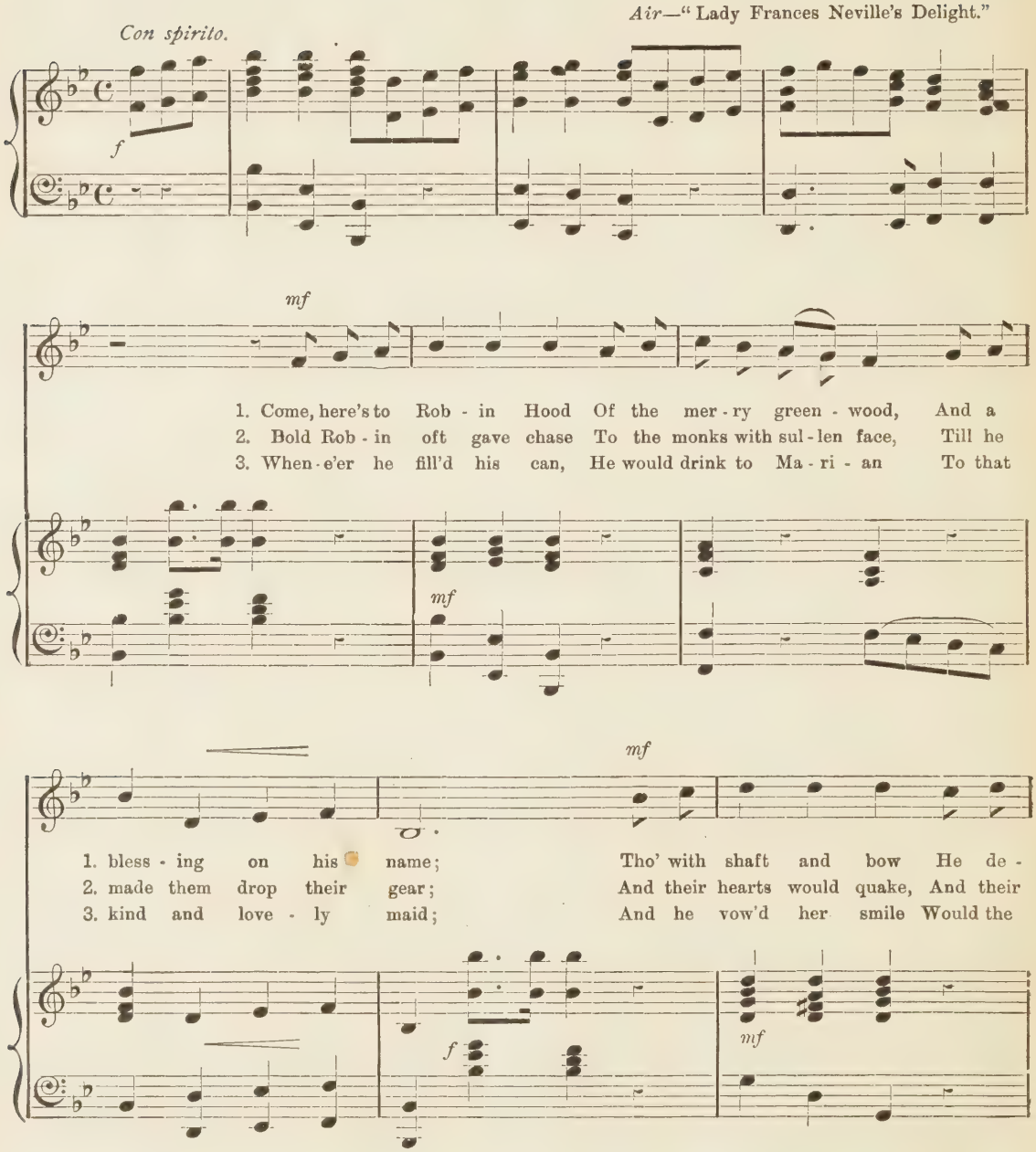
This air, with a ballad of twenty-one verses attached, is in a volume of half sheet songs in the British Museum, press mark, G 311. The sheet was engraved and published by Thomas Straight about 1780, but it is evidently from a much earlier copy. Ritson in his *Robin Hood Ballads* gives two different ones of the adventures of the bishop with Robin Hood's men; one of these, similar to the one on the music sheet, is here in part adopted

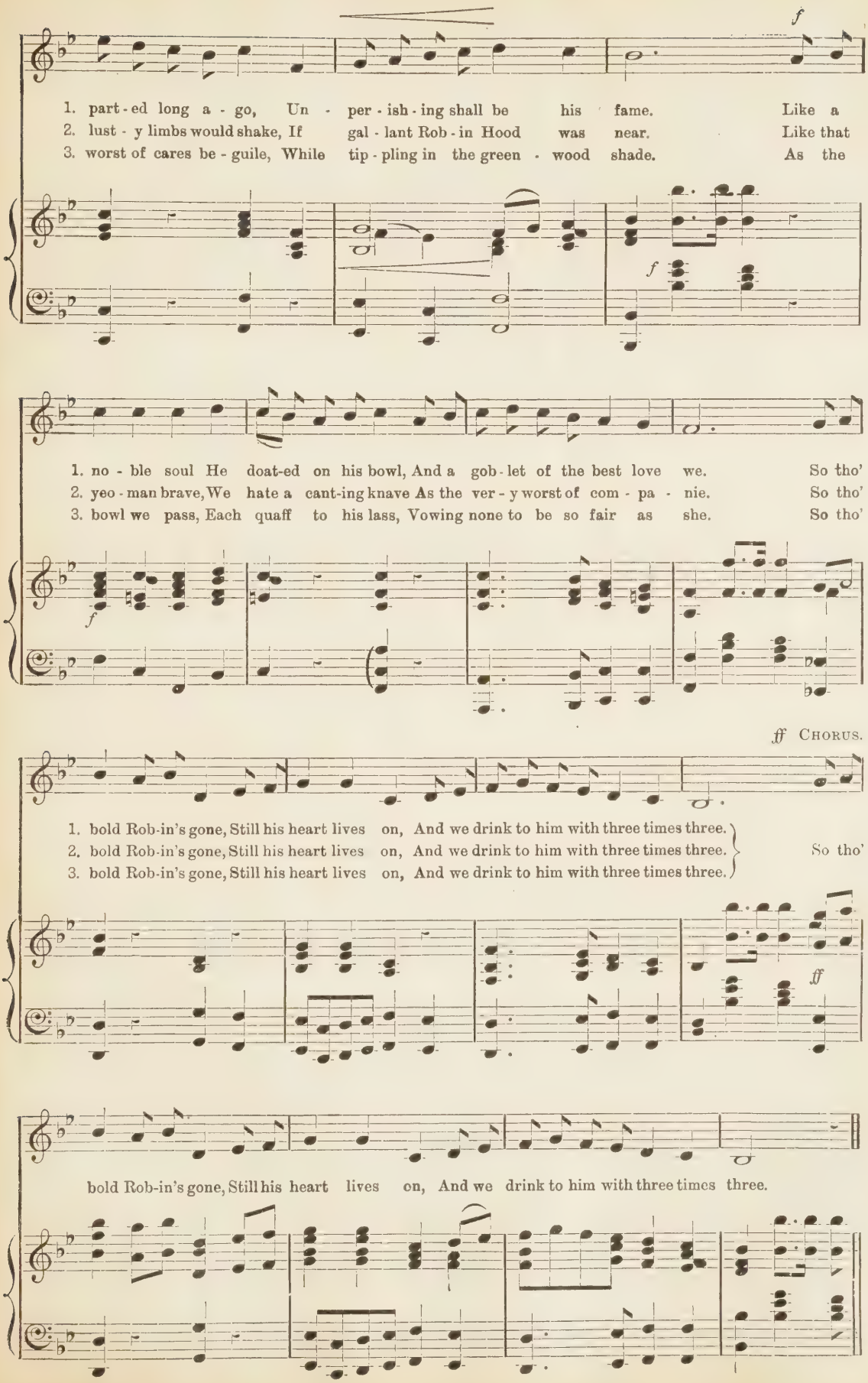
Dulce Domum.

Andante molto maestoso.
mf
1. Sing a
2. Lo! the
3. See, the
4. Oh! what
5. Greet our
f e poco rit.
mf
cres.
1. sweet mel - o - dious meas - ure, Waft en -
2. joy - ful hour ad - van - ces, Hap - py
3. year the mea - dow smil - ing, Let us
4. rap - ture! oh! what bliss - es, When we
5. house - hold gods with sing - ing, Lend, O
cres.
1. chant - ing lays a - round; Home's a theme re - plete with
2. sea - son of de - light! Fes - tal songs and fes - tal
3. then a smile dis - play! Ru - ral sports our pain be -
4. gain the love - ly gate! Moth - er's arms and moth - er's
5. "Morn - ing Star," thy ray! Why should light, so slow - ly

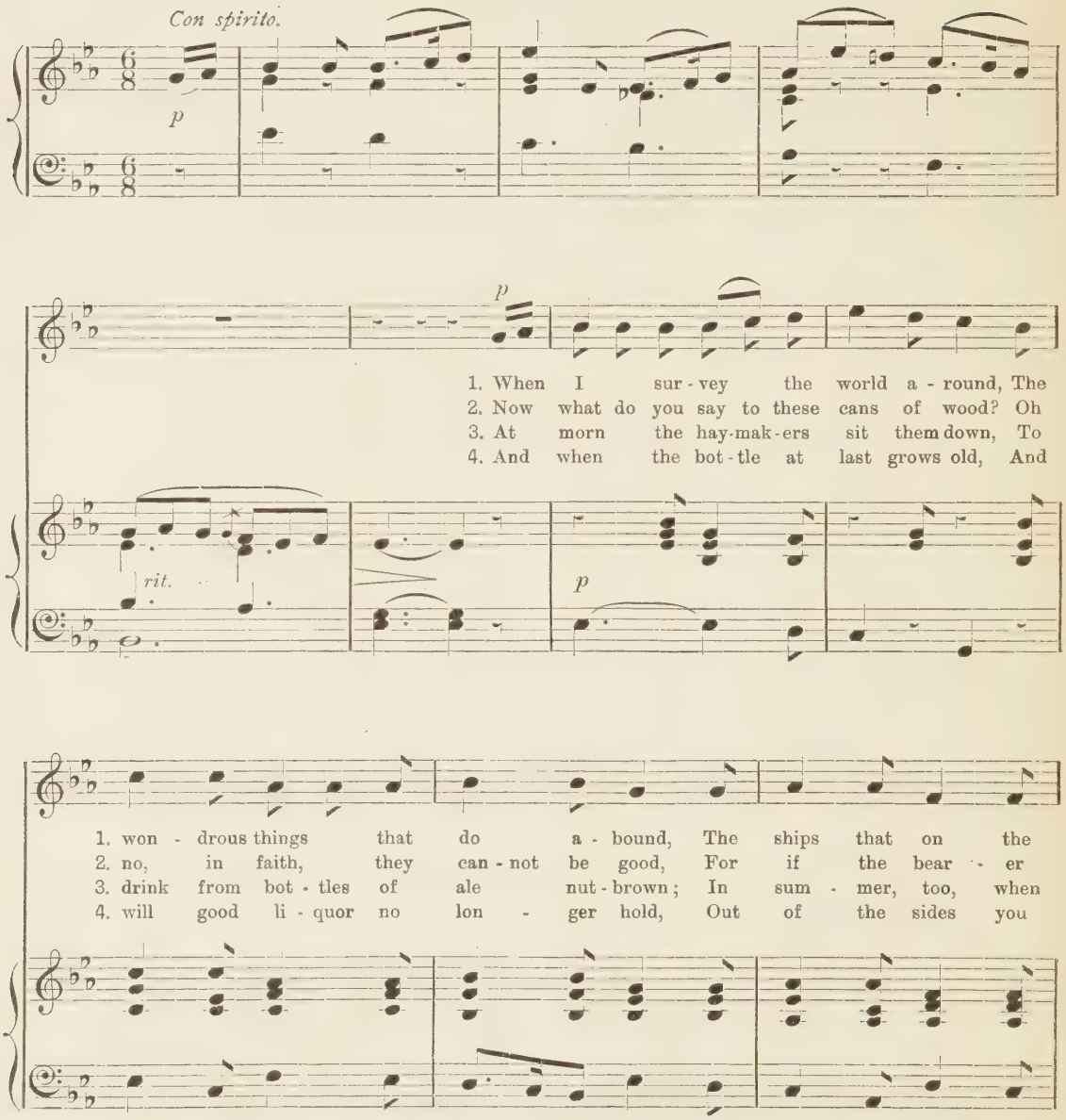
Attributed, so far as the melody is concerned, to John Reading, who was organist at Winchester College and Cathedral from 1681 to probably the date of his death, 1695. Reading was also composer of an Election Grace. "Dulce Domum," sung in Latin, has been from time immemorial the breaking-up song of the College at the Whitsun holidays, and from there has spread to similar institutions. Many translations of the old Latin words have been made, the one we adopt being the most popular; another very similar is in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1796. The story goes that the song was composed by a student named Turner, who, while his fellow scholars went home at a holiday time, was chained to a tree for some misdemeanour, and that he died in captivity. On the evening preceding the holidays, the scholars with the choir and organist, used to march round this tree singing "Dulce Domum." A writer in *Notes and Queries*, in 1854, stated that the tree then was standing. It is evident that the pretty legend is scarcely likely to be correct. The tune, words, and sundry other items were published in *Harmonia Wykehamica*, 1811 (and in the earlier edition). The song and tune are also in Dale's *English Songs*, and other collections. The present must not be confounded with another, "Dulce Domum," a song written by Braham in the beginning of the 19th century.


poco rit.
1. pleas - ure! Home! a grate - ful theme re -
2. dan - ces All our te - dious toil re -
3. guil - ing, Ru - ral pas - times call a -
4. kiss - es There our bless'd ar - ri - - - val
5. spring - ing, All our prom - ised joys de -
f poco rit.
f a tempo.
1. sound.
2. quite.
3. way.
4. wait.
5. lay.
Home, sweet home! an am - - ple treas - ure; Home, with
f a tempo.
ev - 'ry bless - ing crowned, Home! per - pet - ual source of
ff rit.
pleas - ure! Home! a no - ble strain re - sound!
ff rit.

Come, here's to Robin Hood.

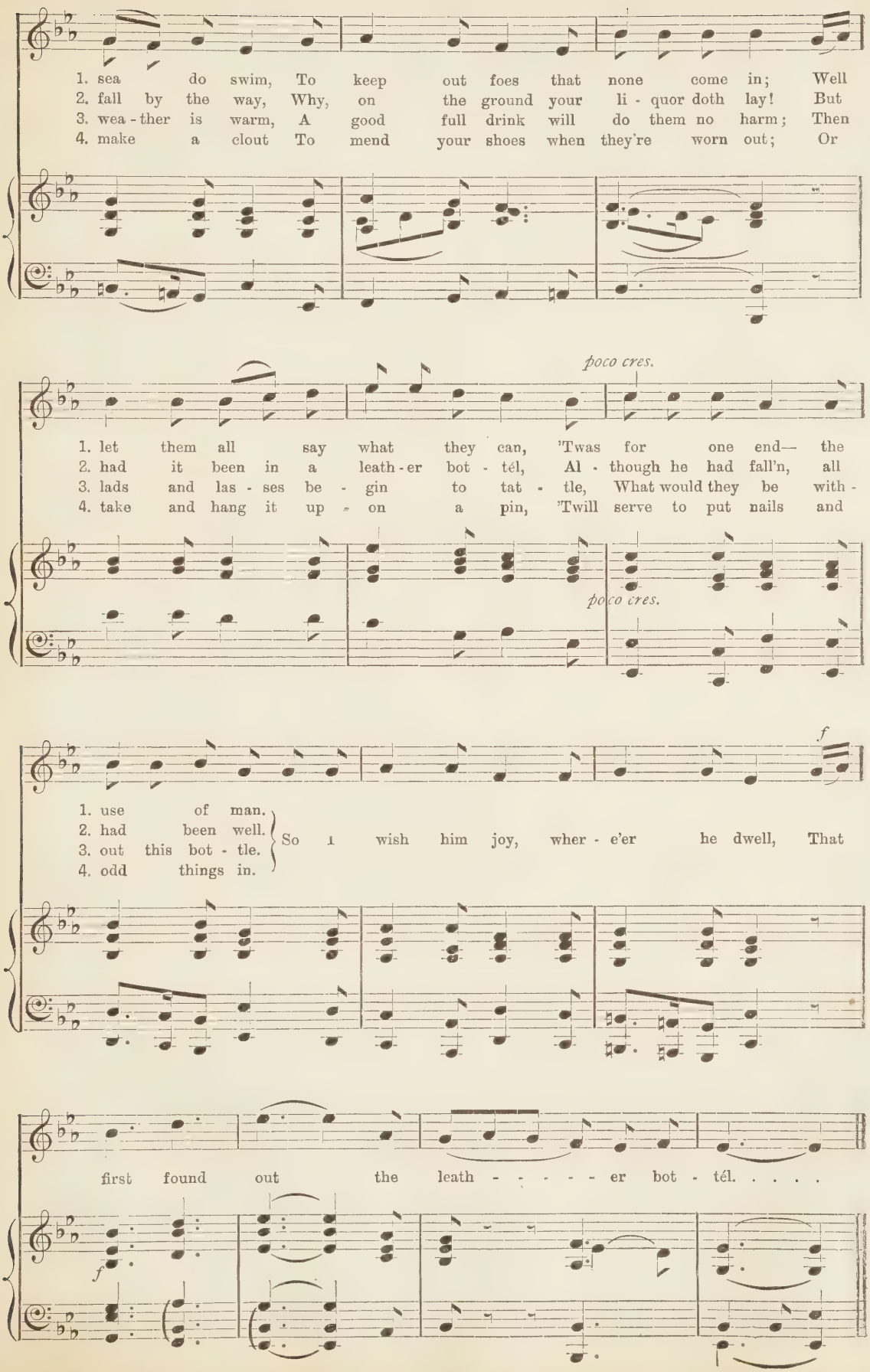
Air—"Lady Frances Neville's Delight."

Con spirito.
f
mf
1. Come, here's to Rob - in Hood Of the mer - ry green - wood, And a
2. Bold Rob - in oft gave chase To the monks with sul - len face, Till he
3. When - e'er he fill'd his can, He would drink to Ma - ri - an To that
mf
mf
1. bless - ing on his name; Tho' with shaft and bow He de -
2. made them drop their gear; And their hearts would quake, And their
3. kind and love - ly maid; And he vow'd her smile Would the
f
mf

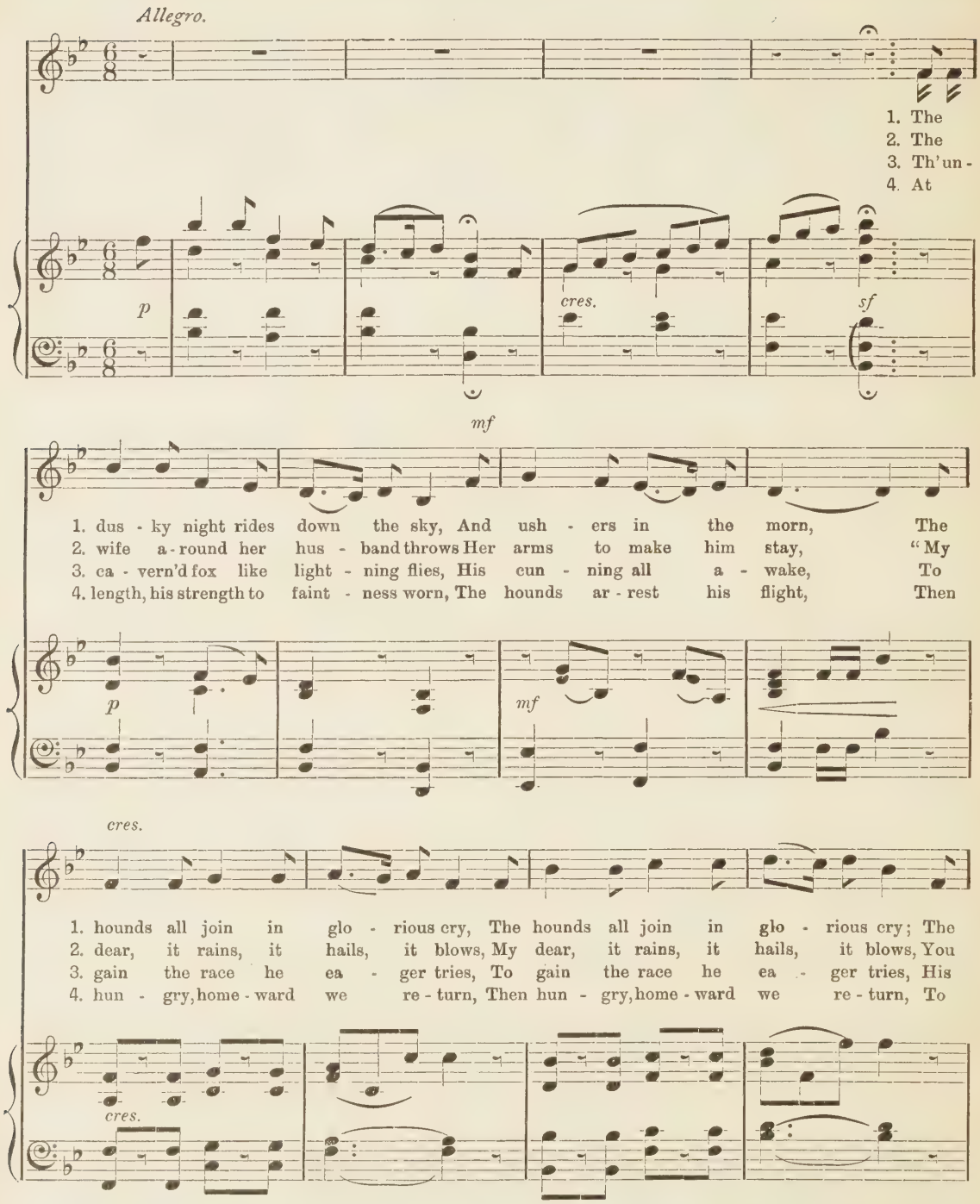
Messrs. Chappell & Co. kindly give permission to use the above excellent words written by Mr. John Oxenford. They are fitted to an early dance air which, appearing among the *New tunes for the treble Violin*, at the end of the 1665 edition of Playford's *Dancing Master*, is there named "The Lady Frances Neville's Delight." The air is also in the later editions of these *New Dances* ("Apollo's Banquet"), and in *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666. The melody is so vocal that it can scarcely have been a dance tune pure and simple, but the original words up to the present remain undiscovered. John Oxenford wrote another song to the air, "Hope the Hermit," and while this had a large degree of popularity, yet it is by no means so suited to the bold melody as his later Robin Hood song.

f
1. part - ed long a - go, Un - per - ish - ing shall be his fame. Like a
2. lust - y limbs would shake, If gal - lant Rob - in Hood was near. Like that
3. worst of cares be - guile, While tip - pling in the green - wood shade. As the
f
1. no - ble soul He doat-ed on his bowl, And a gob - let of the best love we. So tho'
2. yeo - man brave, We hate a cant-ing knave As the ver - y worst of com - pa - nie. So tho'
3. bowl we pass, Each quaff to his lass, Vowing none to be so fair as she. So tho'
f
ff CHORUS.
1. bold Rob-in's gone, Still his heart lives on, And we drink to him with three times three.
2. bold Rob-in's gone, Still his heart lives on, And we drink to him with three times three.
3. bold Rob-in's gone, Still his heart lives on, And we drink to him with three times three.
So tho'
ff
bold Rob-in's gone, Still his heart lives on, And we drink to him with three times three.

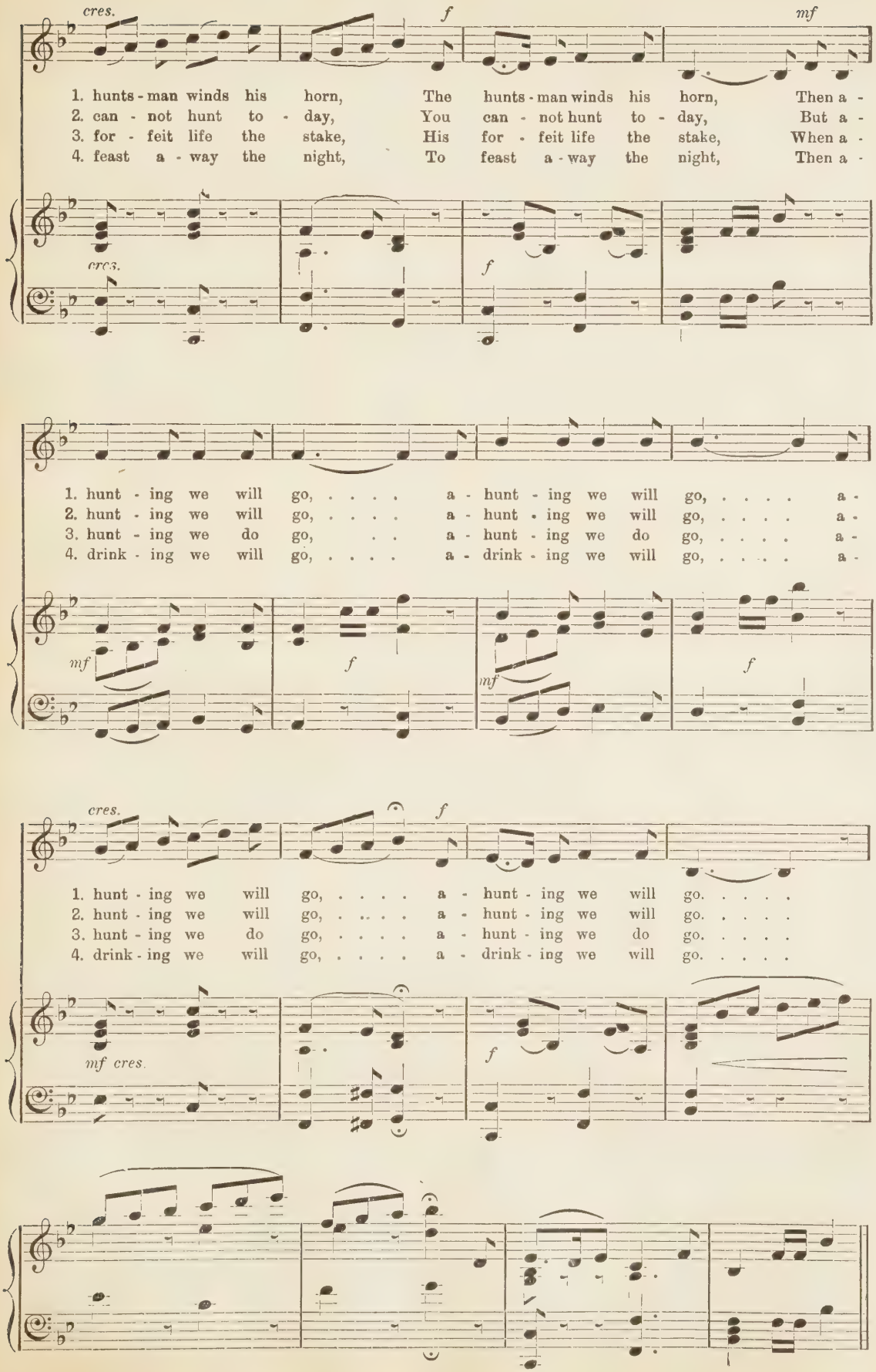
The Leather Bottél.

Con spirito.
p
p
1. When I sur - vey the world a - round, The
2. Now what do you say to these cans of wood? Oh
3. At morn the hay-mak - ers sit them down, To
4. And when the bot - tle at last grows old, And
rit.
p
1. won - drous things that do a - bound, The ships that on the
2. no, in faith, they can - not be good, For if the bear - er
3. drink from bot - tles of ale nut - brown; In sum - mer, too, when
4. will good li - quor no lon - ger hold, Out of the sides you

The words are from a black letter ballad sheet, printed in the 17th century, copies of which are among the Roxburghe and other collections of broadsides. The now popular tune was originally published by William Chappell in his *National English Airs*, 1838, and again twenty years later in his *Popular Music*; it had been noted down as a traditional ballad air. That this ballad of the "Leather Bottél" was traditional in Yorkshire about a hundred years ago the writer of the present note can vouch for, as it was a favourite song of his grandfather about the years 1800-10. There were other traditional ballads in praise of the leather bottle (see Dixon's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 203, and *English County Songs*, p. 66, "The good old leathern bottle"). The song similar to the one on the broadside is given in the 1707 and the 1719 editions of *Pills to purge Melancholy*, with an air attached which is reproduced in the Appendix. Following it, to the same tune, is another in praise of the black Jack, commencing:—

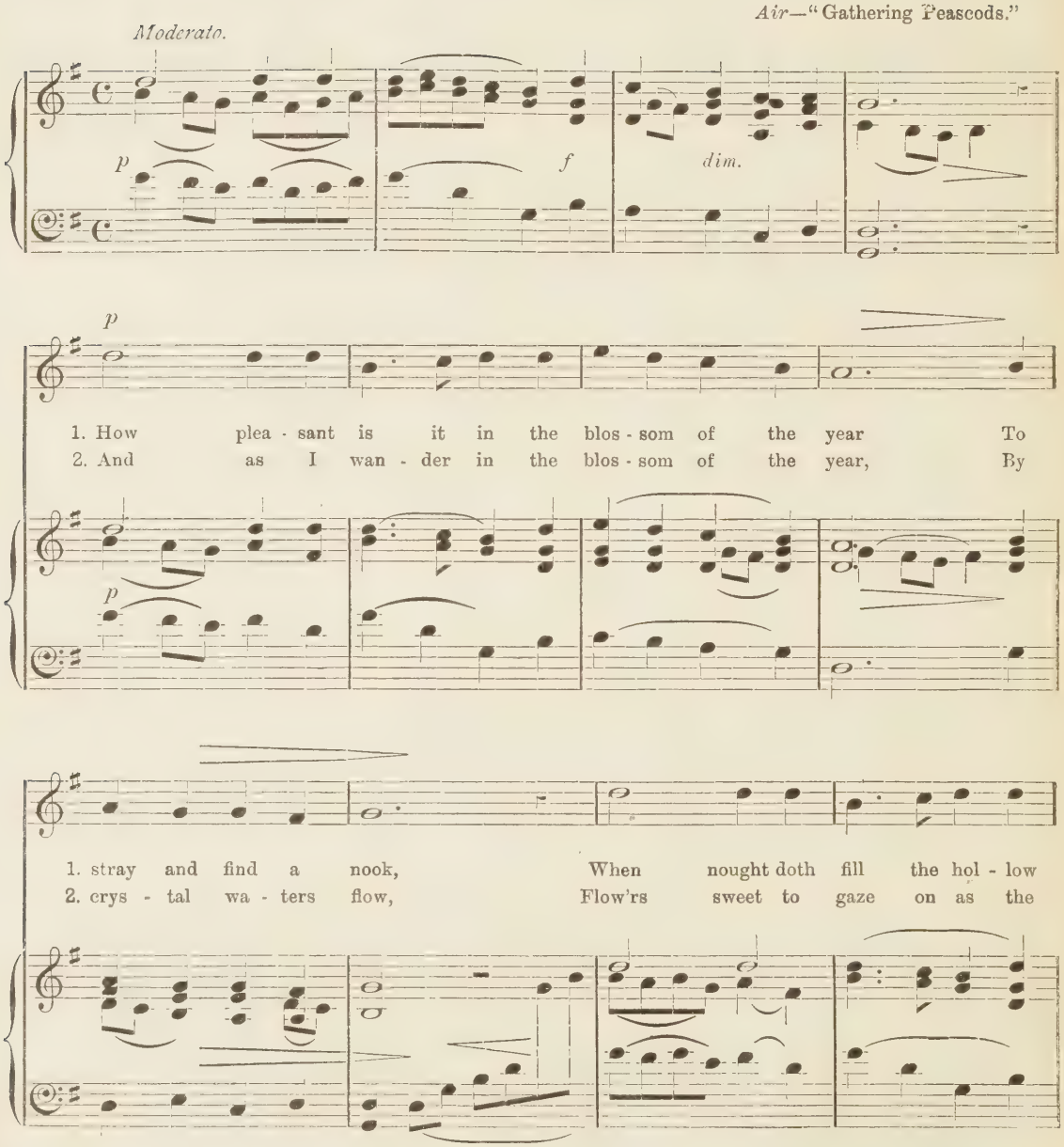
"'Tis a pitiful thing that now-a-days, sirs,
Our poets turn Leathern bottle praisers,
But if a Leathern theme they did lack,
They might better have chosen the bonny black Jack."

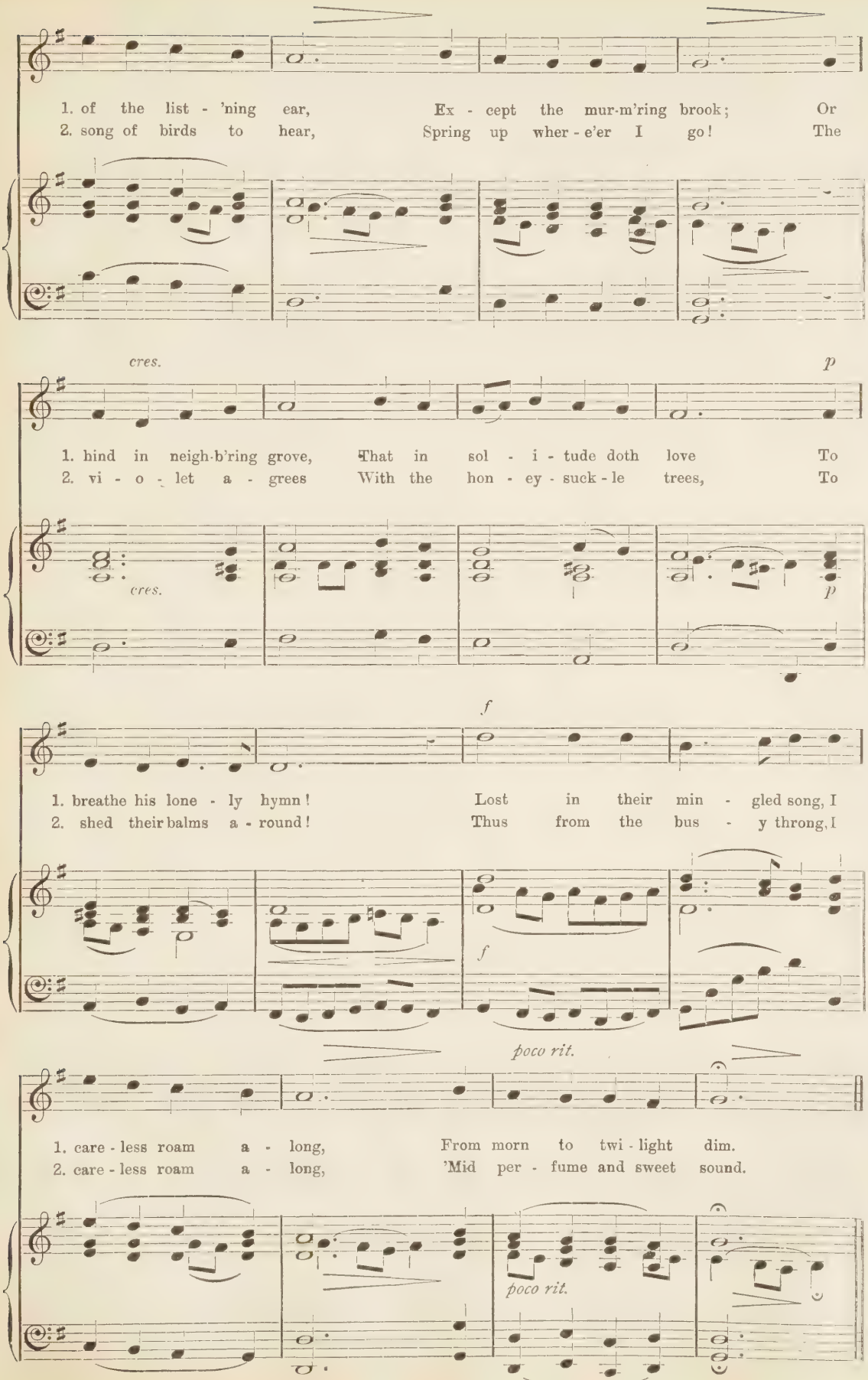
It need scarcely be noted that a leather bottle for the purpose of carrying spirits on a journey was in use till quite recent times. The black Jack was a black leather jug of varied form for alehouse use, frequently mounted in pewter or silver.

1. sea do swim, To keep out foes that none come in; Well
2. fall by the way, Why, on the ground your li - quor doth lay! But
3. wea - ther is warm, A good full drink will do them no harm; Then
4. make a clout To mend your shoes when they're worn out; Or
poco cres.
1. let them all say what they can, 'Twas for one end— the
2. had it been in a leath - er bot - tél, Al - though he had fall'n, all
3. lads and las - ses be - gin to tat - tle, What would they be with -
4. take and hang it up - on a pin, 'Twill serve to put nails and
poco cres.
f
1. use of man.
2. had been well.
3. out this bot - tle.
4. odd things in.
So I wish him joy, wher - e'er he dwell, That
first found out the leath - - - - - er bot - tél. . . . .
f

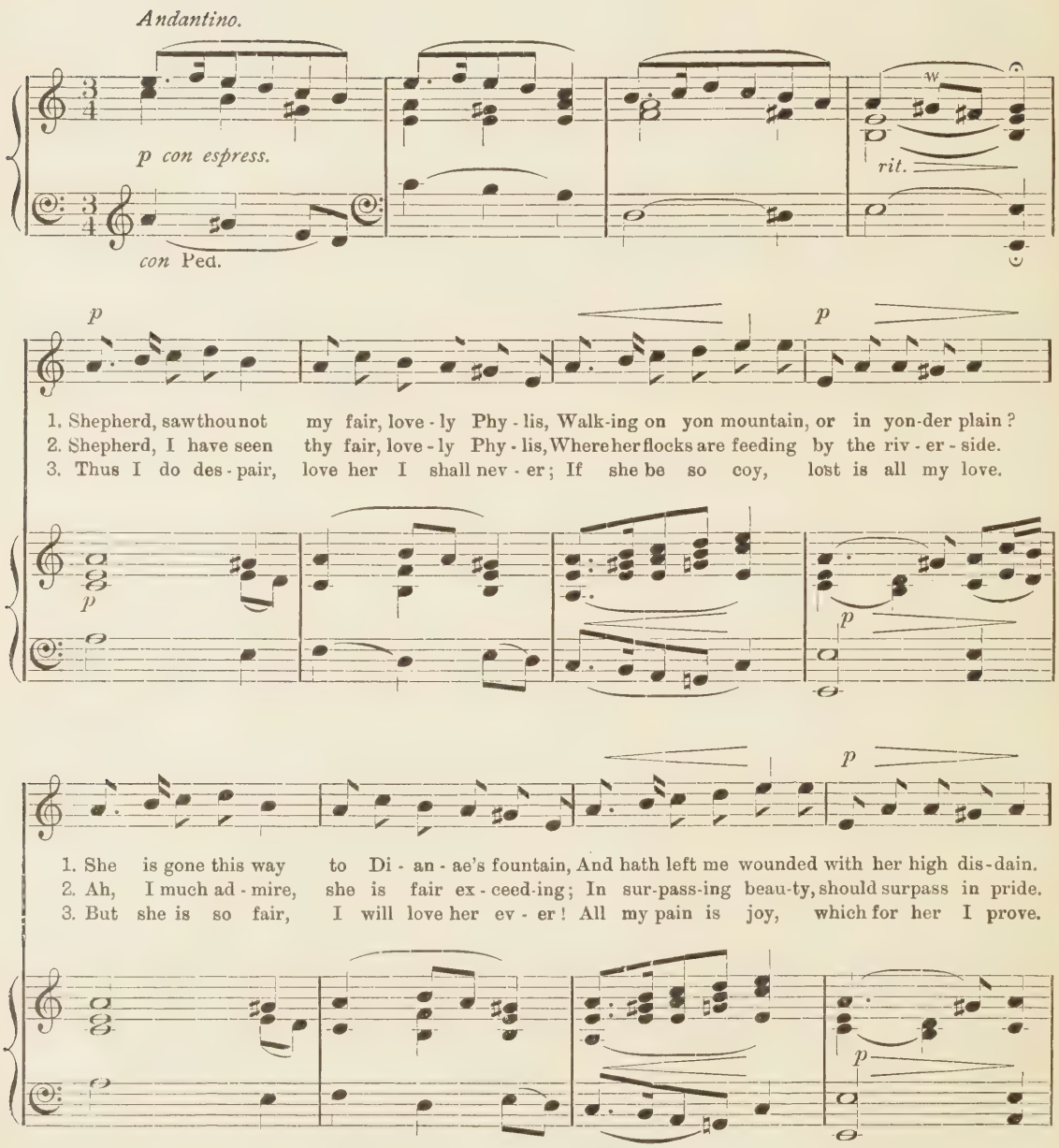
The Dusky Night rides down the Sky.

Allegro.
1. The
2. The
3. Th'un-
4. At
p
cres.
sf
mf
1. dus - ky night rides down the sky, And ush - ers in the morn, The
2. wife a-round her hus - band throws Her arms to make him stay, "My
3. ca - vern'd fox like light - ning flies, His cun - ning all a - wake, To
4. length, his strength to faint - ness worn, The hounds ar - rest his flight, Then
p
mf
cres.
1. hounds all join in glo - rious cry, The hounds all join in glo - rious cry; The
2. dear, it rains, it hails, it blows, My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows, You
3. gain the race he ea - ger tries, To gain the race he ea - ger tries, His
4. hun - gry, home - ward we re - turn, Then hun - gry, home - ward we re - turn, To
cres.

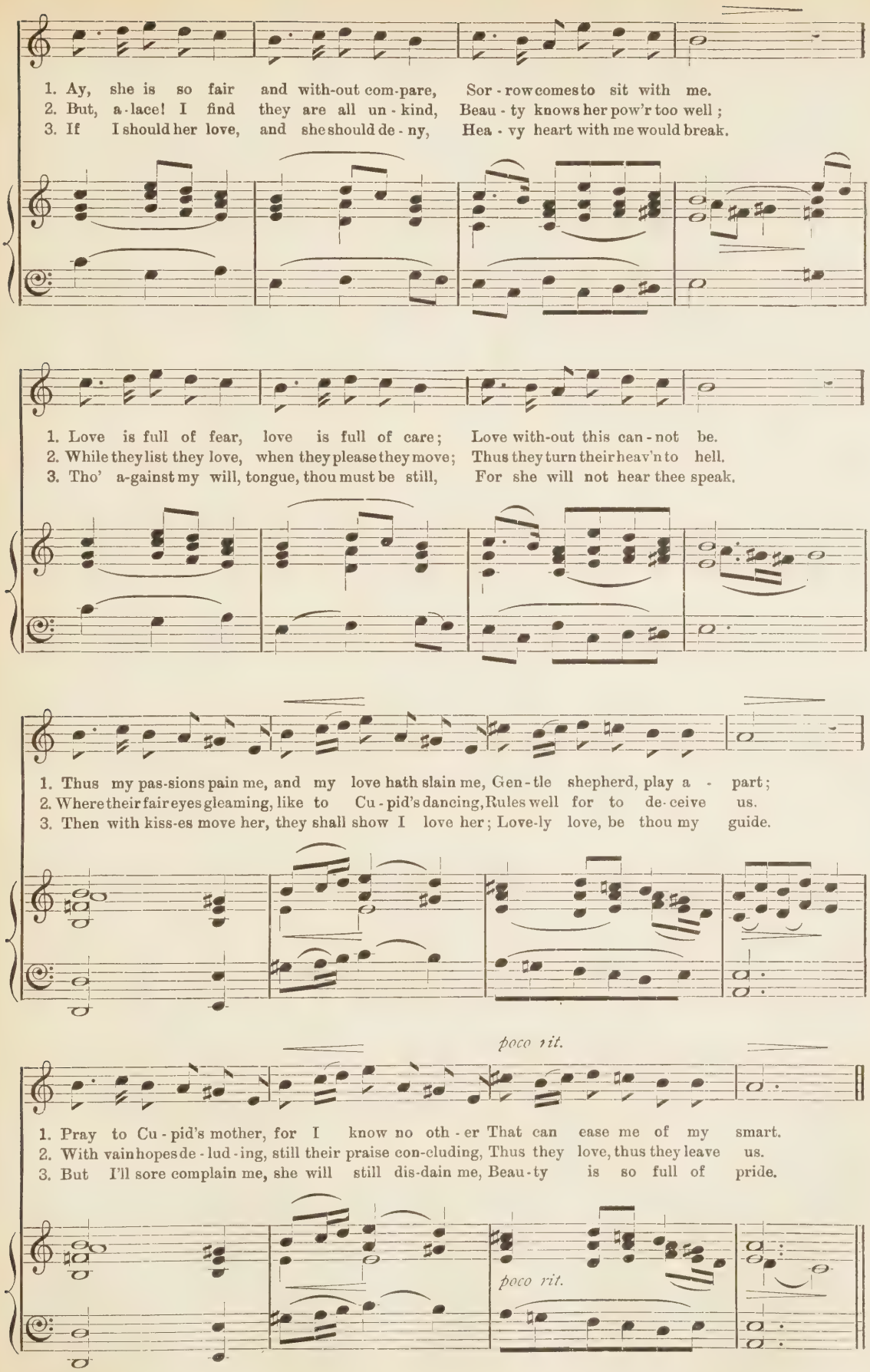
One of our finest hunting songs, the words of which were written by Henry Fielding for a ballad opera named *Don Quixote in England*, acted at the Haymarket in 1733, and originally set to the old air, "There was a jovial beggar," printed in the present volume. The above air to "The Dusky Night" first became associated with the words about 1760-70, and appeared with them on half sheets. One of these early copies shows that the song was introduced by Mr. Farrell in *The Beggars' Ope a.* As a "New Favourite Hunting Song," the song and the present air are printed in John Arnold's *Essex Harmony*, vol. ii., 2nd edition, 1777 · in Bew's *Vocal Music, circa* 1781; Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress*, 1783; *The Musical Miscellany*, Perth, 1786, and many later song books. The air as a country dance is in Skillern's *Dances* for 17.0; Longman and Broderip's *Country Dances*, vol. ii., and in numerous violin and flute tutors of the period In the *Musical Miscella ay*, printed at Perth in 1786, a song entitled "Father Paul" is set to the air, commencing "While grave divines preach up dull rules." In the Rev. James Plumptre's *Collection of Songs*, Cambridge, 1805, a harvest home, and a gleaning song are set to the tune.

cres.
f
mf
1. hunts - man winds his horn, The hunts - man winds his horn, Then a -
2. can - not hunt to - day, You can - not hunt to - day, But a -
3. for - feit life the stake, His for - feit life the stake, When a -
4. feast a - way the night, To feast a - way the night, Then a -
cres.
f
1. hunt - ing we will go, ... a - hunt - ing we will go, ... a -
2. hunt - ing we will go, ... a - hunt - ing we will go, ... a -
3. hunt - ing we do go, . . a - hunt - ing we do go, ... a -
4. drink - ing we will go, ... a - drink - ing we will go, ... a -
mf
f
mf
f
cres.
f
1. hunt - ing we will go, ... a - hunt - ing we will go. . . . .
2. hunt - ing we will go, ... a - hunt - ing we will go. . . . .
3. hunt - ing we do go, ... a - hunt - ing we do go. . . . .
4. drink - ing we will go, ... a - drink - ing we will go. . . . .
mf cres.
f

The Blossom of the Year.

Air—"Gathering Peascods."

Moderato.
p
f
dim.
p
1. How plea - sant is it in the blos - som of the year To
2. And as I wan - der in the blos - som of the year, By
p
1. stray and find a nook, When nought doth fill the hol - low
2. crys - tal wa - ters flow, Flow'rs sweet to gaze on as the

The old air, "Gathering Peascods," appears in all editions of the *Dancing Master* from 1650 to 1690. The first two bars are practically the same as "All in a garden green," given in the present volume. As nothing seems to have been known about the original words (not unlikely the name is but a fanciful dance tune title), Mr. Chappell got J. A. Wade the musician to write new verses for it. The e are used here, and Chappell's version of the air employed, although it must be pointed out that he has by no means closely followed Playford's setting, and there does not appear to be any other old printed copy extant. For comparison the *Dancing Master* tune is given in the Appendix.

1. of the list - 'ning ear, Ex - cept the mur-m'ring brook; Or
2. song of birds to hear, Spring up wher - e'er I go! The
cres.
p
1. hind in neigh-b'ring grove, That in sol - i - tude doth love To
2. vi - o - let a - grees With the hon - ey - suck - le trees, To
cres.
p
f
1. breathe his lone - ly hymn! Lost in their min - gled song, I
2. shed their balms a - round! Thus from the bus - y throng, I
f
poco rit.
1. care - less roam a - long, From morn to twi - light dim.
2. care - less roam a - long, 'Mid per - fume and sweet sound.
poco rit.

Shepherd, saw thou not?

Andantino.
p con espress.
con Ped.
rit.
p
1. Shepherd, saw thou not my fair, love - ly Phy - lis, Walk-ing on yon mountain, or in yon-der plain?
2. Shepherd, I have seen thy fair, love - ly Phy - lis, Where her flocks are feeding by the riv - er - side.
3. Thus I do des - pair, love her I shall nev - er; If she be so coy, lost is all my love.
1. She is gone this way to Di - an - ae's fountain, And hath left me wounded with her high dis-dain.
2. Ah, I much ad - mire, she is fair ex - ceed-ing; In sur-pass-ing beau-ty, should surpass in pride.
3. But she is so fair, I will love her ev - er! All my pain is joy, which for her I prove.

Another English song and melody appearing in Scottish manuscripts and printed works. As in the case of Scottish airs first being found in English books the structure of the tune alone must decide its nationality. The air is a version of the old English melody, "Crimson Velvet." As "Shepherd, saw thou not?" it is in the *Skene MS.* and in the *Straloch lute book*, which has the date 1627. G. F. Graham fortunately made a copy of a part of this manuscript, the original being now lost, and Graham's first transcript is now among the valuable musical treasures possessed by Mr. T. W. Taphouse of Oxford. Graham's second copy is in the Advocates' Library. The words and air of "Shepherd, saw thou not?" are in Forbes' *Cantus*, 1662, 1666, and 1682.

1. Ay, she is so fair and with-out com-pare, Sor-row comes to sit with me.
2. But, a-lace! I find they are all un-kind, Beau-ty knows her pow'r too well;
3. If I should her love, and she should de-ny, Hea-vy heart with me would break.
1. Love is full of fear, love is full of care; Love with-out this can-not be.
2. While they list they love, when they please they move; Thus they turn their heav'n to hell.
3. Tho' a-gainst my will, tongue, thou must be still, For she will not hear thee speak.
1. Thus my pas-sions pain me, and my love hath slain me, Gen-tle shepherd, play a-part;
2. Where their fair eyes gleaming, like to Cu-pid's dancing, Rules well for to de-ceive us.
3. Then with kiss-es move her, they shall show I love her; Love-ly love, be thou my guide.
poco rit.
1. Pray to Cu-pid's mother, for I know no oth-er That can ease me of my smart.
2. With vain hopes de-lud-ing, still their praise con-cluding, Thus they love, thus they leave us.
3. But I'll sore complain me, she will still dis-dain me, Beau-ty is so full of pride.
poco rit.

Good-morrow, Gossip Joan.

Allegretto con spirito.

mf

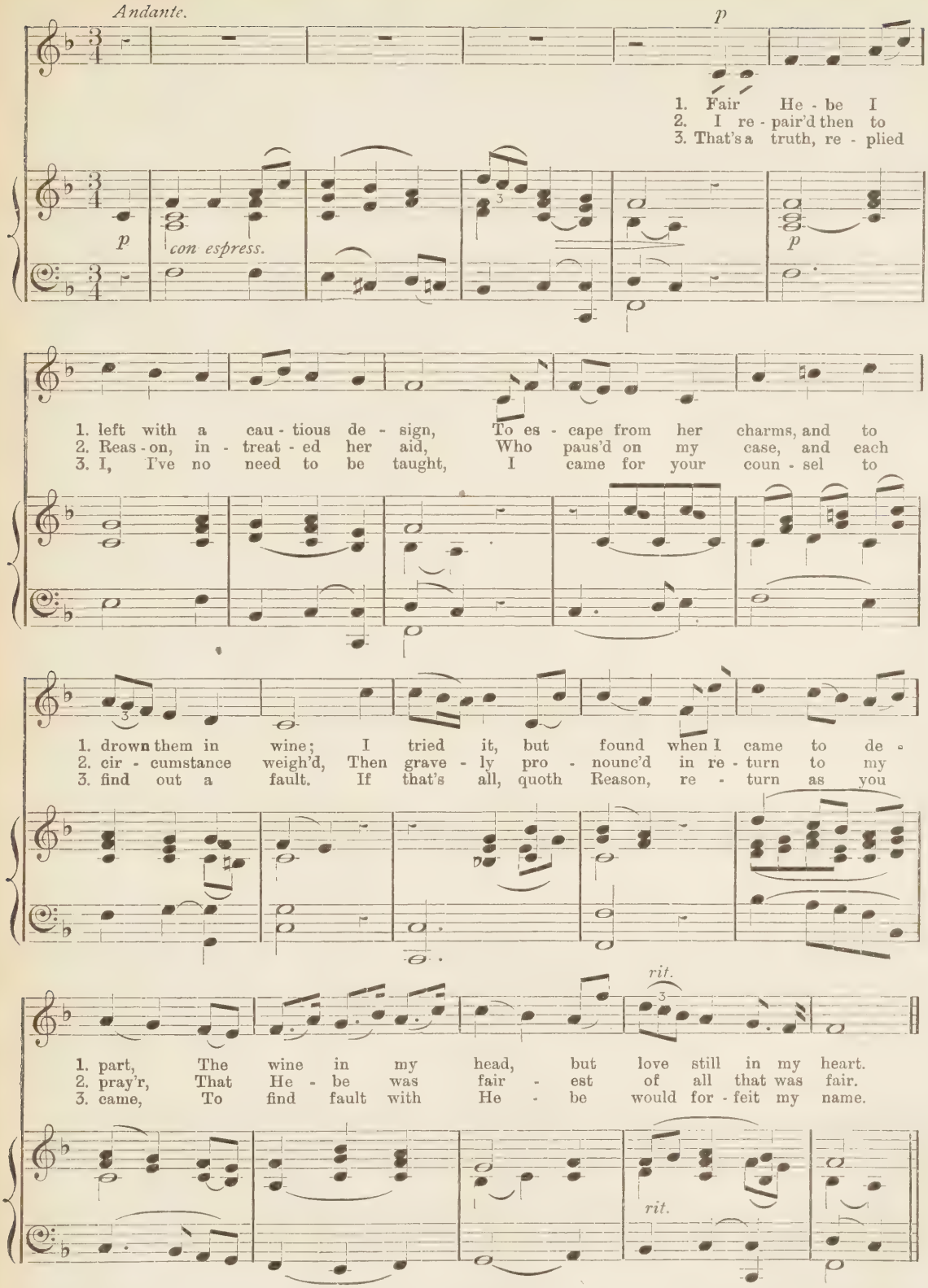
1. Good - mor - row, gos - sip Joan, Where have you been a -
2. I've lost a Har - ry groat, Was left me by my
3. I've lost my wed - ding ring That was made of sil - ver
4. Let's to the ale - house go, And wash down all our

mf

1. walk ing? I have for you at home, . . . I have for you at
2. gran - ny, I can - not find it out, ... I can - not find it
3. gild - ed, I'd drink would please a king, ... I'd drink would please a
4. sor - row, My griefs you then shall know, . . . My griefs you then shall

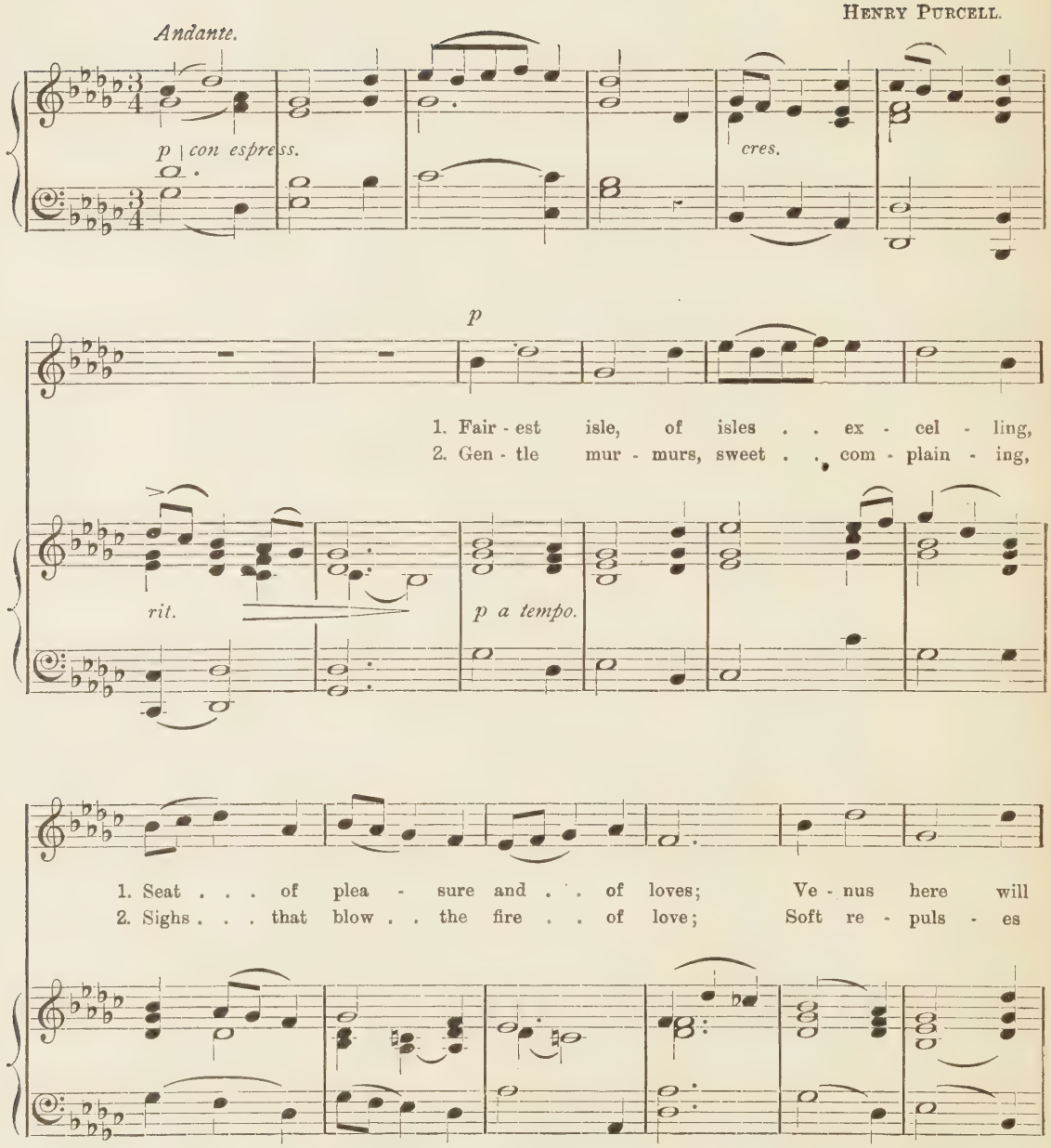
1. home, . . . A bud - get full of talk - - ing, gos - sip Joan.
2. out, ... I've search'd in ev - 'ry cran - - ny, gos - sip Joan.
3. king, ... But sure the cat has spill'd . . . it, gos - sip Joan.
4. know, . . . We'll meet a - gain to - mor - - row, gos - sip Joan.

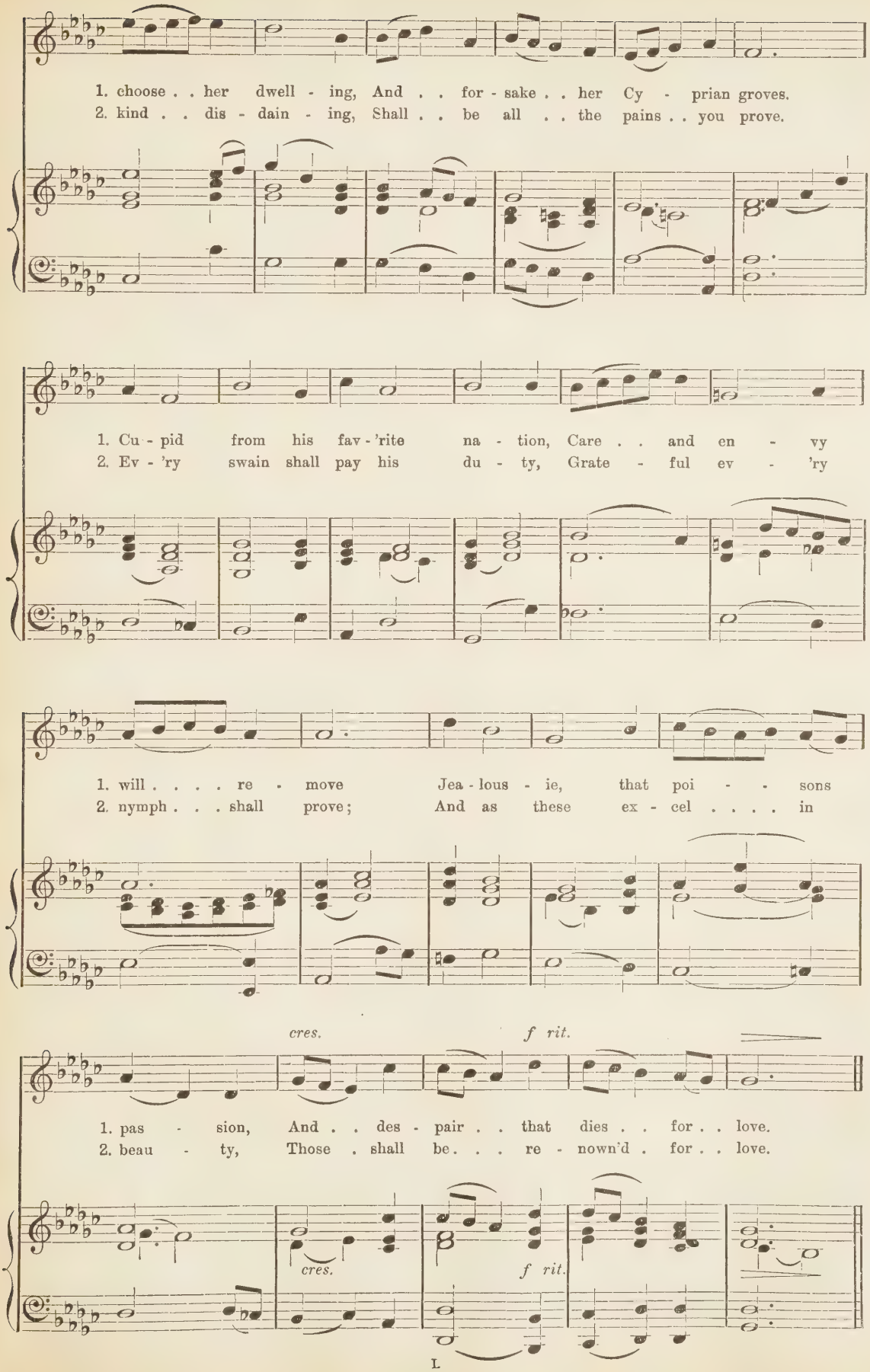
The song, "Good-morrow, gossip Joan," under the title, "The Woman's Complaint to her Neighbour," is in *Pills*, vol. vi., 1720, and it is in the present volume abbreviated from this rather long version. In *The Merry Musician; or, a Cure for the Spleen*, vol. ii., *circa* 1728, a song called "Happy Dick" is placed with the melody, and this again occurs in Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv., 1730; later in the century, "Happy Dick" completely superseded "Gossip Joan." In *The Beggars' Opera*, the sprightly duet between Polly and Lucy, "Why, how now, Madam Flirt?" was set to the melody, which was also employed in other ballad operas of the period.

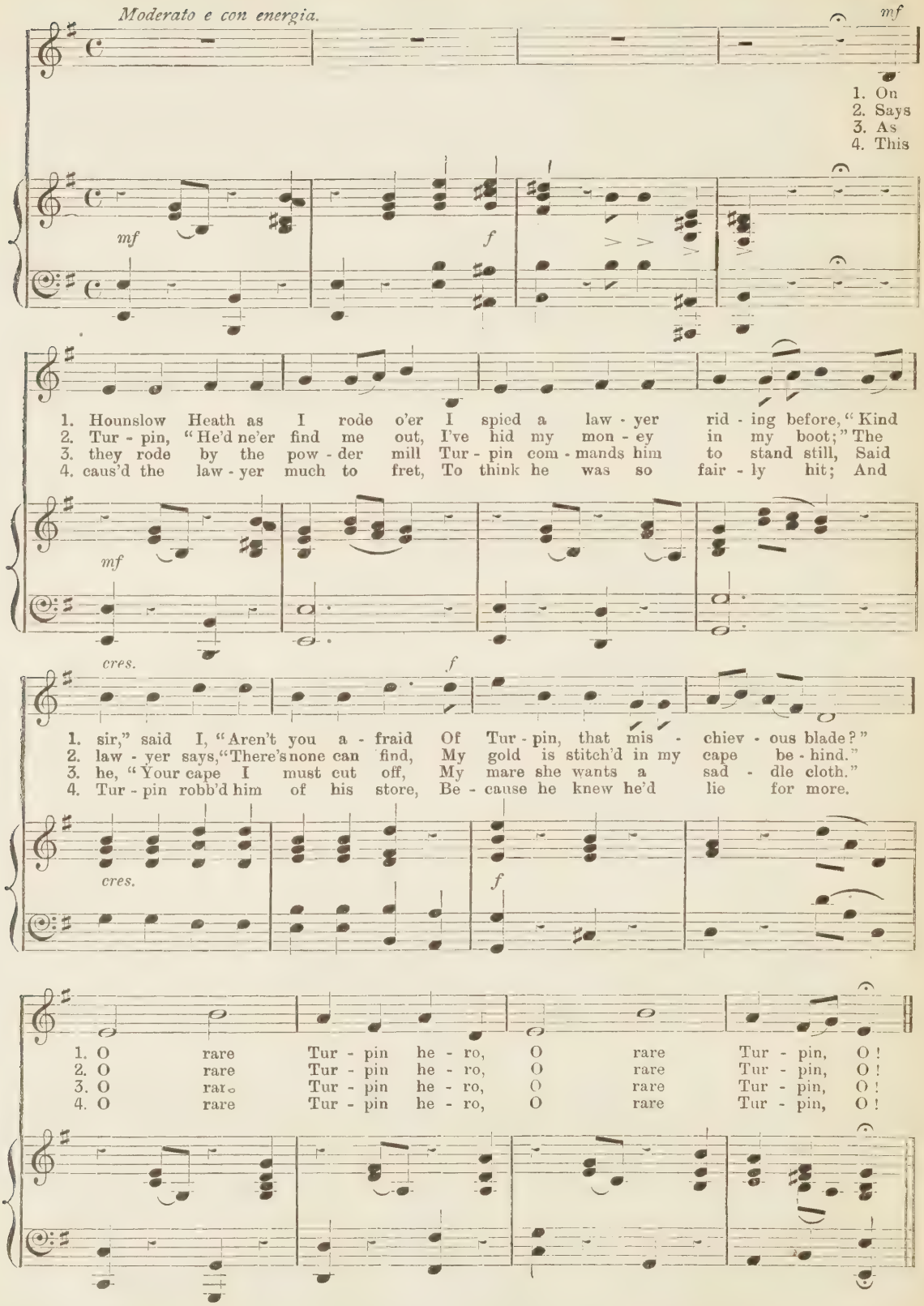
Fair Hebe.

Andante.
p
1. Fair He - be I
2. I re - pair'd then to
3. That's a truth, re - plied
p
con espress.
p
1. left with a cau - tious de - sign, To es - cape from her charms, and to
2. Reas - on, in - treat - ed her aid, Who paus'd on my case, and each
3. I, I've no need to be taught, I came for your coun - sel to
1. drown them in wine; I tried it, but found when I came to de -
2. cir - cumstance weigh'd, Then grave - ly pro - nounc'd in re - turn to my
3. find out a fault. If that's all, quoth Reason, re - turn as you
rit.
1. part, The wine in my head, but love still in my heart.
2. pray'r, That He - be was fair - est of all that was fair.
3. came, To find fault with He - be would for - feit my name.
rit.

Chappell placed these clever old words to a traditional tune belonging to the ballad, "Polly Oliver's Ramble," but considering that one of the original tunes to "Fair Hebe" is so excellent, to make such a change seemed unnecessary. There are two distinct old melodies to the song, one appearing in the June supplement to the *Universal Magazine* for 1752 as "Fair Hebe, a new song sung by Mr. Beard at Ranelagh Gardens." This is also in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1752, *Clio and Euterpe*, vol. i., 1758, and in other places. The air gradually gave place to another and a finer one, reproduced above, which has every appearance of being the composition of Dr. Arne or of his son. This later melody was printed in Horsfield's *Vocal Music*, vol. i., *circa* 1770-72, as well as in a numerous array of flute, harpsichord, and violin tutors published by the Thompsons, Dale, Longman, and other music publishers of the period. In Dalrymple's *Collection of English Songs*, 1796, and elsewhere, the verses are attributed to Lord Cantalupe.

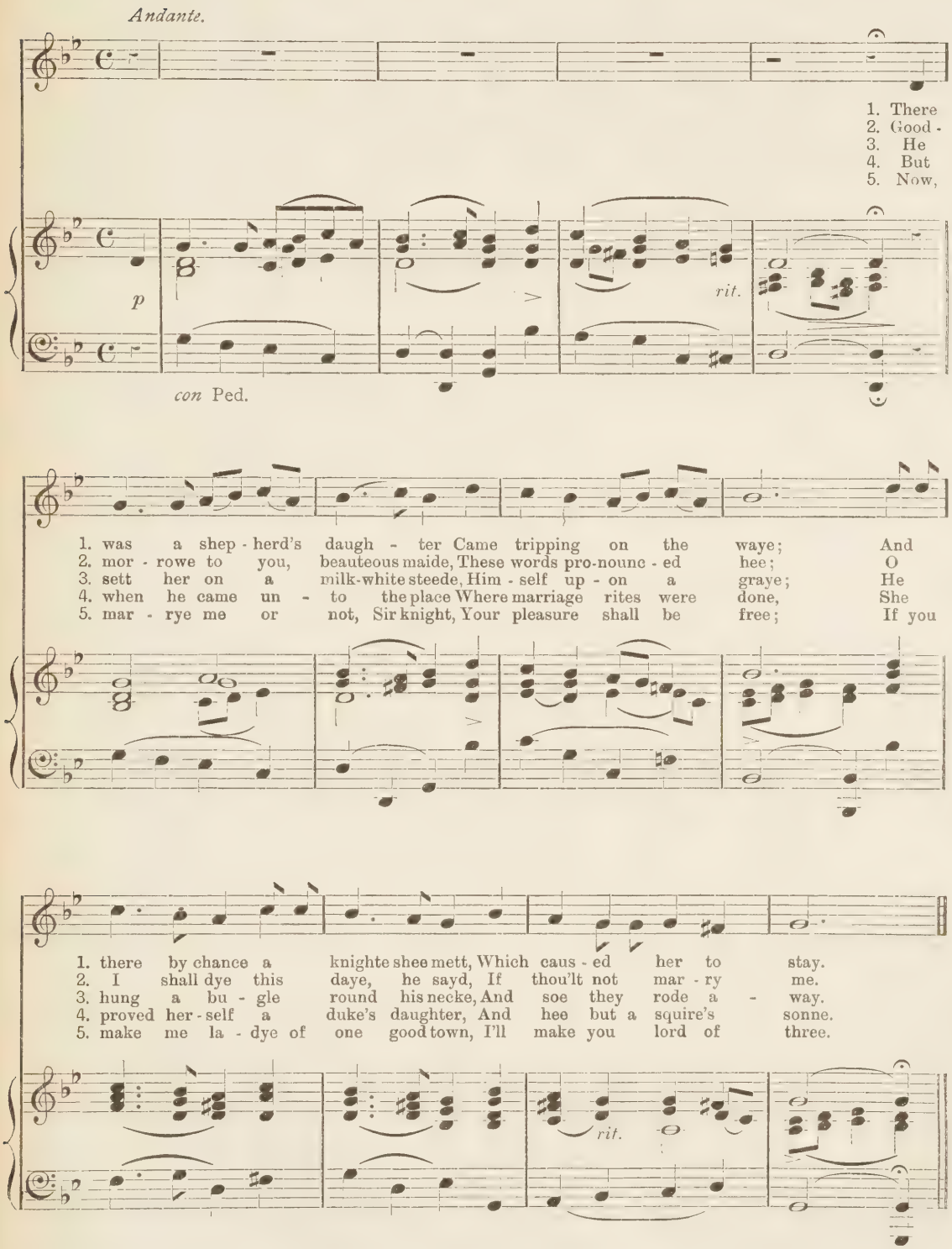
Fairest Isle.

HENRY PURCELL.

Andante.
p con espress.
cres.
p
1. Fair - est isle, of isles . . ex - cel - ling,
2. Gen - tle mur - murs, sweet . . com - plain - ing,
rit.
p a tempo.
1. Seat . . . of plea - sure and . . of loves; Ve - nus here will
2. Sighs . . . that blow . . the fire . . of love; Soft re - puls - es

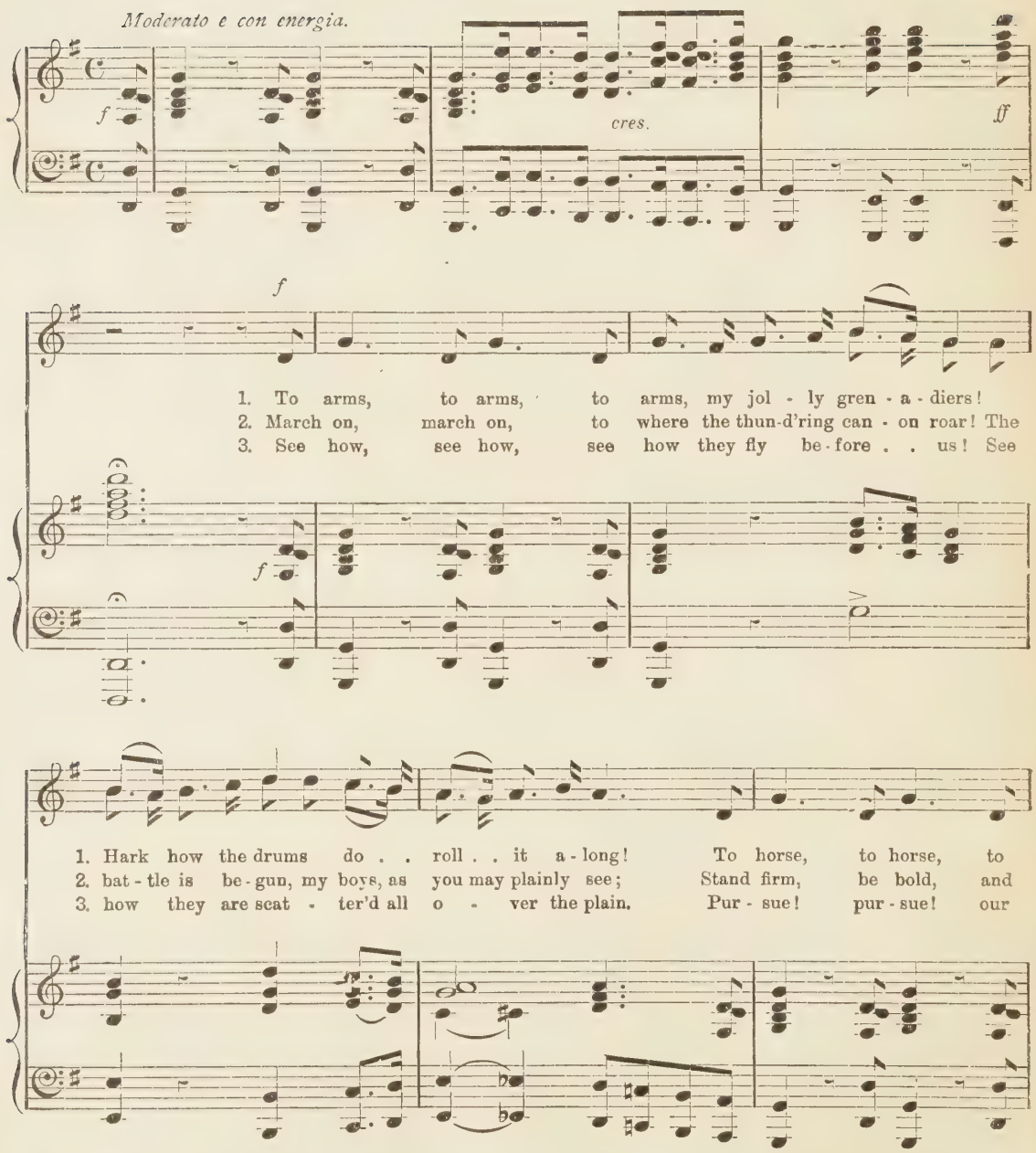
John Dryden wrote the words in honour of England for the opera, *King Arthur; or, the British Worthy*, where the song is sung by the character Venus. Purcell wrote the music of the opera, which was first produced in 1691, and the air is among this great musician's finest compositions. In 1770, *King Arthur* was again revived, with alterations, omissions, and additions by Dr. Arne, who, however, wisely retained "Fairest Isle." Mrs. Scot sang it at this representation. The song with the music is printed in the first volume of Purcell's *Orpheus Britannicus*, 1698.

1. choose . . her dwell - ing, And . . for - sake . . her Cy - prian groves.
2. kind . . dis - dain - ing, Shall . . be all . . the pains . . you prove.
1. Cu - pid from his fav - 'rite na - tion, Care . . and en - vy
2. Ev - 'ry swain shall pay his du - ty, Grate - ful ev - 'ry
1. will . . . . re - move Jea - lous - ie, that poi - - sons
2. nymph . . . shall prove; And as these ex - cel . . . . in
cres.
f rit.
1. pas - sion, And . . des - pair . . that dies . . for . . love.
2. beau - ty, Those . shall be . . . re - nown'd . for . . love.
cres.
f rit.

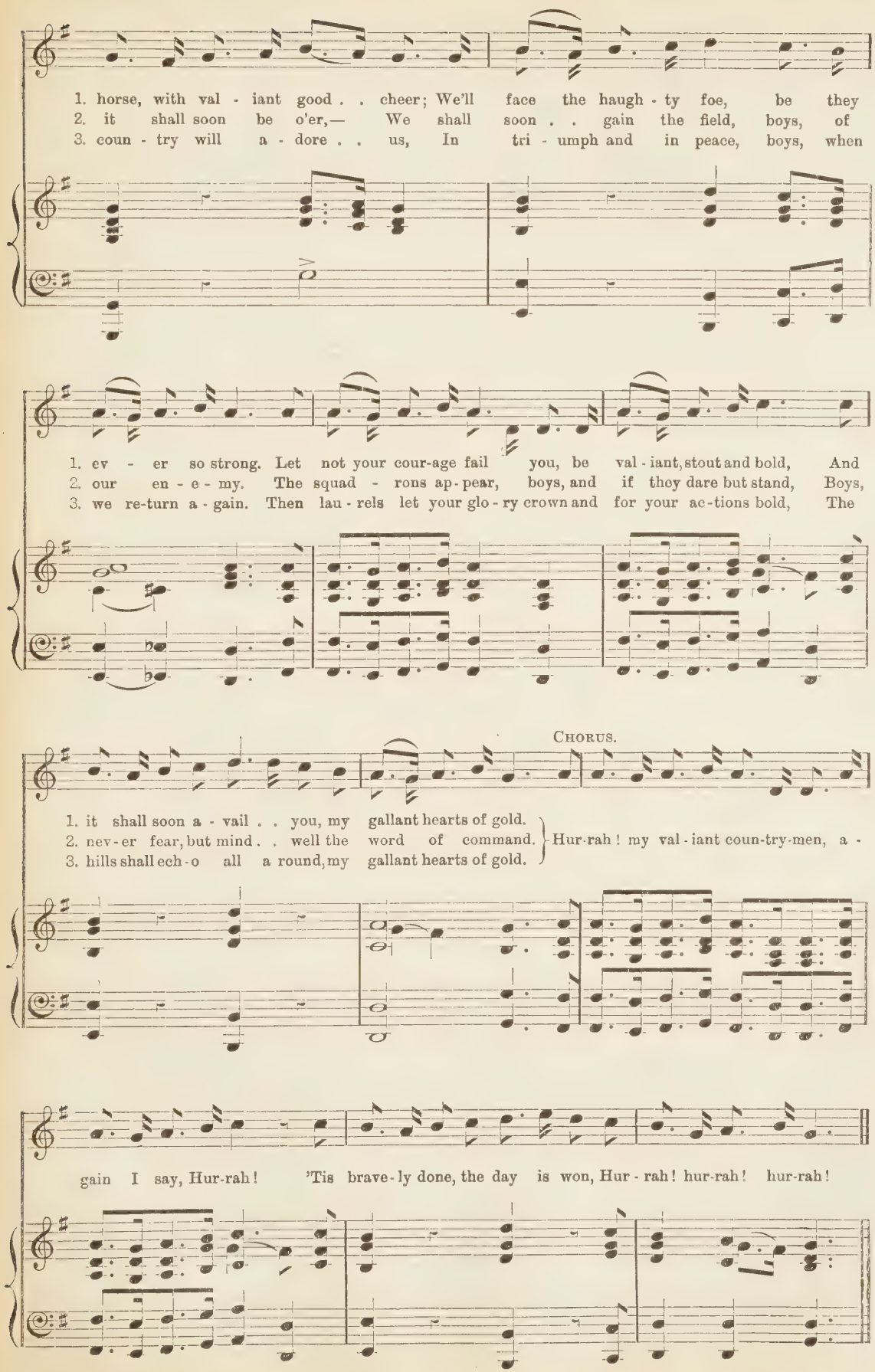
O Rare Turpin.

Moderato e con energia.
mf
1. On
2. Says
3. As
4. This
mf
f
1. Hounslow Heath as I rode o'er I spied a law - yer rid - ing before, "Kind
2. Tur - pin, "He'd ne'er find me out, I've hid my mon - ey in my boot;" The
3. they rode by the pow - der mill Tur - pin com - mands him to stand still, Said
4. caus'd the law - yer much to fret, To think he was so fair - ly hit; And
mf
cres.
f
1. sir," said I, "Aren't you a - fraid Of Tur - pin, that mis - chiev - ous blade?"
2. law - yer says, "There's none can find, My gold is stitch'd in my cape be - hind."
3. he, "Your cape I must cut off, My mare she wants a sad - dle cloth."
4. Tur - pin robb'd him of his store, Be - cause he knew he'd lie for more.
cres.
f
1. O rare Tur - pin he - ro, O rare Tur - pin, O!
2. O rare Tur - pin he - ro, O rare Tur - pin, O!
3. O rare Tur - pin he - ro, O rare Tur - pin, O!
4. O rare Tur - pin he - ro, O rare Tur - pin, O!

William Chappell noted this traditional ballad air with the song, from the singing of Charles Sloman in 1840, and it was published in *Popular Music of the olden time.* The ballad occurs on broadsides, and at least two different traditional tunes are sung to the song in Yorkshire. I have copies of these, but they are quite different from the Sloman version which is here given. Readers of *Pickwick* will remember how Sam Weller sang a similar ballad of Dick Turpin, which by the way Dickens took from *Gaieties and Gravities*, vol. ii., 1825, a work "by one of the authors of the *Rejected Adresses.*" The above words are merely a selection from the lengthy ballad.

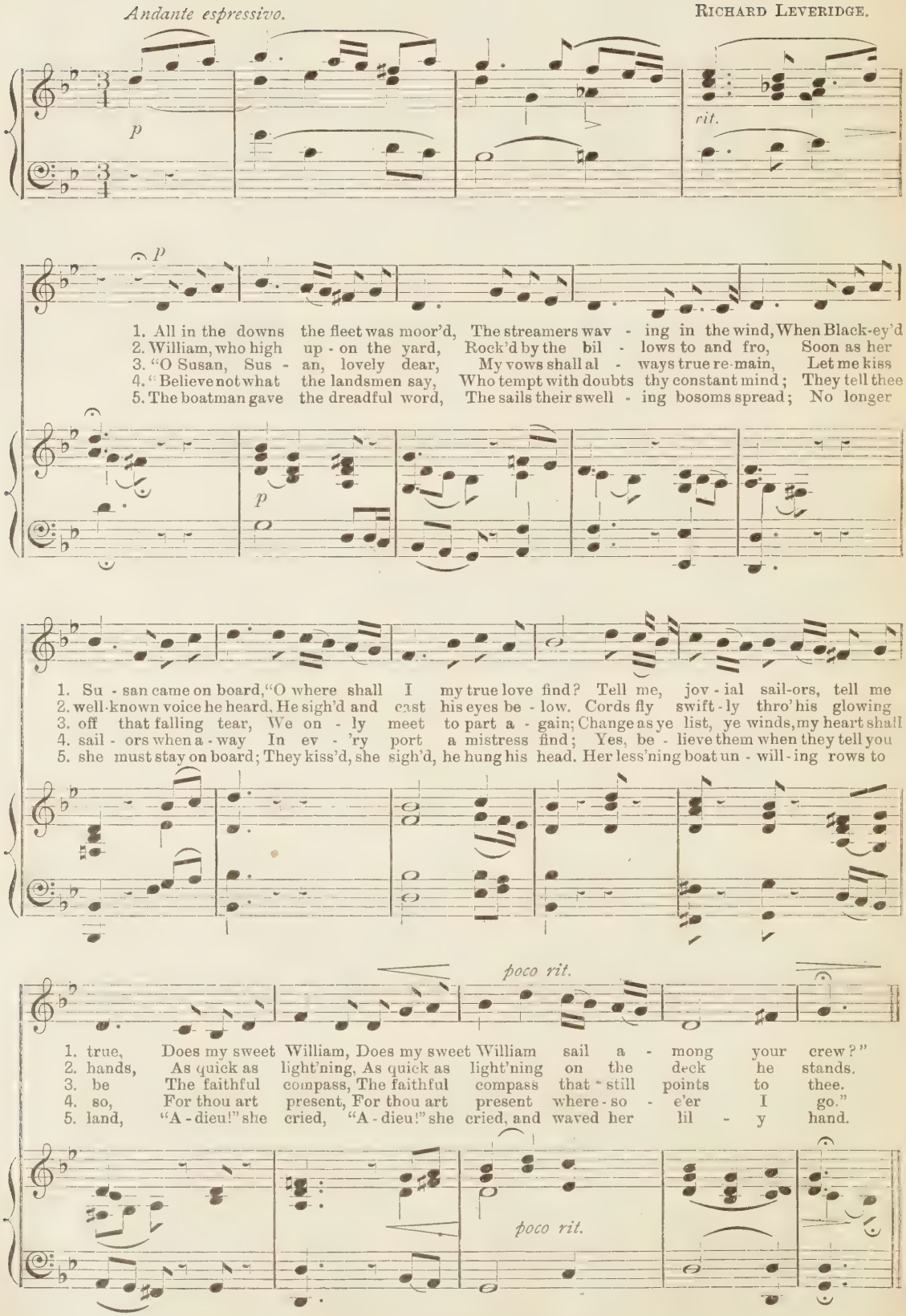
The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter.

Andante.
1. There
2. Good -
3. He
4. But
5. Now,
p
rit.
con Ped.
1. was a shep - herd's daugh - ter Came tripping on the waye; And
2. mor - rowe to you, beauteous maide, These words pro-nounc - ed hee; O
3. sett her on a milk-white steede, Him - self up - on a graye; He
4. when he came un - to the place Where marriage rites were done, She
5. mar - rye me or not, Sir knight, Your pleasure shall be free; If you
1. there by chance a knighte shee mett, Which caus - ed her to stay.
2. I shall dye this daye, he sayd, If thou'lt not mar - ry me.
3. hung a bu - gle round his necke, And soe they rode a - way.
4. proved her - self a duke's daughter, And hee but a squire's sonne.
5. make me la - dye of one good town, I'll make you lord of three.
rit.

The long ballad has had here to be abbreviated. It is old, and found on black letter broadsides in the Roxburgh and other collections of broadsides. It is printed in Percy's *Reliques*, and in most other ballad books. There are Scottish versions under the title, "Earl Richards." Traditional variants have also recently been noted down, one of which with a Yorkshire tune is printed in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, 1891. The present air is in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1650, and in later editions under the title, "The Shepherd's Daughter." There is also another name for the air by which it was known late in the 17th, and early in the 18th centuries.

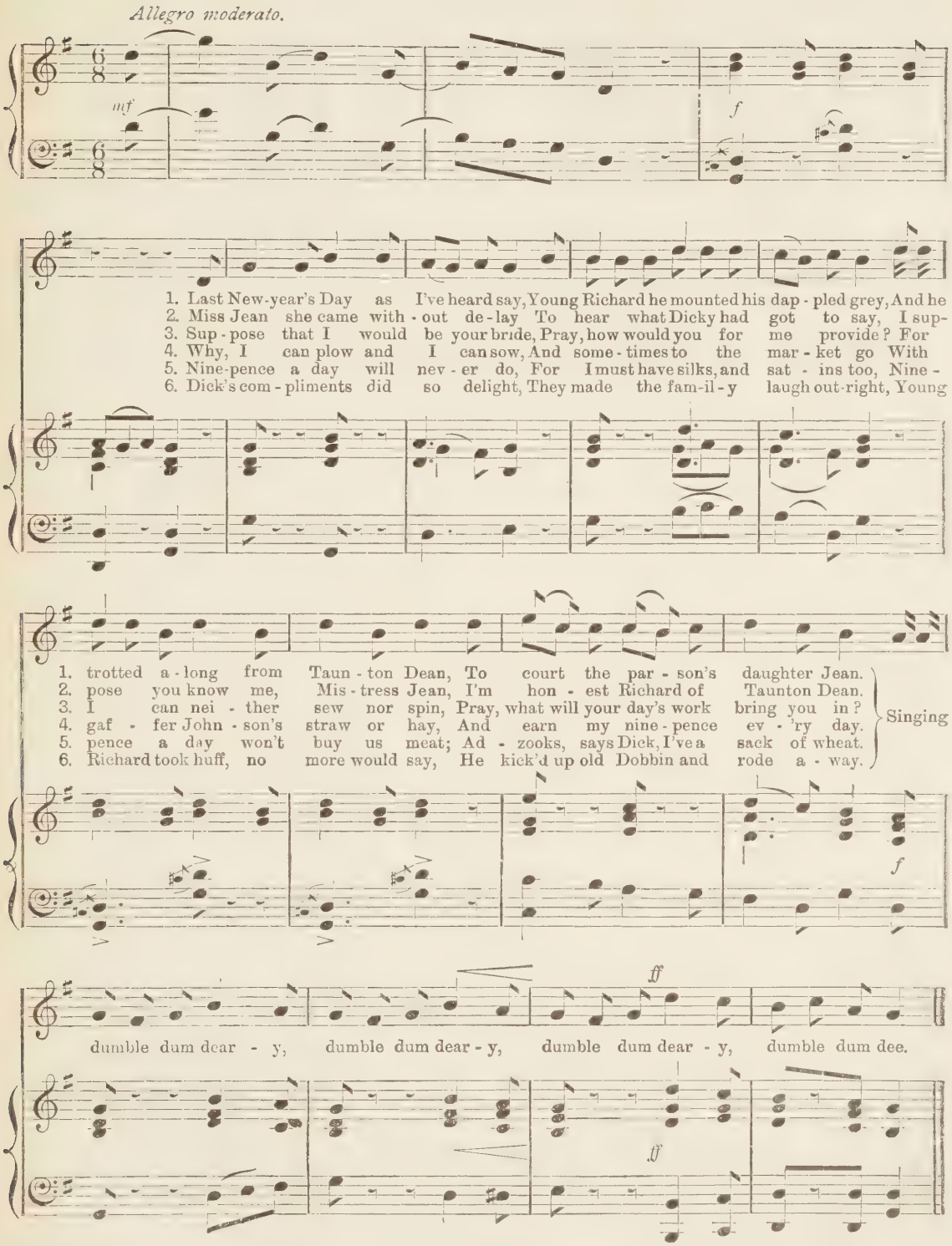
To Arms, Jolly Grenadiers.

Moderato e con energia.
f
cres.
ff
f
1. To arms, to arms, to arms, my jol - ly gren - a - diers!
2. March on, march on, to where the thun-d'ring can - on roar! The
3. See how, see how, see how they fly be - fore . . us! See
f
1. Hark how the drums do . . roll . . it a - long! To horse, to horse, to
2. bat - tle is be - gun, my boys, as you may plainly see; Stand firm, be bold, and
3. how they are scat - ter'd all o - ver the plain. Pur - sue! pur - sue! our

Taken from Dr. Kitchiner's collection of *Loyal and National Songs of England*, where it has probably in turn been transcribed from a music sheet of the 18th century. The tune is one of the many 18th century Marches, Quicksteps, etc., named after the popular Marquis of Granby. It will be found in several of the old flute and violin tutors under the title, "The Marquis of Granby's March."

1. horse, with val - iant good . . cheer; We'll face the haugh - ty foe, be they
2. it shall soon be o'er,— We shall soon . . gain the field, boys, of
3. coun - try will a - dore . . us, In tri - umph and in peace, boys, when
1. ev - er so strong. Let not your cour-age fail you, be val - iant, stout and bold, And
2. our en - e - my. The squad - rons ap-pear, boys, and if they dare but stand, Boys,
3. we re-turn a - gain. Then lau - rels let your glo - ry crown and for your ac-tions bold, The
Chorus.
1. it shall soon a - vail . . you, my gallant hearts of gold.
2. nev-er fear, but mind . . well the word of command.
3. hills shall ech-o all a round, my gallant hearts of gold.
Hur-rah! my val - iant coun-try-men, a -
gain I say, Hur-rah! 'Tis brave-ly done, the day is won, Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

Black-Ey'd Susan.

Andante espressivo. RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

p
rit.
p
1. All in the downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers wav - ing in the wind, When Black-ey'd
2. William, who high up - on the yard, Rock'd by the bil - lows to and fro, Soon as her
3. "O Susan, Sus - an, lovely dear, My vows shall al - ways true re-main, Let me kiss
4. "Believe not what the landsmen say, Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind; They tell thee
5. The boatman gave the dreadful word, The sails their swell - ing bosoms spread; No longer
p
1. Su - san came on board, "O where shall I my true love find? Tell me, jov - ial sail-ors, tell me
2. well-known voice he heard. He sigh'd and cast his eyes be - low. Cords fly swift - ly thro' his glowing
3. off that falling tear, We on - ly meet to part a - gain; Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall
4. sail - ors when a - way In ev - 'ry port a mistress find; Yes, be - lieve them when they tell you
5. she must stay on board; They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head. Her less'ning boat un - will - ing rows to
poco rit.
1. true, Does my sweet William, Does my sweet William sail a - mong your crew?"
2. hands, As quick as light'ning, As quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.
3. be The faithful compass, The faithful compass that still points to thee.
4. so, For thou art present, For thou art present where - so - e'er I go."
5. land, "A - dieu!" she cried, "A - dieu!" she cried, and waved her lil - y hand.
poco rit.

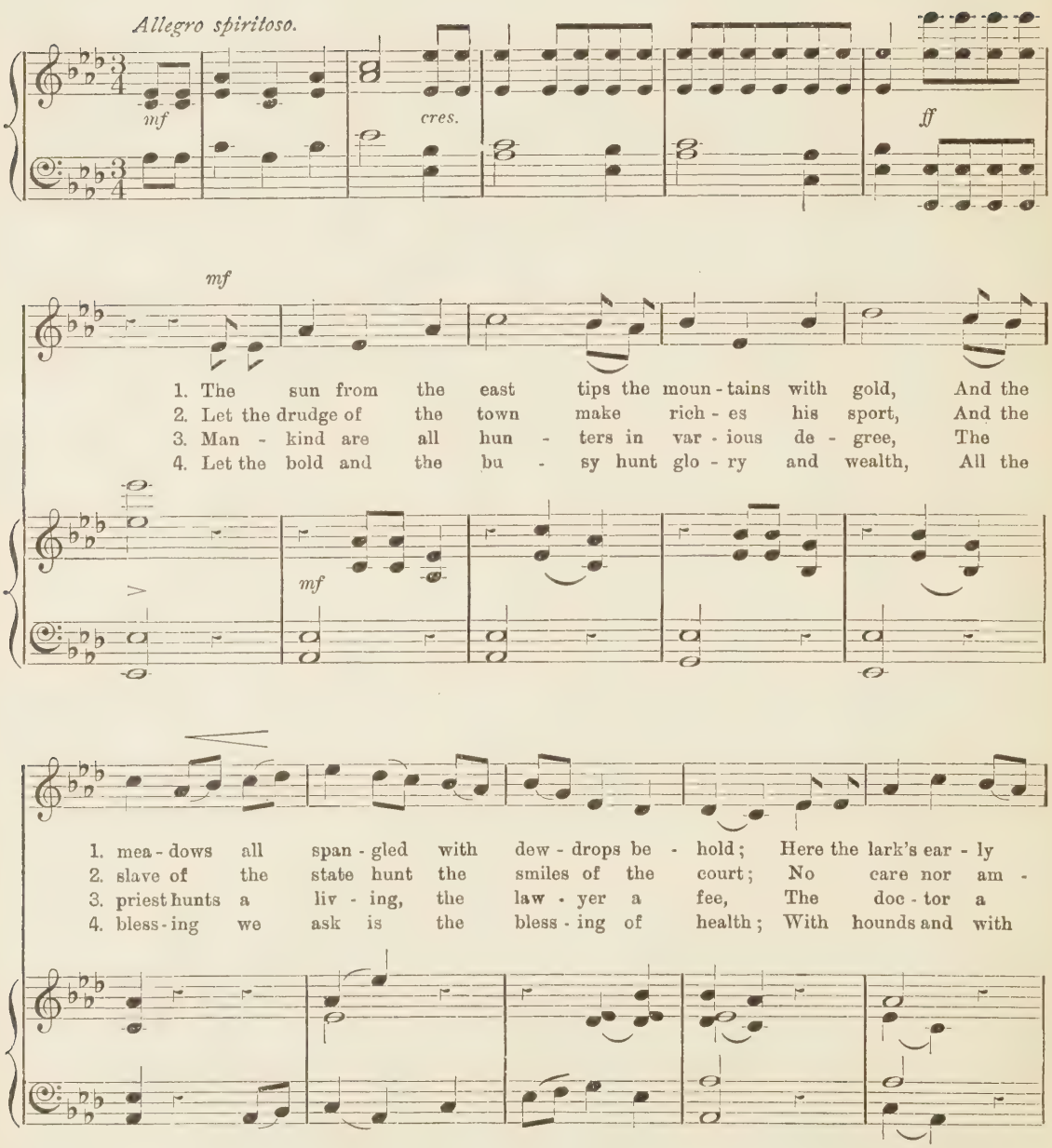
For note to this song see Appendix.

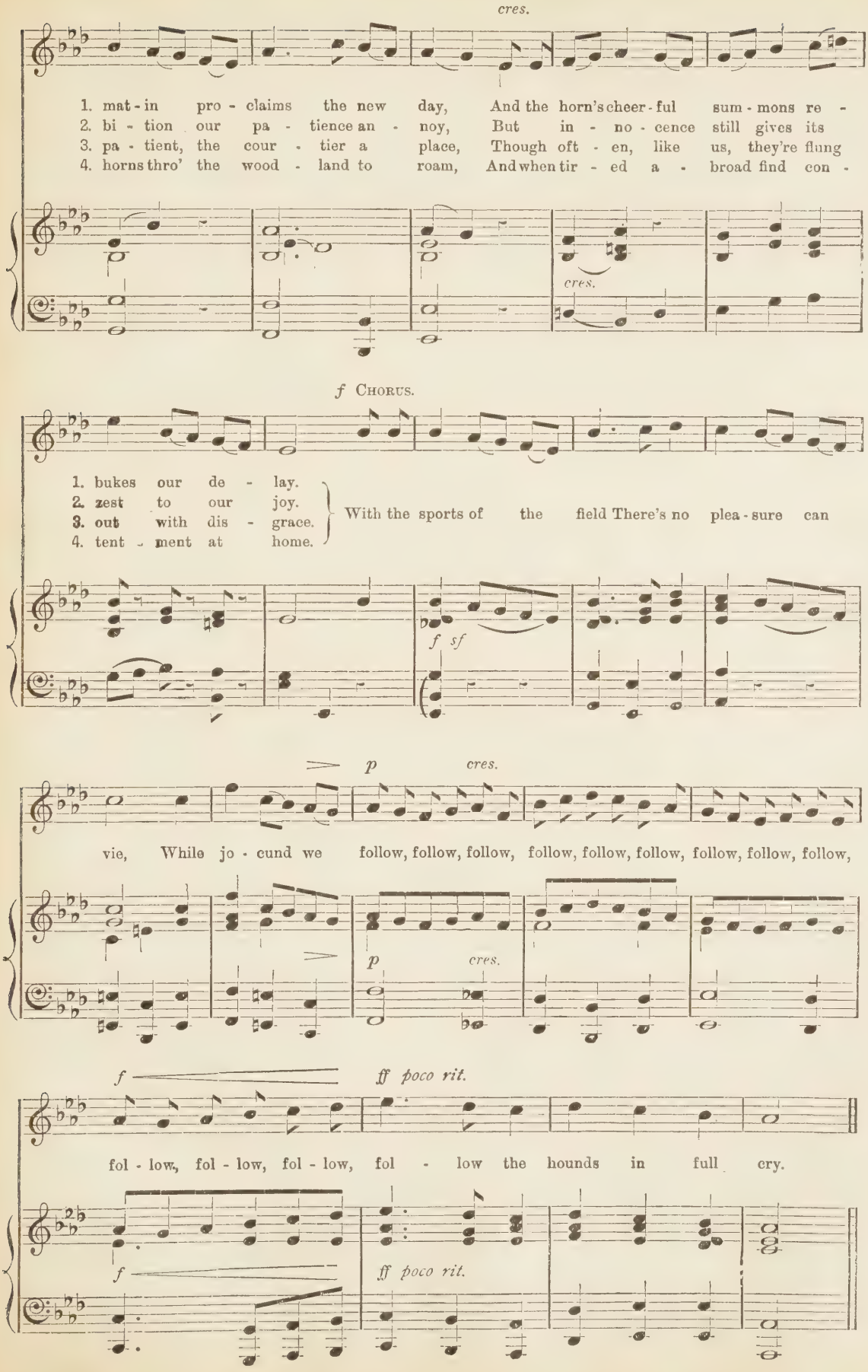
Richard of Taunton Dean.

Allegro moderato.
mf
f
1. Last New-year's Day as I've heard say, Young Richard he mounted his dap - pled grey, And he
2. Miss Jean she came with - out de - lay To hear what Dicky had got to say, I sup-
3. Sup - pose that I would be your bride, Pray, how would you for me provide? For
4. Why, I can plow and I can sow, And some - times to the mar - ket go With
5. Nine-pence a day will nev - er do, For I must have silks, and sat - ins too, Nine -
6. Dick's com - pliments did so delight, They made the fam-il - y laugh out-right, Young
1. trotted a - long from Taun - ton Dean, To court the par - son's daughter Jean.
2. pose you know me, Mis - tress Jean, I'm hon - est Richard of Taunton Dean.
3. I can nei - ther sew nor spin, Pray, what will your day's work bring you in?
4. gaf - fer John - son's straw or hay, And earn my nine - pence ev - 'ry day.
5. pence a day won't buy us meat; Ad - zooks, says Dick, I've a sack of wheat.
6. Richard took huff, no more would say, He kick'd up old Dobbin and rode a - way.
Singing
f
ff
dumble dum dear - y, dumble dum dear - y, dumble dum dear - y, dumble dum dee.
ff

Popularly known as "Dumble Dum Deary," from the first line of the chorus. The tune has served as the vehicle for many a political or satirical effusion, all having similar nonsensical verses as a burden. The present song in different forms has been united to the melody for probably a hundred years. Sometimes it is "Richard of Dalton Dale," and in an Irish case, "Dicky of Ballyman" (see J. H. Dixon's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*). There is also a Yorkshire traditionary version beginning:—

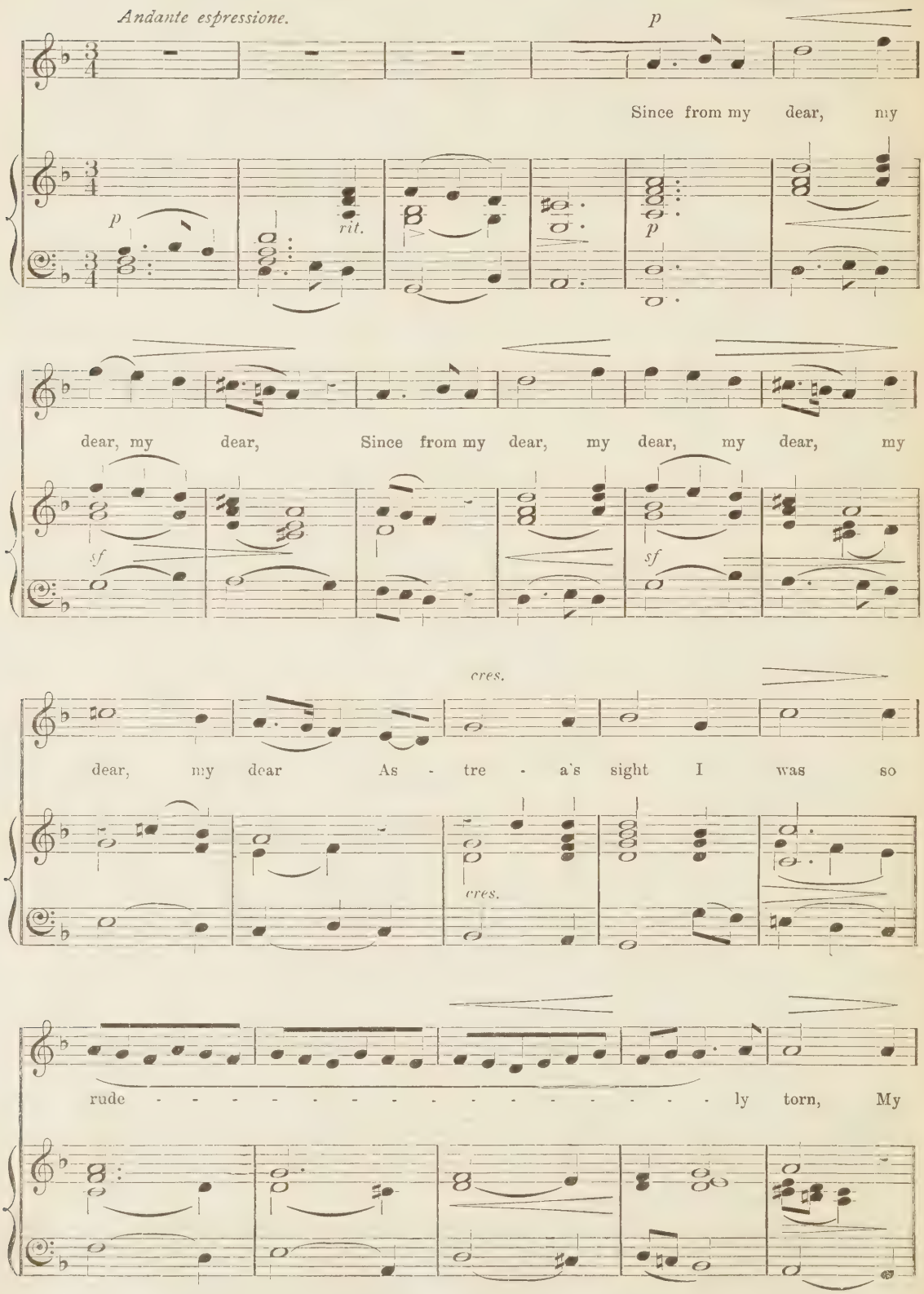
"Last Michaelmas day, a year or more,
I was where I ne'er was before;
It was in love slap up to the chin,
And you're the beauty that's tumbled me in."

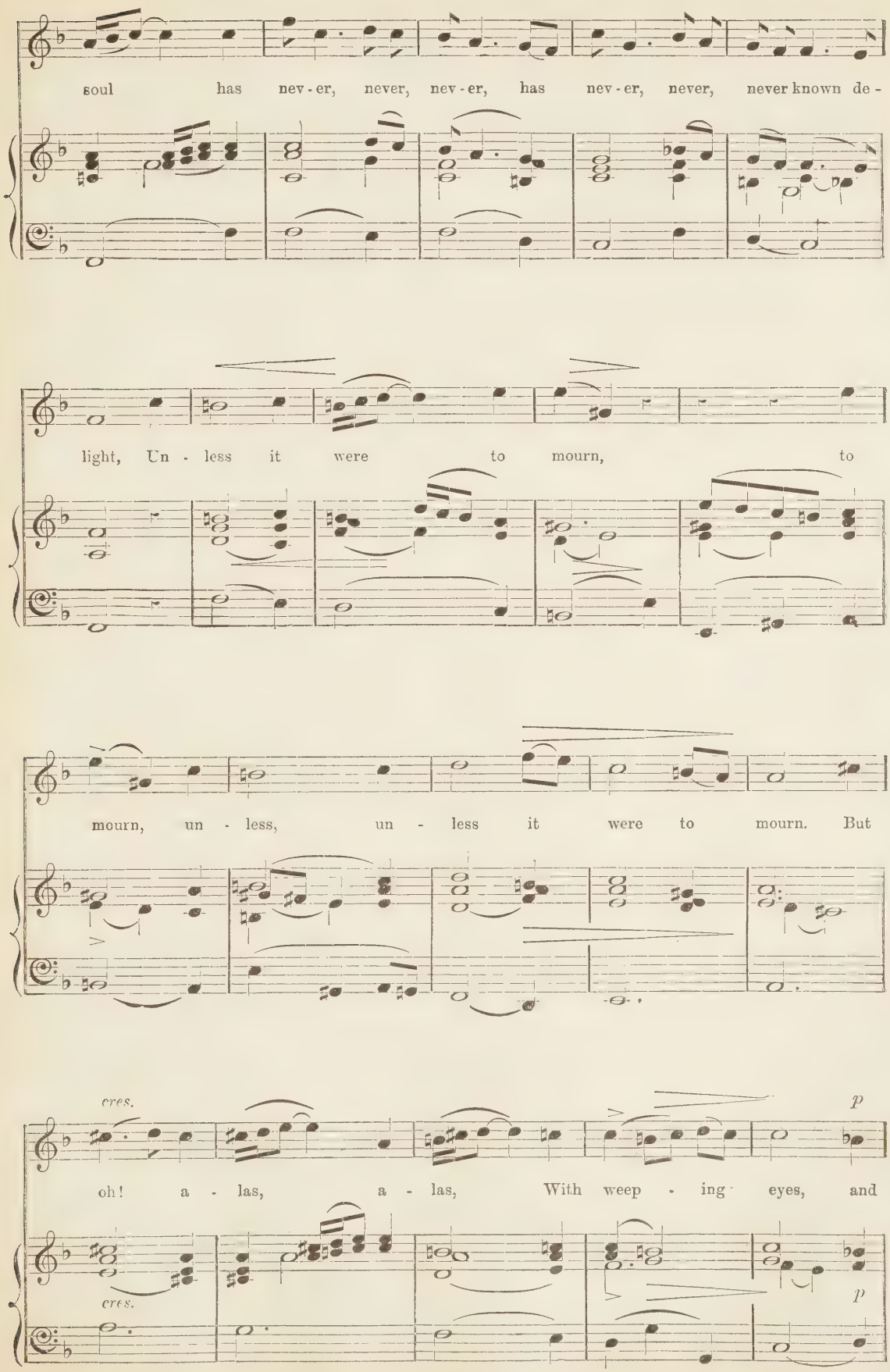
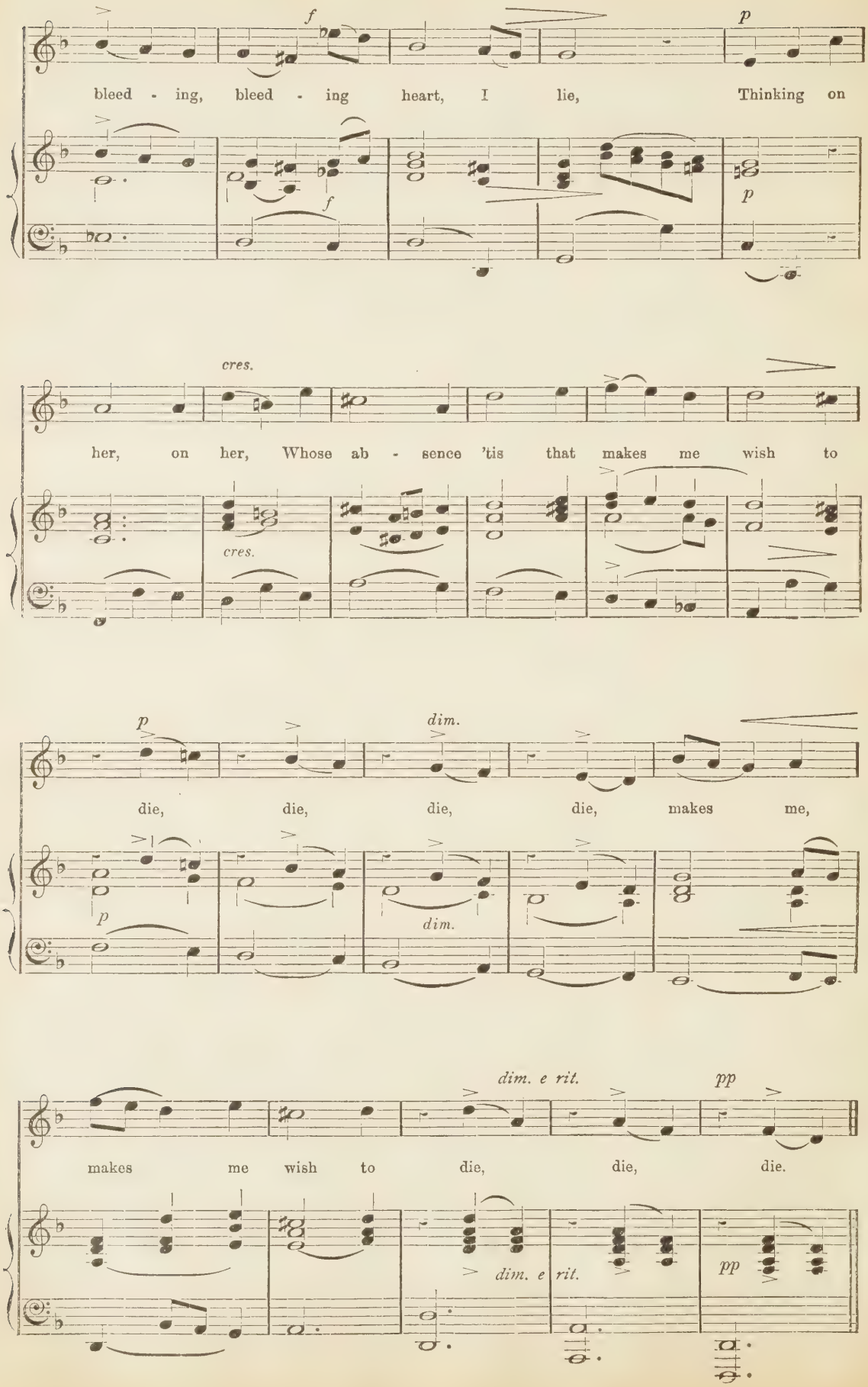
The tune has been frequently printed, especially during the forties, by Duncombe and other music publishers of similar type. The song is abbreviated here for lack of space.

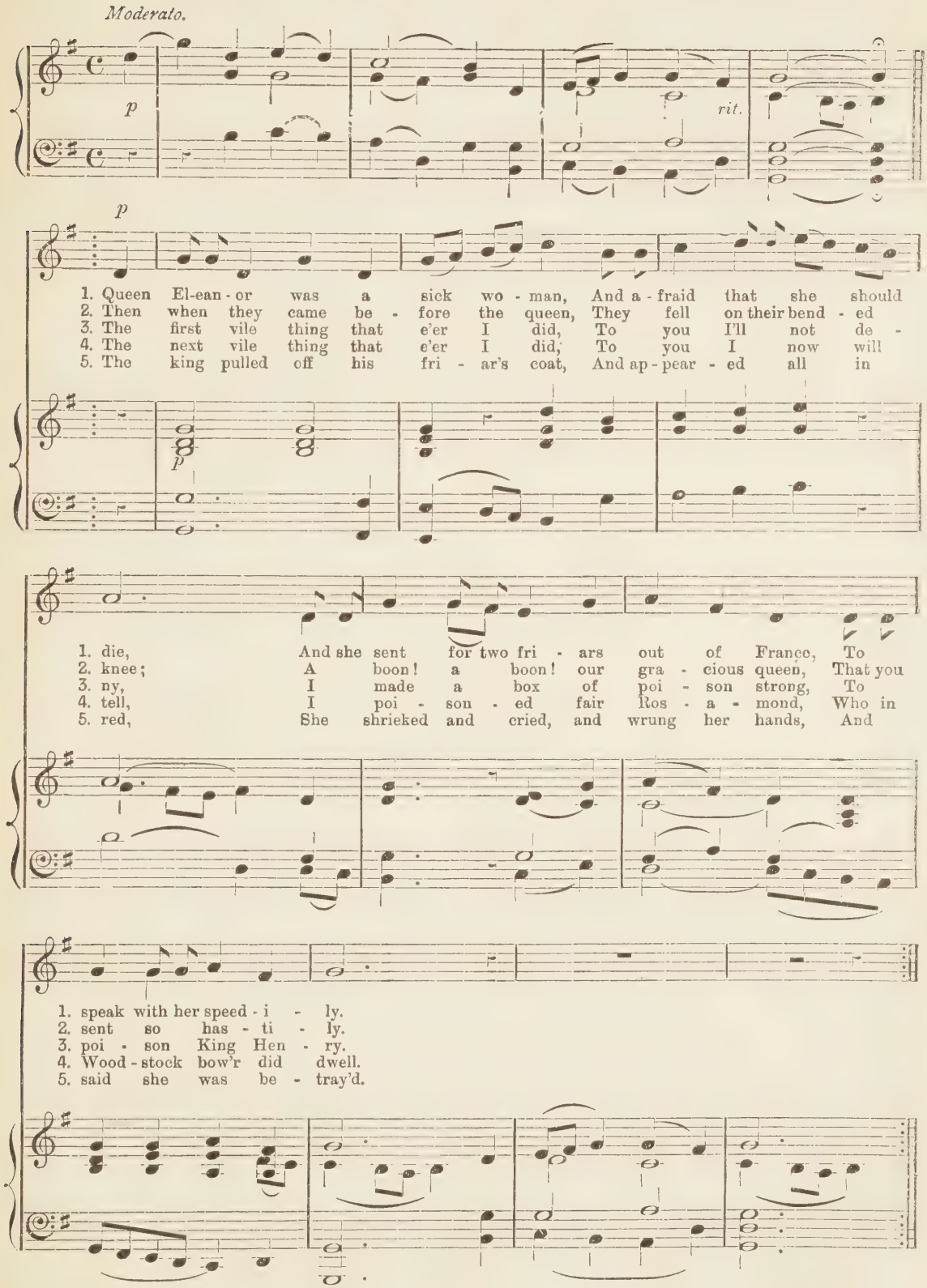
The Sun from the East.

Allegro spiritoso.
mf
cres.
ff
mf
1. The sun from the east tips the moun - tains with gold, And the
2. Let the drudge of the town make rich - es his sport, And the
3. Man - kind are all hun - ters in var - ious de - gree, The
4. Let the bold and the bu - sy hunt glo - ry and wealth, All the
mf
1. mea - dows all span - gled with dew - drops be - hold; Here the lark's ear - ly
2. slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court; No care nor am -
3. priest hunts a liv - ing, the law - yer a fee, The doc - tor a
4. bless - ing we ask is the bless - ing of health; With hounds and with

One of the many hunting songs current during the 18th century. These in general (though in many cases fine specimens of English melody), were of very extended compass and full of florid graces, frequently having a recitative prefixed. The songs must have even taxed the healthy lungs of the sturdy fox and hare hunting squires of the period. Now-a-days it is pretty certain that anything like an adequate rendering of most of them would be beyond the powers of the ordinary amateur. The specimens of this kind of English song which we have selected have been chosen with the above fact before us. "The Sun from the East" was sung in the opera, *Apollo and Daphne*, acted in 1734, and is from an early engraved half sheet. Other copies of the song and air are in Dale's *English Songs*, Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress*, 1783.

cres.
1. mat - in pro - claims the new day, And the horn's cheer - ful sum - mons re -
2. bi - tion our pa - tience an - noy, But in - no - cence still gives its
3. pa - tient, the cour - tier a place, Though oft - en, like us, they're flung
4. horns thro' the wood - land to roam, And when tir - ed a - broad find con -
cres.
f Chorus.
1. bukes our de - lay.
2. zest to our joy.
3. out with dis - grace.
4. tent - ment at home.
With the sports of the field There's no plea - sure can
f sf
p cres.
vie, While jo - cund we follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
p cres.
f
ff poco rit.
fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low the hounds in full cry.
f
ff poco rit.

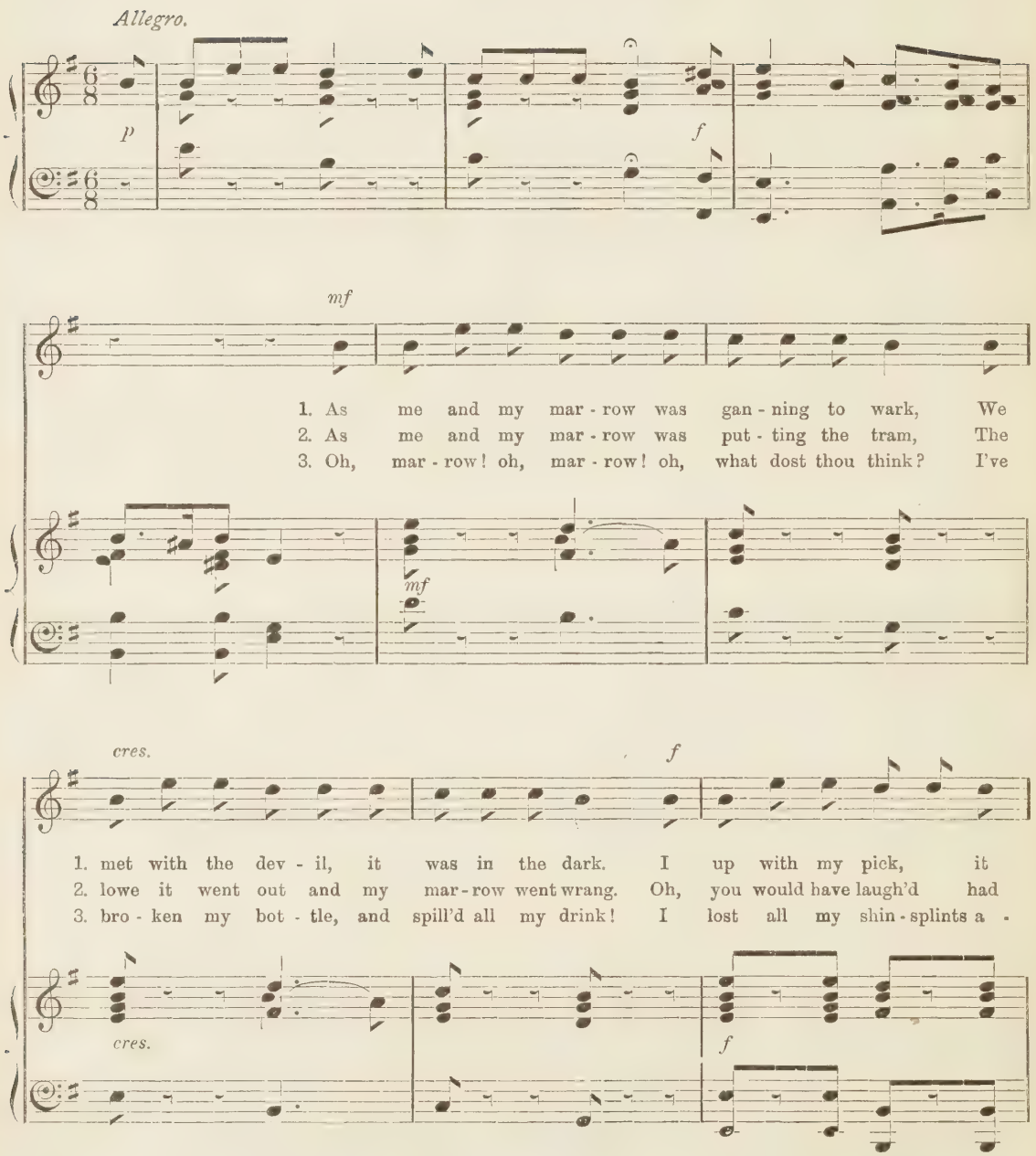
Since from my Dear Astrea's Sight.

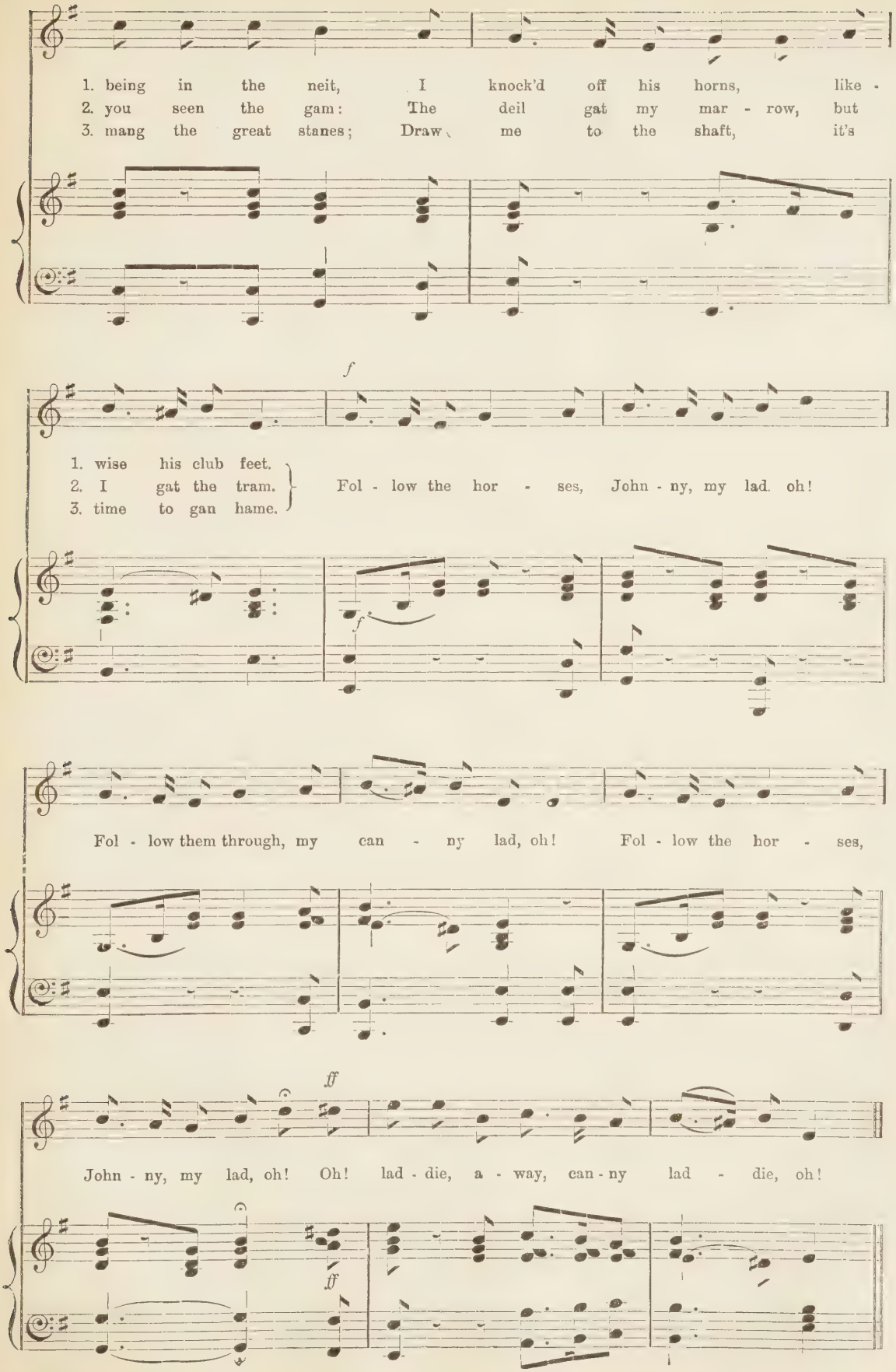
HENRY PURCELL.

Andante espressione.
p
Since from my dear, my
p
rit.
p
dear, my dear, Since from my dear, my dear, my dear, my
sf
sf
cres.
dear, my dear As - tre - a's sight I was so
cres.
rude - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ly torn, My

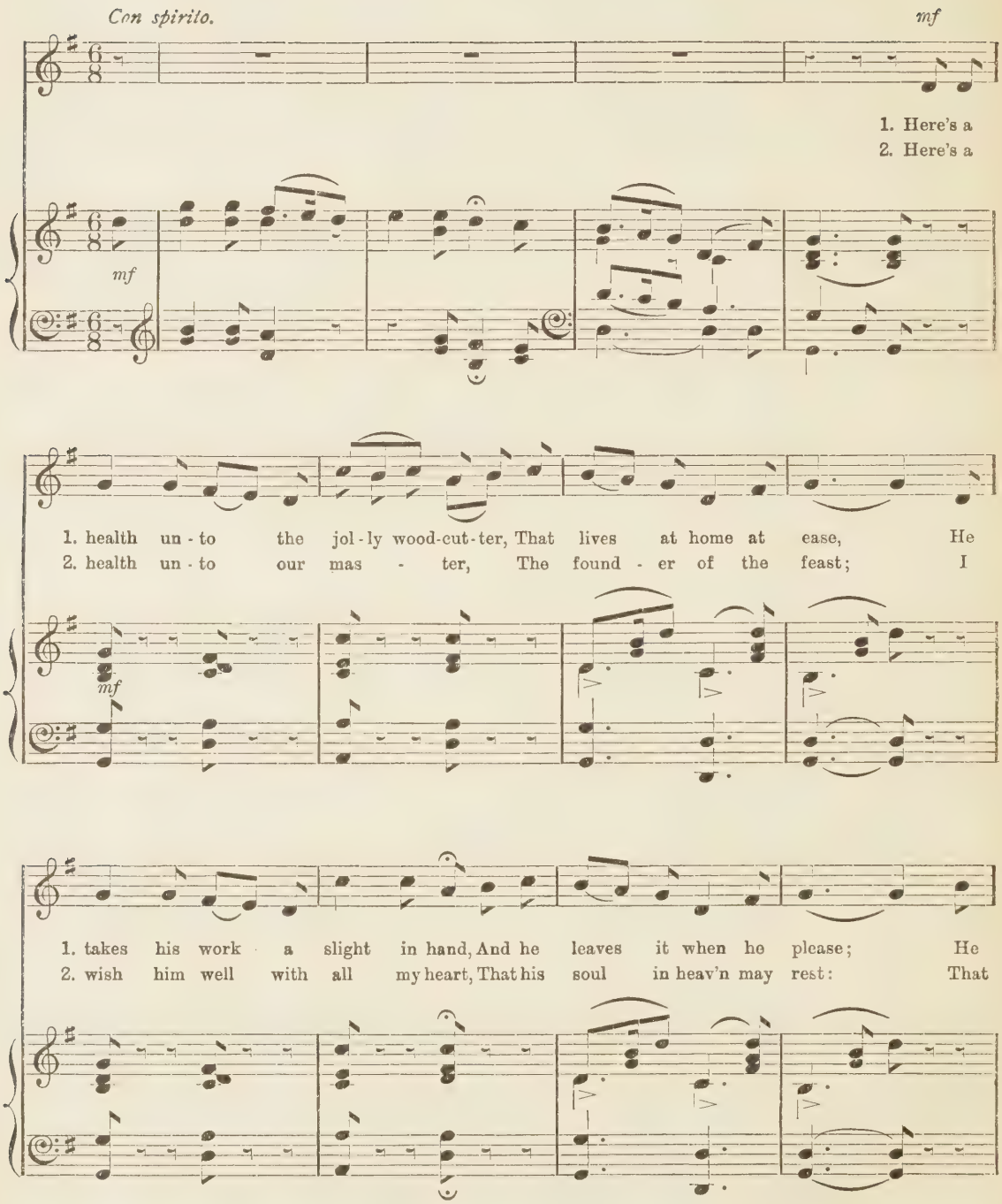
By Henry Purcell, and sung in *The Prophetess; or, the History of Diocletian*, produced in 1690. The song was reprinted in the first volume of *The Orpheus Britannicus*, 1698.

soul has nev-er, never, nev-er, has nev-er, never, never known de-
light, Un-less it were to mourn, to
mourn, un-less, un-less it were to mourn. But
cres.
p
oh! a-las, a-las, With weep-ing eyes, and
cres.
p

f
p
bleed - ing, bleed - ing heart, I lie, Thinking on
f
p
cres.
her, on her, Whose ab - sence 'tis that makes me wish to
cres.
p
dim.
die, die, die, die, makes me,
p
dim.
dim. e rit.
pp
makes me wish to die, die, die.
dim. e rit.
pp

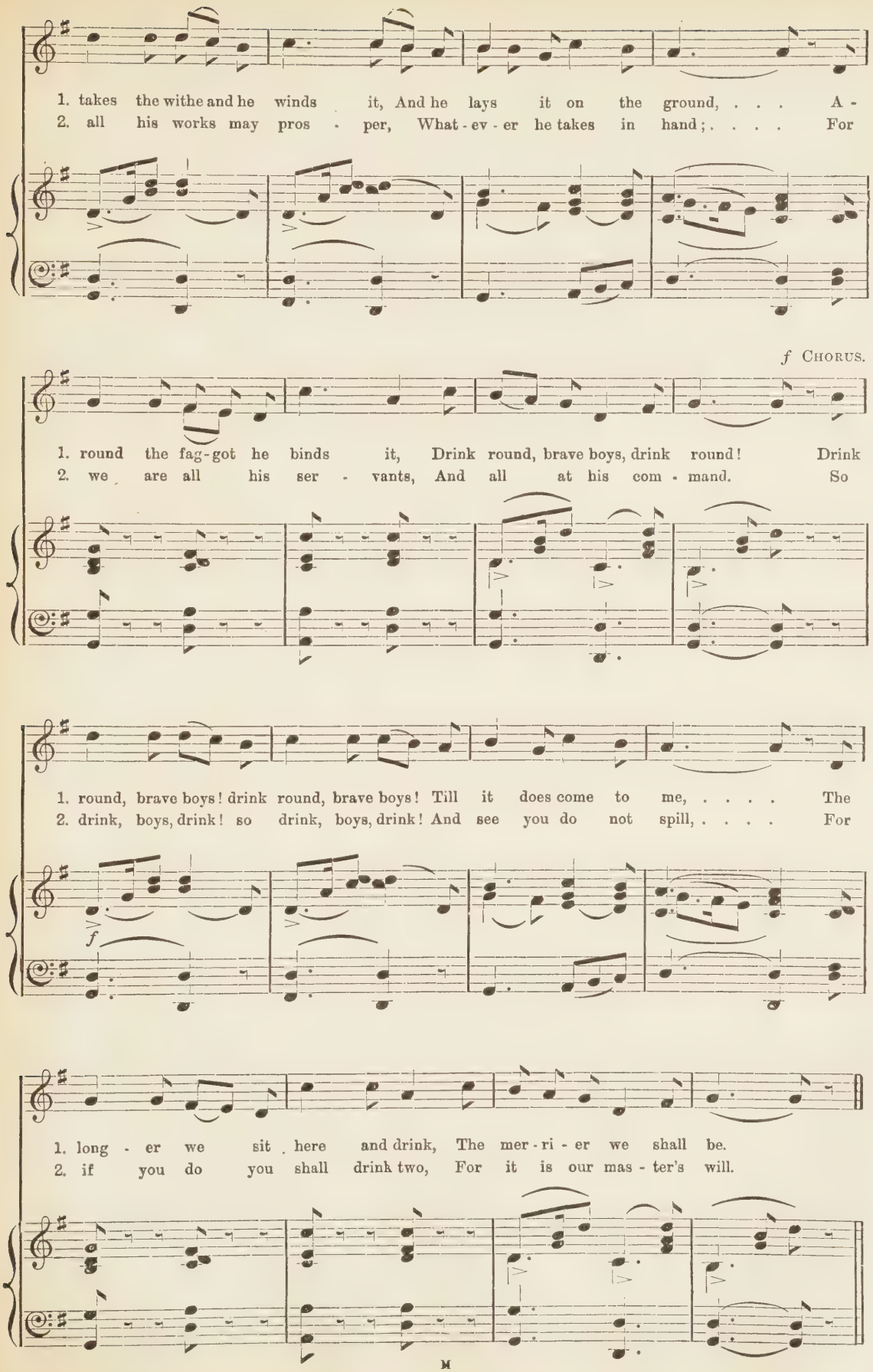
Queen Eleanor's Confession.

Moderato.
p
rit.
p
1. Queen El-ean - or was a sick wo - man, And a - fraid that she should
2. Then when they came be - fore the queen, They fell on their bend - ed
3. The first vile thing that e'er I did, To you I'll not de -
4. The next vile thing that e'er I did, To you I now will
5. The king pulled off his fri - ar's coat, And ap - pear - ed all in
p
1. die, And she sent for two fri - ars out of France, To
2. knee; A boon! a boon! our gra - cious queen, That you
3. ny, I made a box of poi - son strong, To
4. tell, I poi - son - ed fair Ros - a - mond, Who in
5. red, She shrieked and cried, and wrung her hands, And
1. speak with her speed - i - ly.
2. sent so has - ti - ly.
3. poi - son King Hen - ry.
4. Wood - stock bow'r did dwell.
5. said she was be - tray'd.

The very beautiful ballad air was first printed in the Appendix to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 1827, under the title, "Earl Marshall," the name for a Scottish version of the ballad. It is said by Rimbault to have been noted down by Andrew Blaikie, of Paisley, a musical antiquary. Rimbault also mentions that he himself has frequently heard the tune in Derbyshire and Staffordshire. The full ballad will be found in Percy's *Reliques*. We can but give a brief snatch of it here.

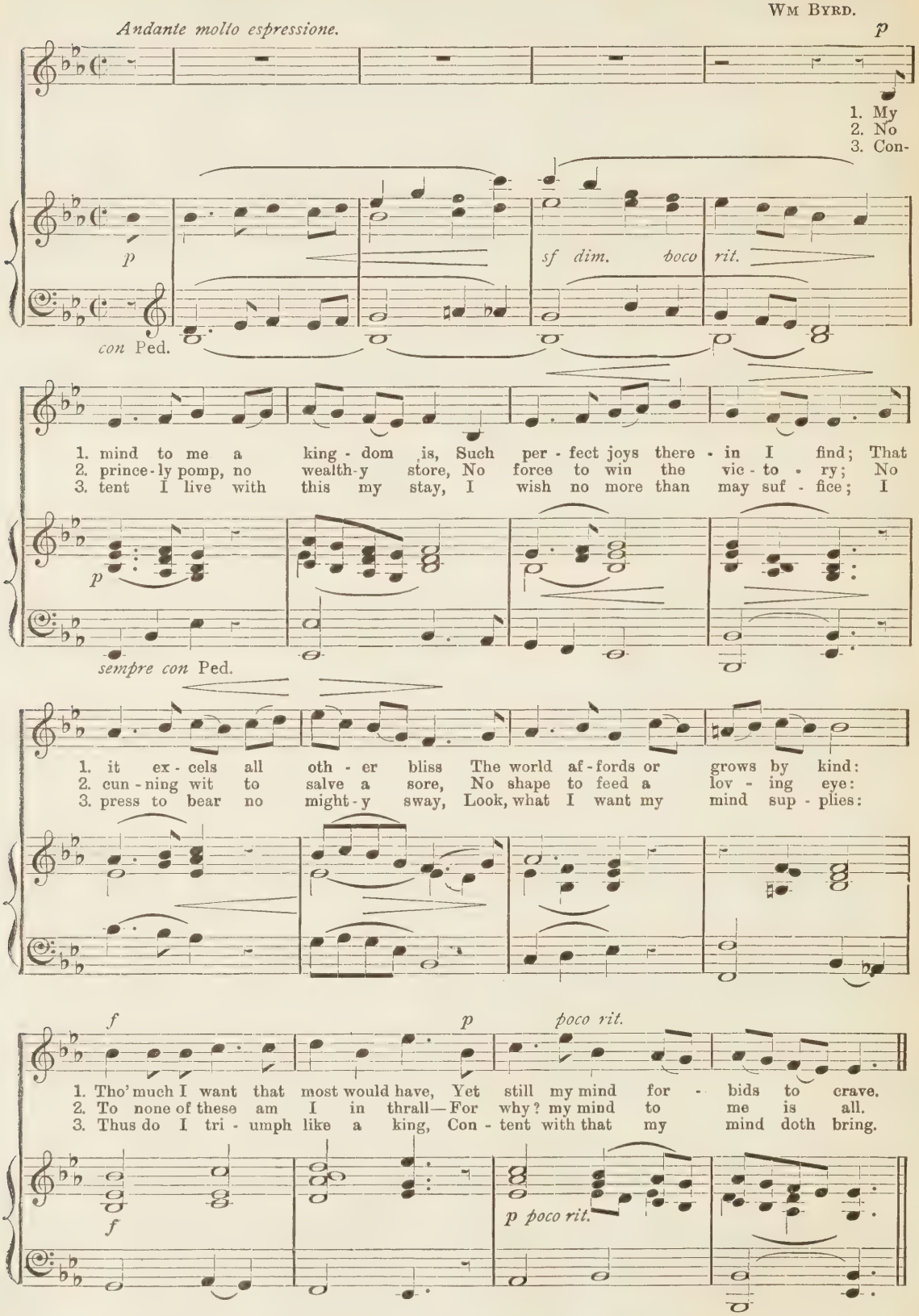
The Collier's Rant.

Allegro.
p
f
mf
1. As me and my mar - row was gan - ning to wark, We
2. As me and my mar - row was put - ting the tram, The
3. Oh, mar - row! oh, mar - row! oh, what dost thou think? I've
mf
cres.
f
1. met with the dev - il, it was in the dark. I up with my pick, it
2. lowe it went out and my mar - row went wrang. Oh, you would have laugh'd had
3. bro - ken my bot - tle, and spill'd all my drink! I lost all my shin - splints a -
cres.
f

From Topliff's *Selection of the most popular Melodies of the Tyne and Wear, circa* 1812-1815. It is also in Sir Cuthbert Sharp's *Bishoprick Garland*, and the words alone in Ritson's *Northumberland Garland; or, Newcastle Nightingale*, 1792, as well as in other places. The song itself is purely a Northumbrian pitman's ditty, and it has evolved from the pit itself. The technical allusions will be easily understood even by those not conversant with the workings of a north country colliery.

1. being in the neit, I knock'd off his horns, like -
2. you seen the gam: The deil gat my mar - row, but
3. mang the great stanes; Draw me to the shaft, it's
f
1. wise his club feet.
2. I gat the tram.
3. time to gan hame.
Fol - low the hor - ses, John - ny, my lad. oh!
f
Fol - low them through, my can - ny lad, oh! Fol - low the hor - ses,
ff
John - ny, my lad, oh! Oh! lad - die, a - way, can - ny lad - die, oh!
ff

The Woodcutter.

Con spirito.
mf
1. Here's a
2. Here's a
mf
1. health un - to the jol - ly wood-cut - ter, That lives at home at ease, He
2. health un - to our mas - ter, The found - er of the feast; I
mf
1. takes his work a slight in hand, And he leaves it when he please; He
2. wish him well with all my heart, That his soul in heav'n may rest: That

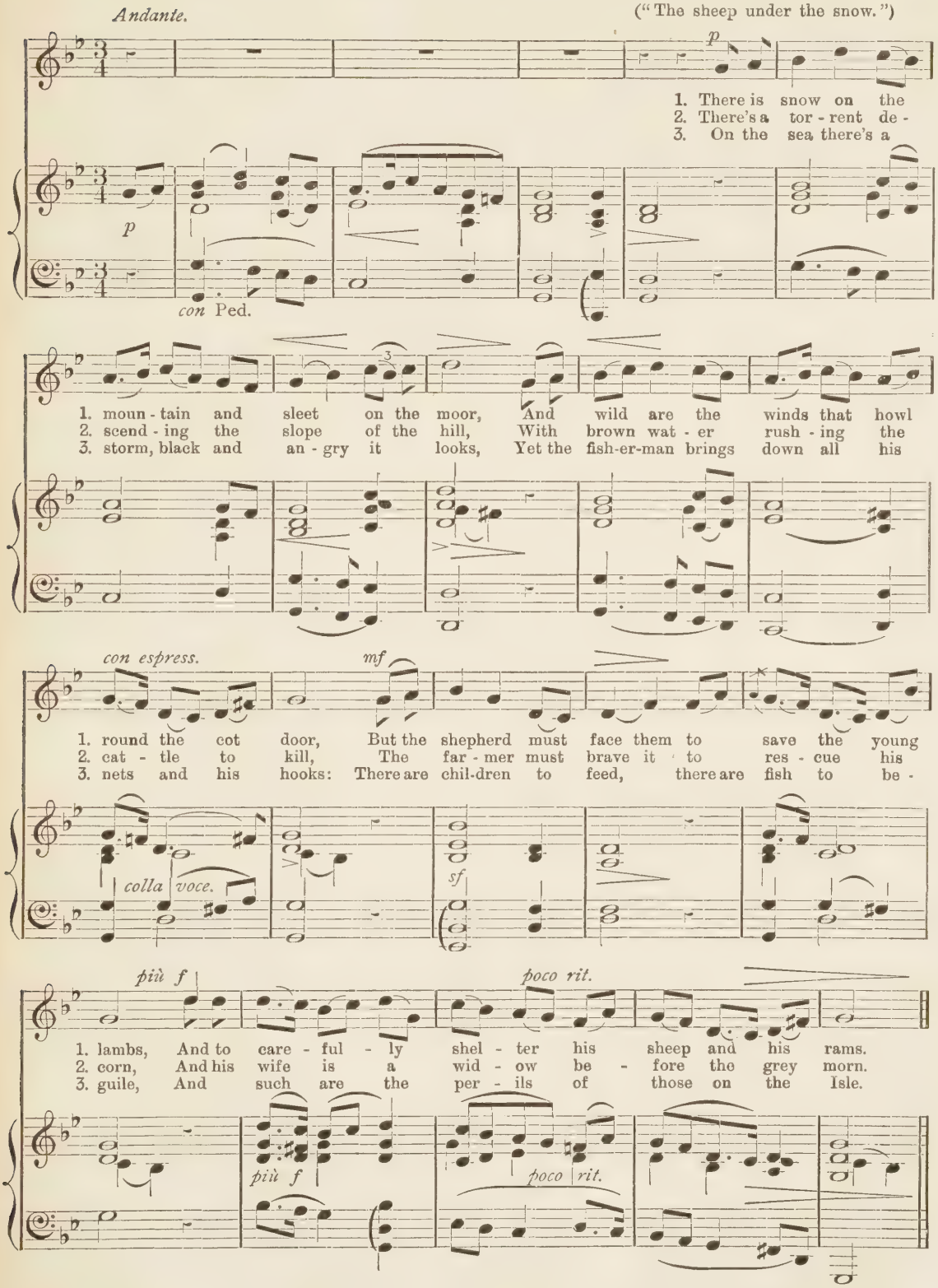
Taken from the folio collection of *Old English Songs as now sung by the peasantry of the weald of Surrey and Sussex*, made by the Rev. John Broadwood. The air is a major set of the "Miller of the Dee" (see present volume), and, with the above words, has been sung as a harvest home song in the southern counties for a long time.

1. takes the withe and he winds it, And he lays it on the ground, . . . A -
2. all his works may pros - per, What - ev - er he takes in hand; . . . . For
f CHORUS.
1. round the fag-got he binds it, Drink round, brave boys, drink round! Drink
2. we are all his ser - vants, And all at his com - mand. So
1. round, brave boys! drink round, brave boys! Till it does come to me, ... The
2. drink, boys, drink! so drink, boys, drink! And see you do not spill, ... For
f
1. long - er we sit here and drink, The mer - ri - er we shall be.
2. if you do you shall drink two, For it is our mas - ter's will.

My Mind to Me a Kingdom is.

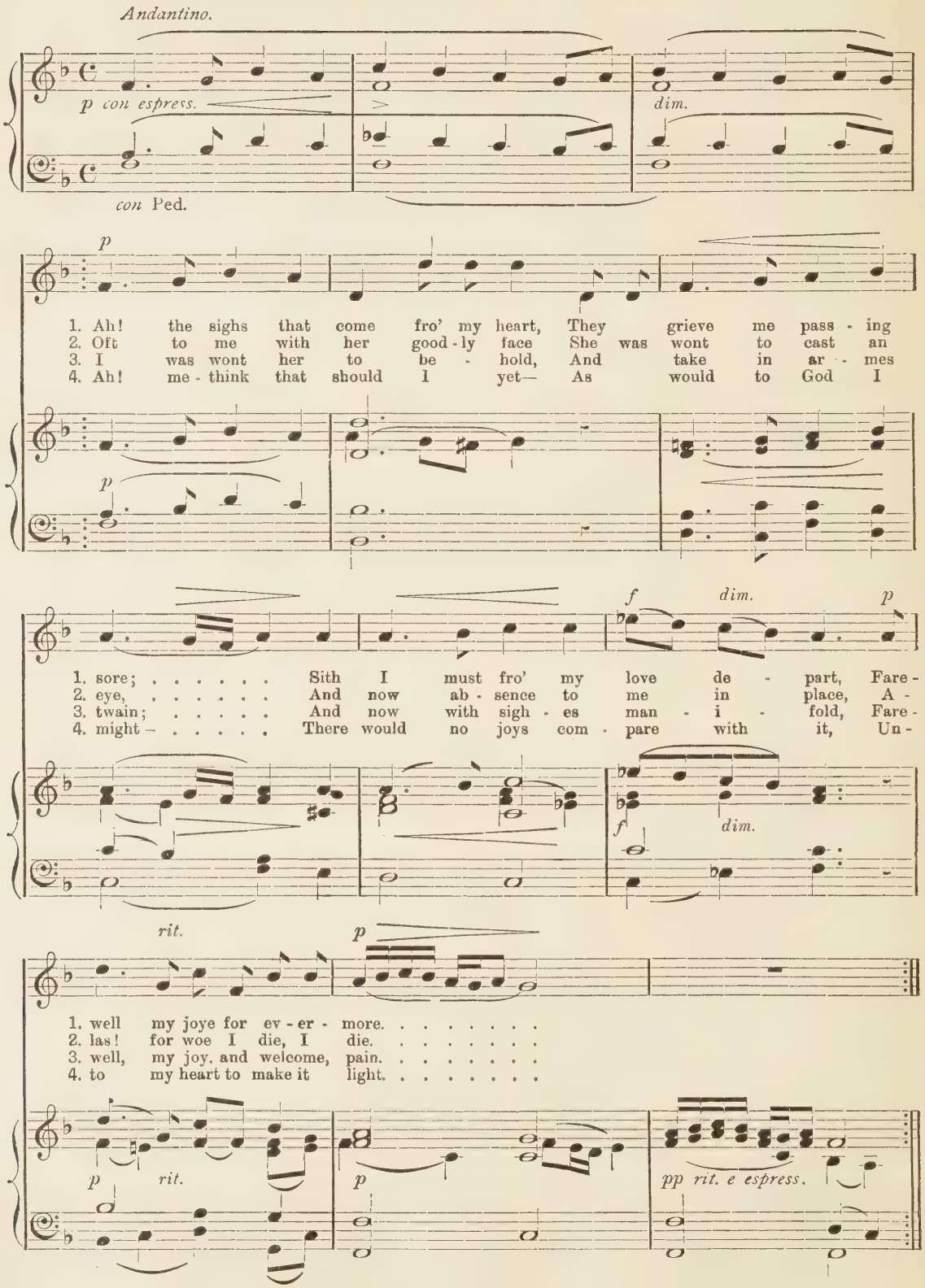
WM BYRD.

Andante molto espressione.
p
1. My
2. No
3. Con-
p
sf dim. poco rit.
con Ped.
1. mind to me a king - dom is, Such per - fect joys there - in I find; That
2. prince-ly pomp, no wealth-y store, No force to win the vic - to - ry; No
3. tent I live with this my stay, I wish no more than may suf - fice; I
p
sempre con Ped.
1. it ex - cels all oth - er bliss The world af - fords or grows by kind:
2. cun - ning wit to salve a sore, No shape to feed a lov - ing eye:
3. press to bear no might - y sway, Look, what I want my mind sup - plies:
f
p
poco rit.
1. Tho' much I want that most would have, Yet still my mind for - bids to crave.
2. To none of these am I in thrall—For why? my mind to me is all.
3. Thus do I tri - umph like a king, Con - tent with that my mind doth bring.
f
p poco rit.

These verses form part of a well known poem, attributed on the authority of an ancient manuscript in the Bodleian library, to Sir Edward Dyer in the reign of Elizabeth. The song is set to music by William Byrd in *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie, made into music of five parts*, 1588, and is quoted by Ben Jonson in "Every Man out of his Humour," 1599. The present tune with the words is reprinted from *Pills*, vol. iv., 1719. The full words are to be seen in Percy's *Reliques*, and in many other works.

The Perils of the Isle.

Air—"Ne Kirree fo'n Sniaghtey."
("The sheep under the snow.")

Andante.
p
1. There is snow on the
2. There's a tor - rent de -
3. On the sea there's a
p
con Ped.
1. moun - tain and sleet on the moor, And wild are the winds that howl
2. scend - ing the slope of the hill, With brown wat - er rush - ing the
3. storm, black and an - gry it looks, Yet the fish-er-man brings down all his
con espress.
mf
1. round the cot door, But the shepherd must face them to save the young
2. cat - tle to kill, The far - mer must brave it to res - cue his
3. nets and his hooks: There are chil-dren to feed, there are fish to be -
colla voce.
sf
più f
poco rit.
1. lambs, And to care - ful - ly shel - ter his sheep and his rams.
2. corn, And his wife is a wid - ow be - fore the grey morn.
3. guile, And such are the per - ils of those on the Isle.
più f
poco rit.

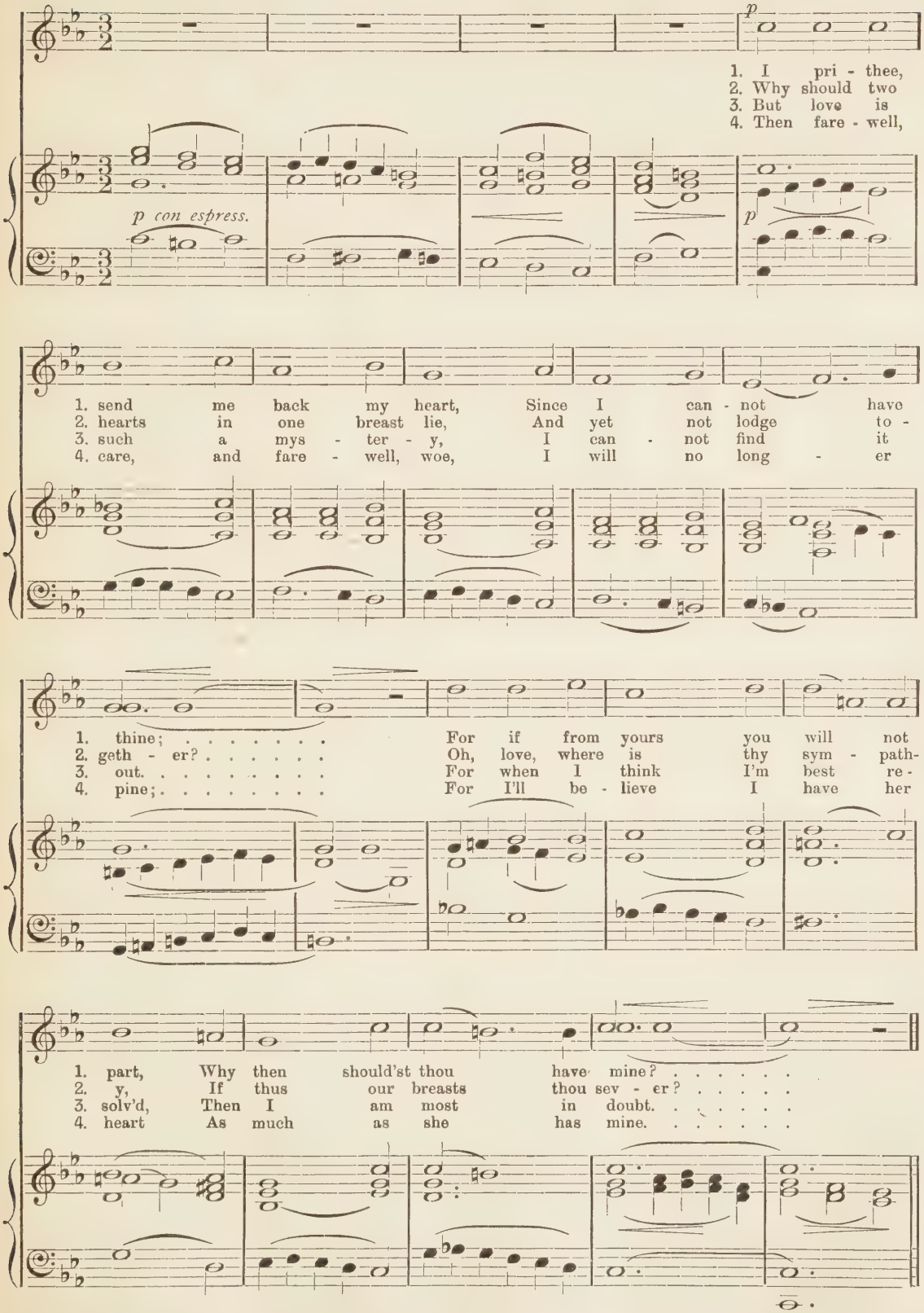
The air is one of those peculiar to the Isle of Man, and there are several published versions of it. The one here selected is taken from the first attempt at a collection of Manx airs, published in 1820, under the title, *Mona's Mel dies*, edited by C St. George. In that work the original Manx words are only indicated by the title of the air. In the present case the stanzas published in *Mona Melodies* do not in the least degree bear upon the subject of the Manx original. We have therefore substituted a song especially written, which (so far as the first verse goes) is more in keeping with the early Manx words.

Ah! the Sighs that come fro' my Heart.

Andantino.
p con espress.
dim.
con Ped.
p
1. Ah! the sighs that come fro' my heart, They grieve me pass - ing
2. Oft to me with her good - ly face She was wont to cast an
3. I was wont her to be - hold, And take in ar - mes
4. Ah! me - think that should I yet— As would to God I
p
f dim. p
1. sore; . . . . . Sith I must fro' my love de - part, Fare -
2. eye, ... And now ab - sence to me in place, A -
3. twain; . . . . . And now with sigh - es man - i - fold, Fare -
4. might – . . . . . There would no joys com - pare with it, Un -
f dim.
rit. p
1. well my joye for ev - er - more. . . . . .
2. las! for woe I die, I die. . . . . .
3. well, my joy, and welcome, pain. . . . . .
4. to my heart to make it light. . . . . .
p rit. p pp rit. e espress.

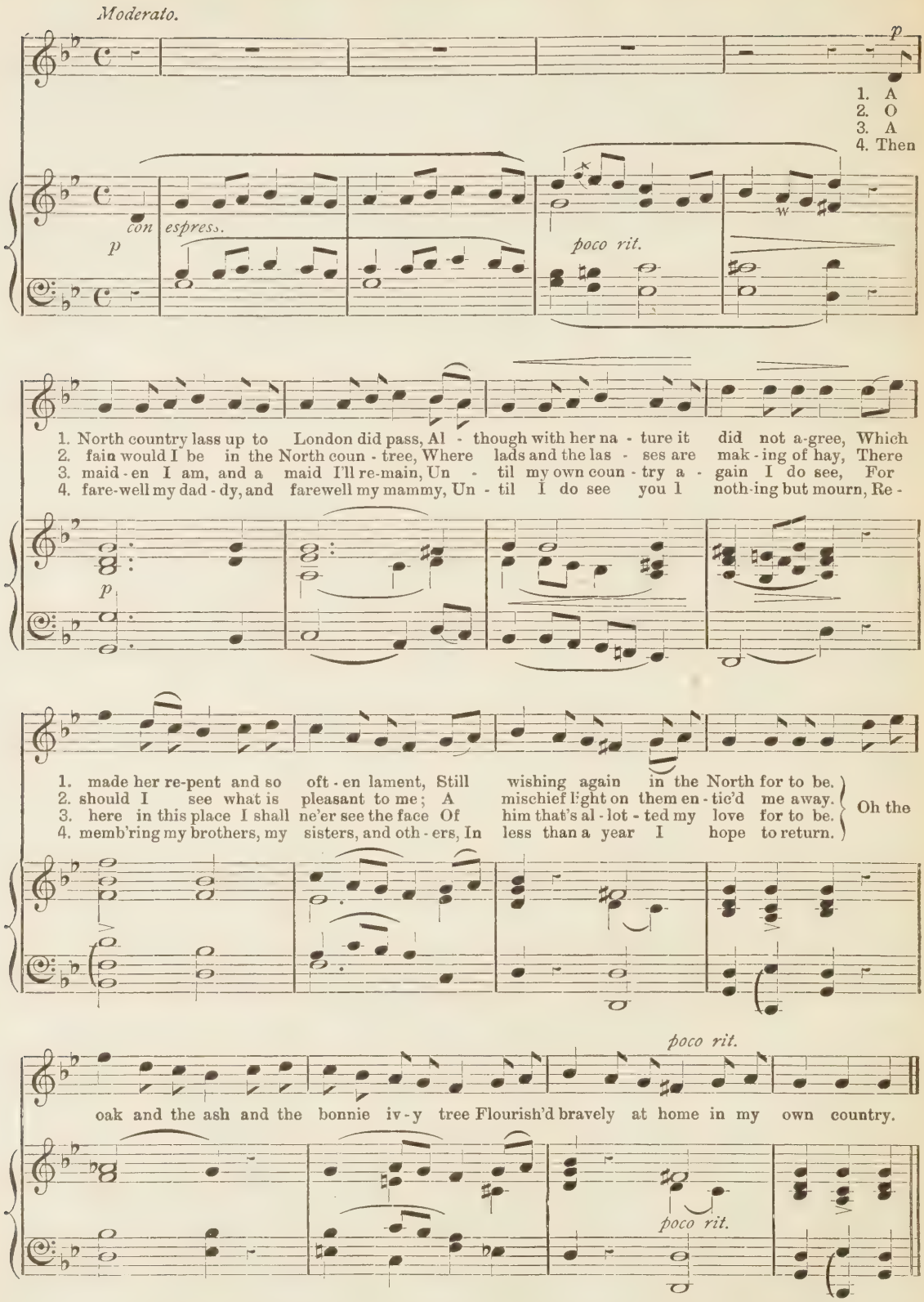
Mr. William Chappell printed this song and air from a manuscript of the reign of Henry the Eighth, now in the British Museum. The MS. also contains other specimens of secular songs of the period, and is especially valuable in fixing the character of English song and melody at this time. The contents of the manuscript include both words and music of "Western Wynde, when wilt thou blow?" and "Blow thy horn, hunter!"

I prithee, send me back my Heart.

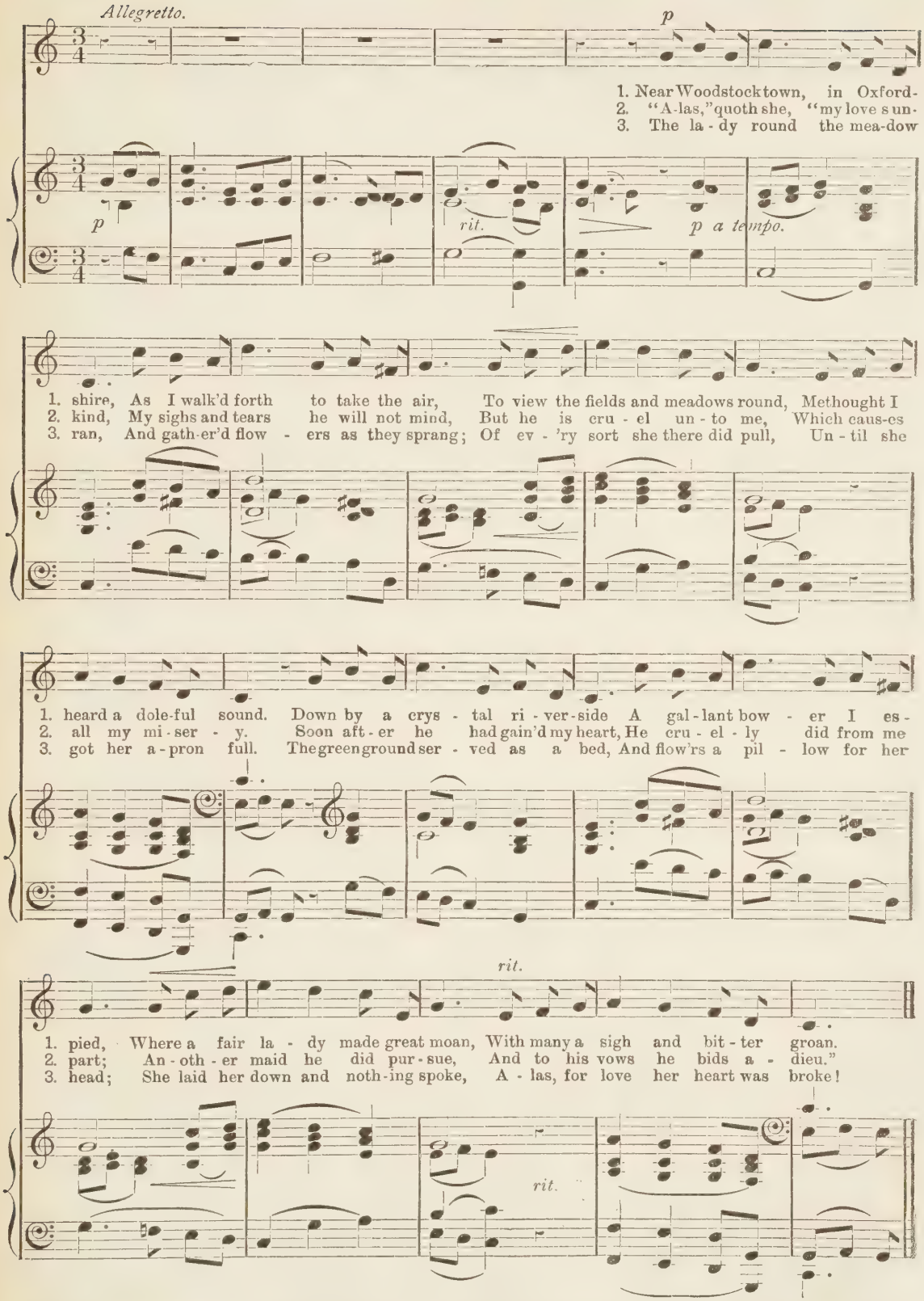
Andantino.

HENRY LAWES.

p
1. I pri - thee,
2. Why should two
3. But love is
4. Then fare - well,
p con espress.
p
1. send me back my heart, Since I can - not have
2. hearts in one breast lie, And yet not lodge to -
3. such a mys - ter - y, I can - not find it
4. care, and fare - well, woe, I will no long - er
1. thine; . . . . . For if from yours you will not
2. geth - er? . . . . . Oh, love, where is thy sym - path-
3. out. . . . . For when I think I'm best re -
4. pine; . . . . . For I'll be - lieve I have her
1. part, Why then should'st thou have mine? . . . . .
2. y, If thus our breasts thou sev - er? . . . . .
3. solv'd, Then I am most in doubt. . . . . .
4. heart As much as she has mine. . . . . .

The verses are by Sir John Suckling (born 1613; died 1641), and the melody is by Henry Lawes. The air and two verses of the song are printed in John Playford's *Treasury of Musick*, 1669, where strangely enough the words are set down to the authorship of "Dr. Hughes!"

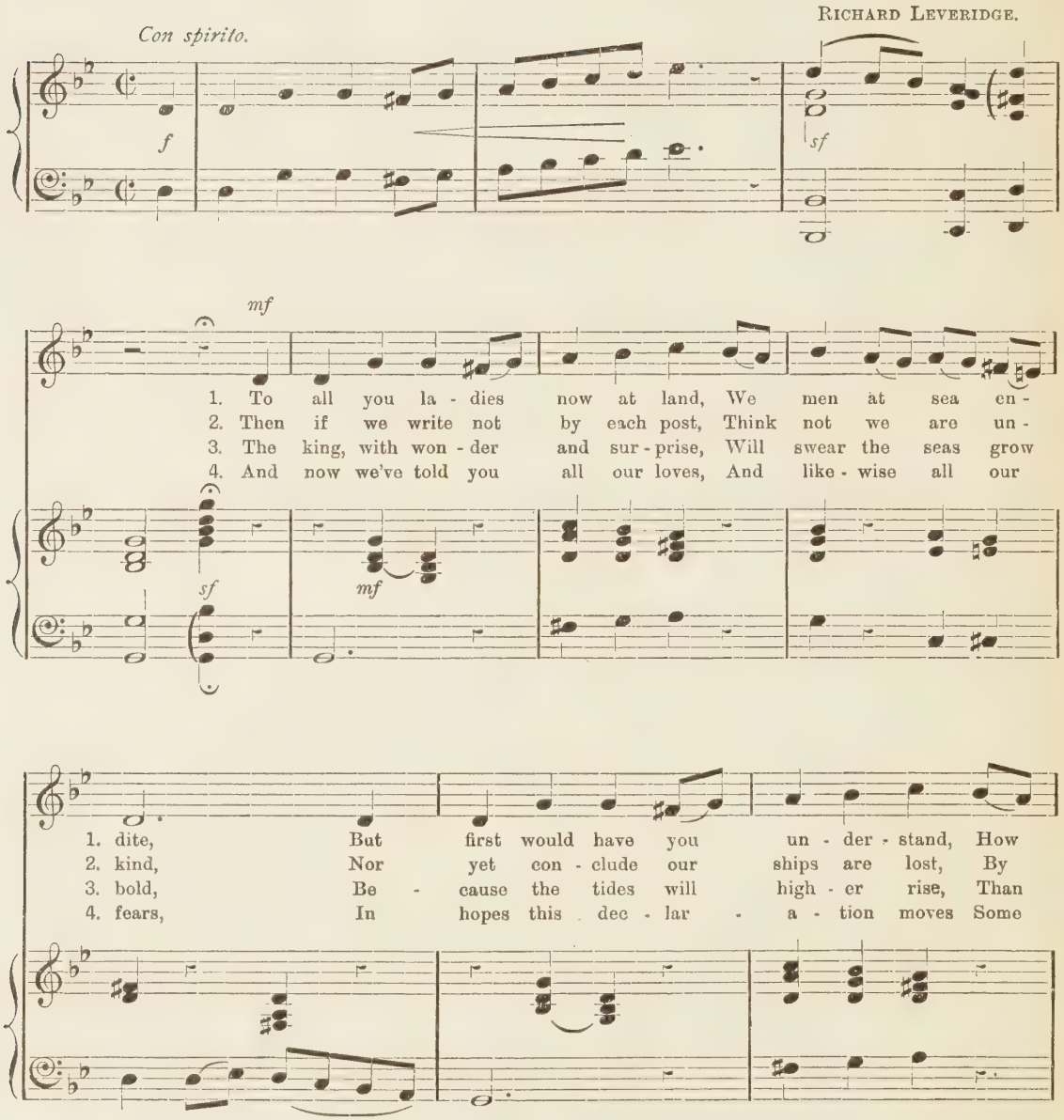
The Oak and the Ash.

Moderato.
p
1. A
2. O
3. A
4. Then
con espress.
p
poco rit.
1. North country lass up to London did pass, Al - though with her na - ture it did not a-gree, Which
2. fain would I be in the North coun - tree, Where lads and the las - ses are mak - ing of hay, There
3. maid - en I am, and a maid I'll re-main, Un - til my own coun - try a - gain I do see, For
4. fare-well my dad - dy, and farewell my mammy, Un - til I do see you l noth-ing but mourn, Re -
p
1. made her re-pent and so oft - en lament, Still wishing again in the North for to be.
2. should I see what is pleasant to me; A mischief light on them en - tic'd me away.
3. here in this place I shall ne'er see the face Of him that's al - lot - ted my love for to be.
4. memb'ring my brothers, my sisters, and oth - ers, In less than a year I hope to return.
Oh the
poco rit.
oak and the ash and the bonnie iv - y tree Flourish'd bravely at home in my own country.
poco rit.

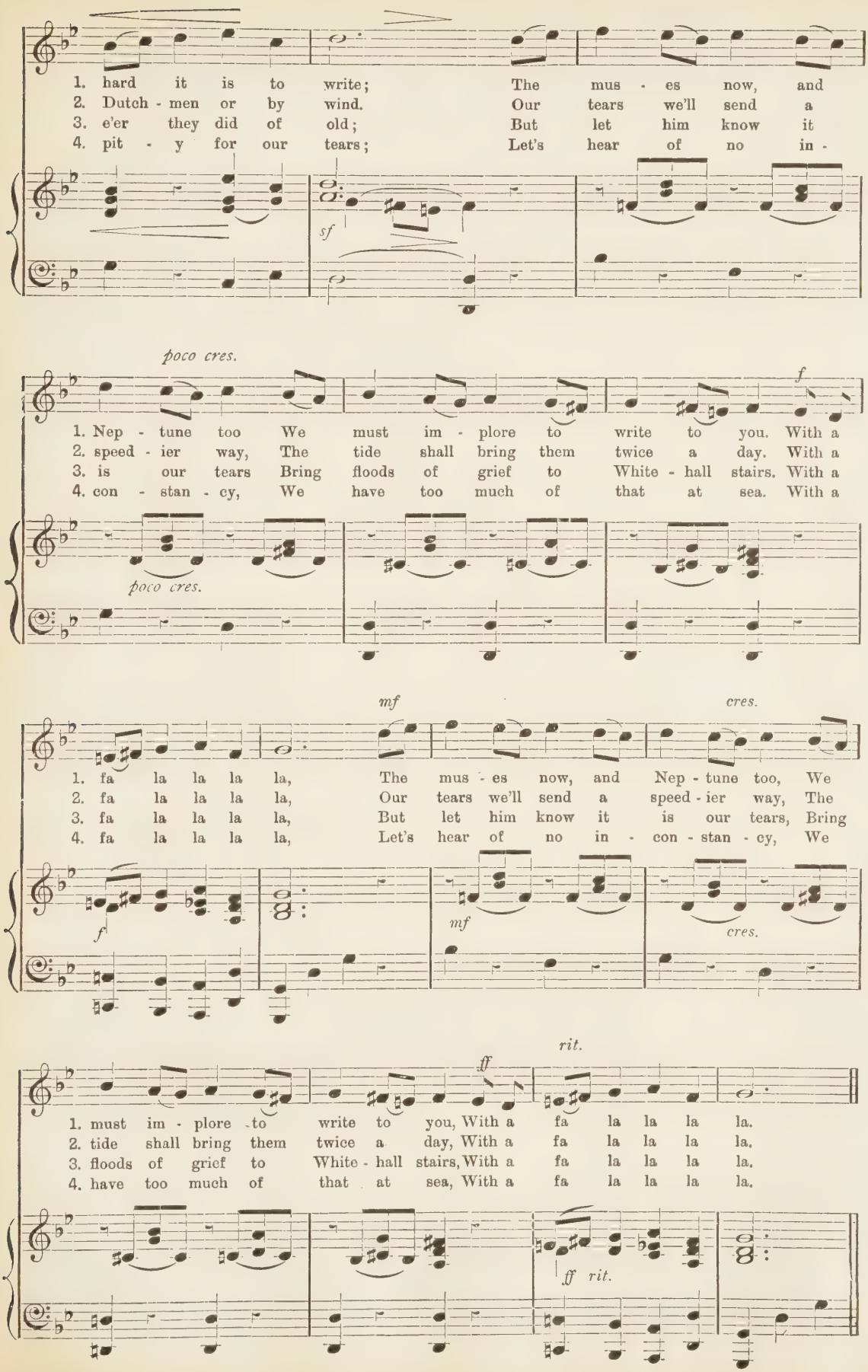
A version of the tune under the name, "Quodling's Delight" (reprinted in our Appendix) is in the Fitzwilliam Virginal book. Under the title, "Goddesses," another variant is in the first and all early editions of the *Dancing Master*. The ballad is of great length, and was a popular one during the 17th century, being printed on black letter broadsides, in the Roxburghe and other collections. There were also certain parodies of it extant at this time. Sir Walter Scott, in *Rob Roy*, puts a fragment of the ballad into the mouth of one of his characters.

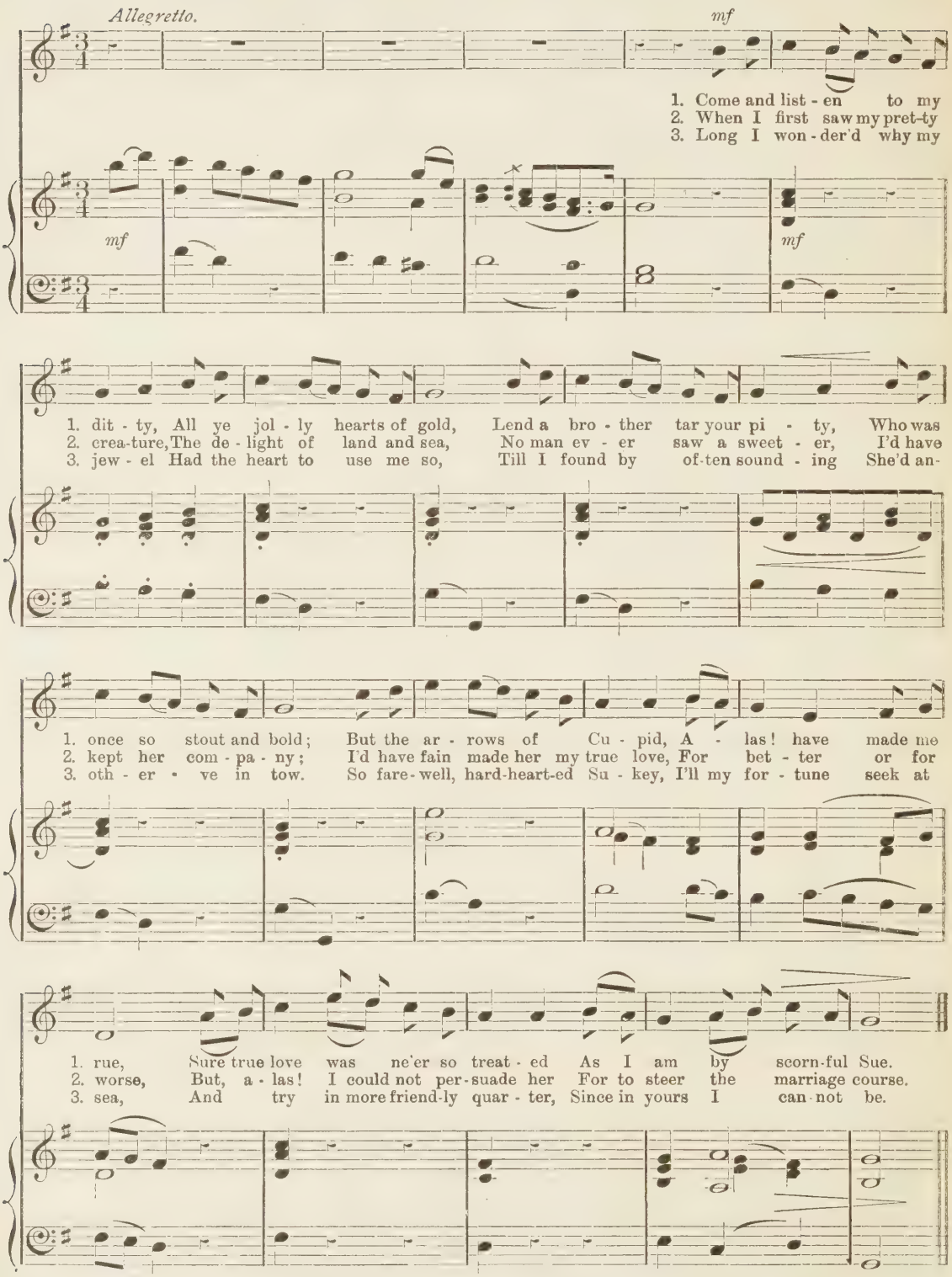
Near Woodstock Town.

Allegretto.
p
1. Near Woodstock town, in Oxford-
2. "A-las," quoth she, "my love s un-
3. The la - dy round the mea-dow
p
rit.
p a tempo.
1. shire, As I walk'd forth to take the air, To view the fields and meadows round, Methought I
2. kind, My sighs and tears he will not mind, But he is cru - el un - to me, Which caus-es
3. ran, And gath-er'd flow - ers as they sprang; Of ev - 'ry sort she there did pull, Un - til she
1. heard a dole-ful sound. Down by a crys - tal ri - ver-side A gal - lant bow - er I es -
2. all my mi - ser - y. Soon aft - er he had gain'd my heart, He cru - el - ly did from me
3. got her a - pron full. The green ground ser - ved as a bed, And flow'rs a pil - low for her
rit.
1. pied, Where a fair la - dy made great moan, With many a sigh and bit - ter groan.
2. part; An - oth - er maid he did pur - sue, And to his vows he bids a - dieu."
3. head; She laid her down and noth - ing spoke, A - las, for love her heart was broke!
rit.

The ballad is an early one, and of great length. It is printed in full in Chappell's *National English Airs*, 1838, and in his *Popular Music*. We can only give a few of the verses here. It is also named "The Oxfordshire Tragedy," and the tune is employed for songs in *The Cobbler's Opera*, 1729, *The Village Opera*, 1729 and *Silvia*, 1731. As printed in editions of these operas the tune varies a little. In the last named opera the air is in common time.

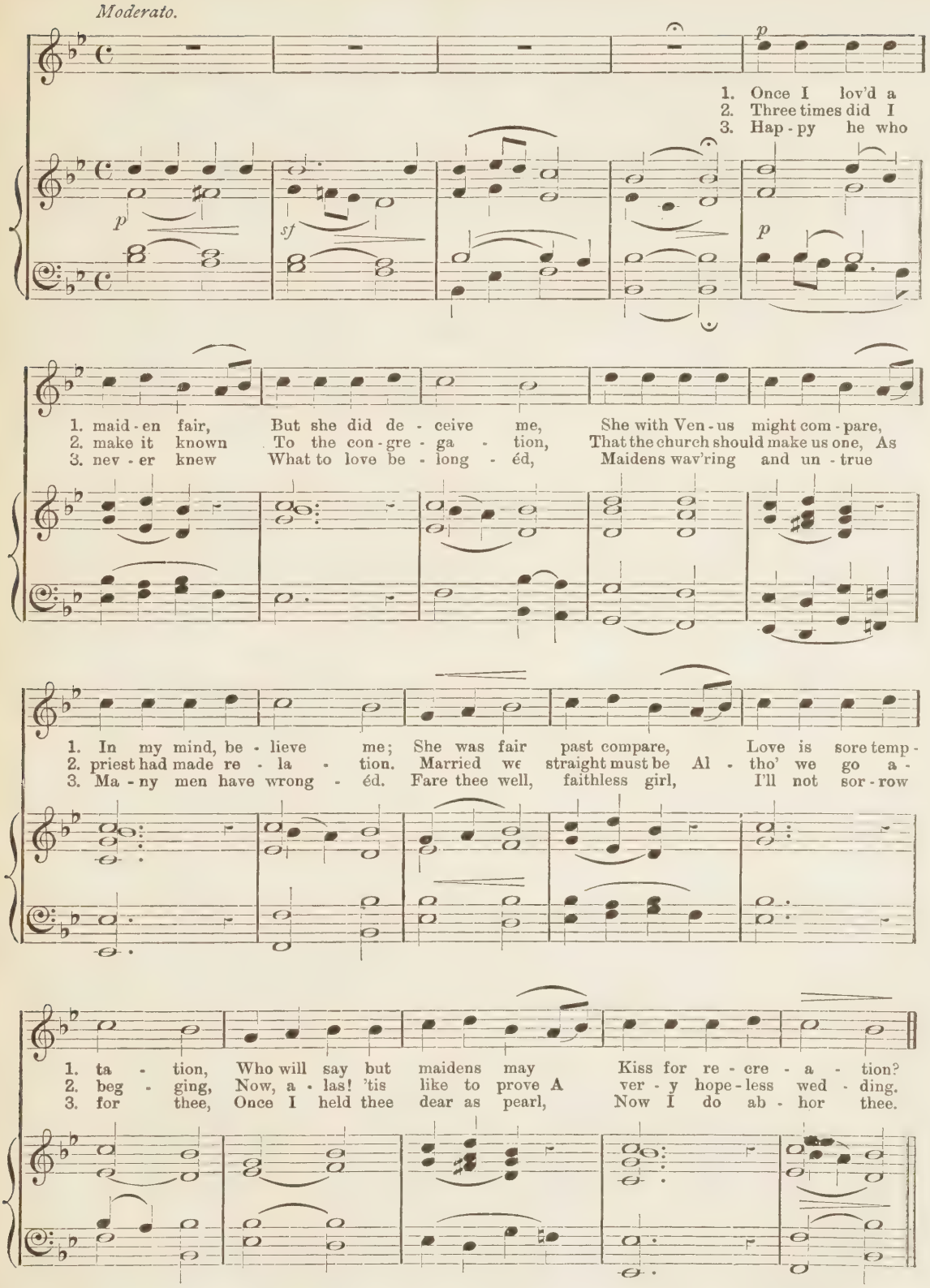
To all you Ladies now at Land.

RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

Con spirito.
f
sf
mf
1. To all you la - dies now at land, We men at sea en -
2. Then if we write not by each post, Think not we are un -
3. The king, with won - der and sur - prise, Will swear the seas grow
4. And now we've told you all our loves, And like - wise all our
sf
mf
1. dite, But first would have you un - der - stand, How
2. kind, Nor yet con - clude our ships are lost, By
3. bold, Be - cause the tides will high - er rise, Than
4. fears, In hopes this dec - lar - a - tion moves Some

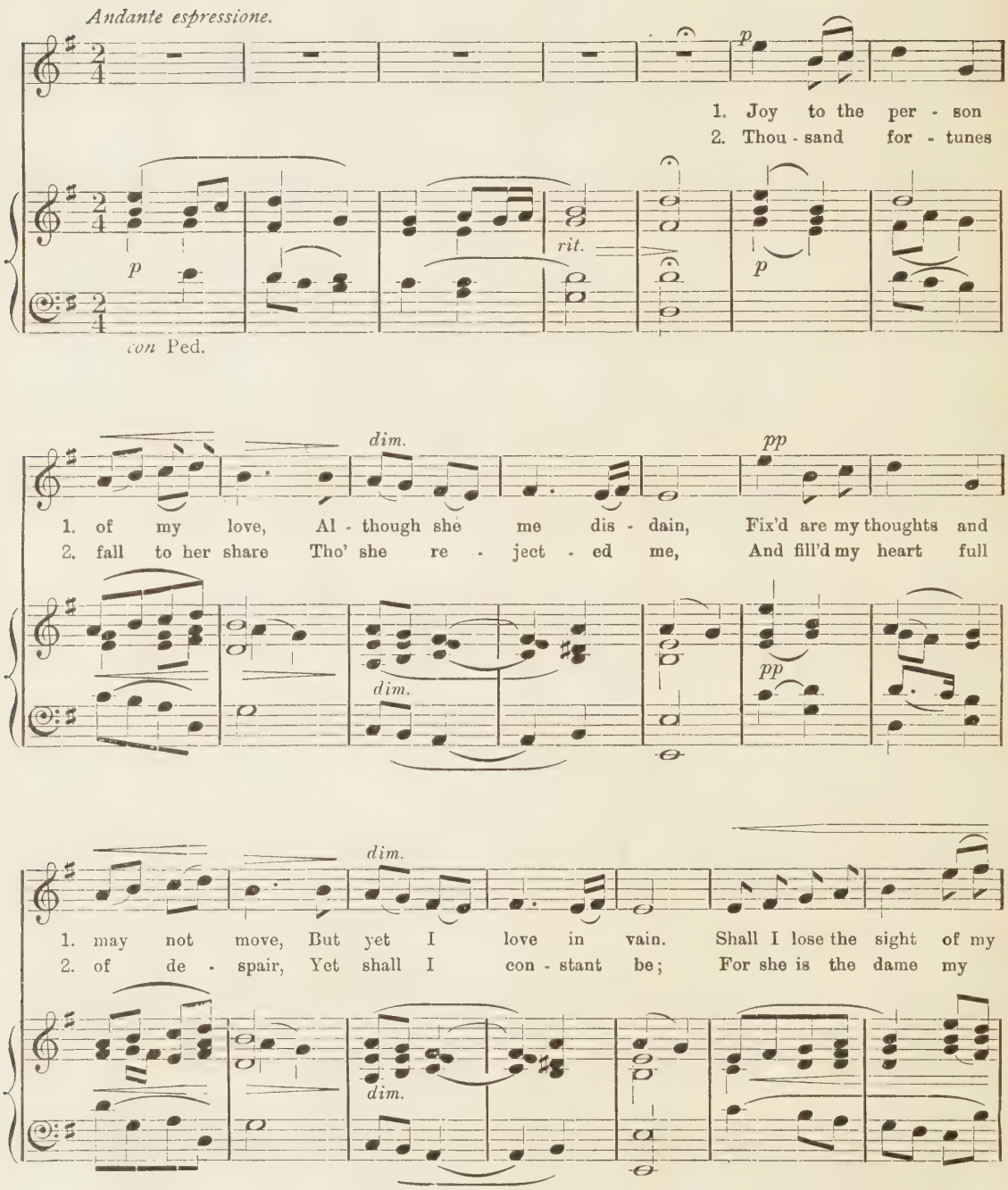
Pepys mentions in his diary under the date January 2nd, 1664-5, that he took to my Lord Brounker's, "a ballet made from the seamen at sea to the ladies in town." This was in all probability the celebrated and clever poem, "To all you ladies now at land," which, it is stated, was written by Charles, afterwards Earl of Dorset, the night before an engagement. As the engagement alluded to took place in July, 1665, it is thought that Pepys' entry contradicts this statement, but the entry is vague, and we have no proof as to its referring to Lord Dorset's ballad after all. The song with an air was engraved on half sheets about 1710-20, and this tune has a slight "taste" of the "British Grenadiers," and other similar melodies. A version of it, with the words as "A Ballad by the late Lord Dorset when at sea," is given in *Pills*, vol. vi., 1720; it is also set to a parody (of which there have been hundreds), in *Watt's Musical Miscellany*, vol. iii., 1730, and many other places. About 1727-9 another song came into vogue (with an air by Richard Leveridge), "The Faithful Mariner," beginning "To you who live at home at ease"; this was published in vol. iii. of the *Merry Musician*, and in Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, 1734. As Leveridge's air is so superior to the one printed in *Pills* and on the engraved sheets, we have taken his and united it to a few verses of Lord Dorset's long ballad, which by the way is contained in full in most collections of English ballad and lyric poetry.

1. hard it is to write; The mus - es now, and
2. Dutch - men or by wind. Our tears we'll send a
3. e'er they did of old; But let him know it
4. pit - y for our tears; Let's hear of no in -
sf
poco cres.
1. Nep - tune too We must im - plore to write to you. With a
2. speed - ier way, The tide shall bring them twice a day. With a
3. is our tears Bring floods of grief to White - hall stairs. With a
4. con - stan - cy, We have too much of that at sea. With a
f
poco cres.
mf
cres.
1. fa la la la la, The mus - es now, and Nep - tune too, We
2. fa la la la la, Our tears we'll send a speed - ier way, The
3. fa la la la la, But let him know it is our tears, Bring
4. fa la la la la, Let's hear of no in - con - stan - cy, We
f
mf
cres.
rit.
ff
1. must im - plore to write to you, With a fa la la la la.
2. tide shall bring them twice a day, With a fa la la la la.
3. floods of grief to White - hall stairs, With a fa la la la la.
4. have too much of that at sea, With a fa la la la la.
ff rit.

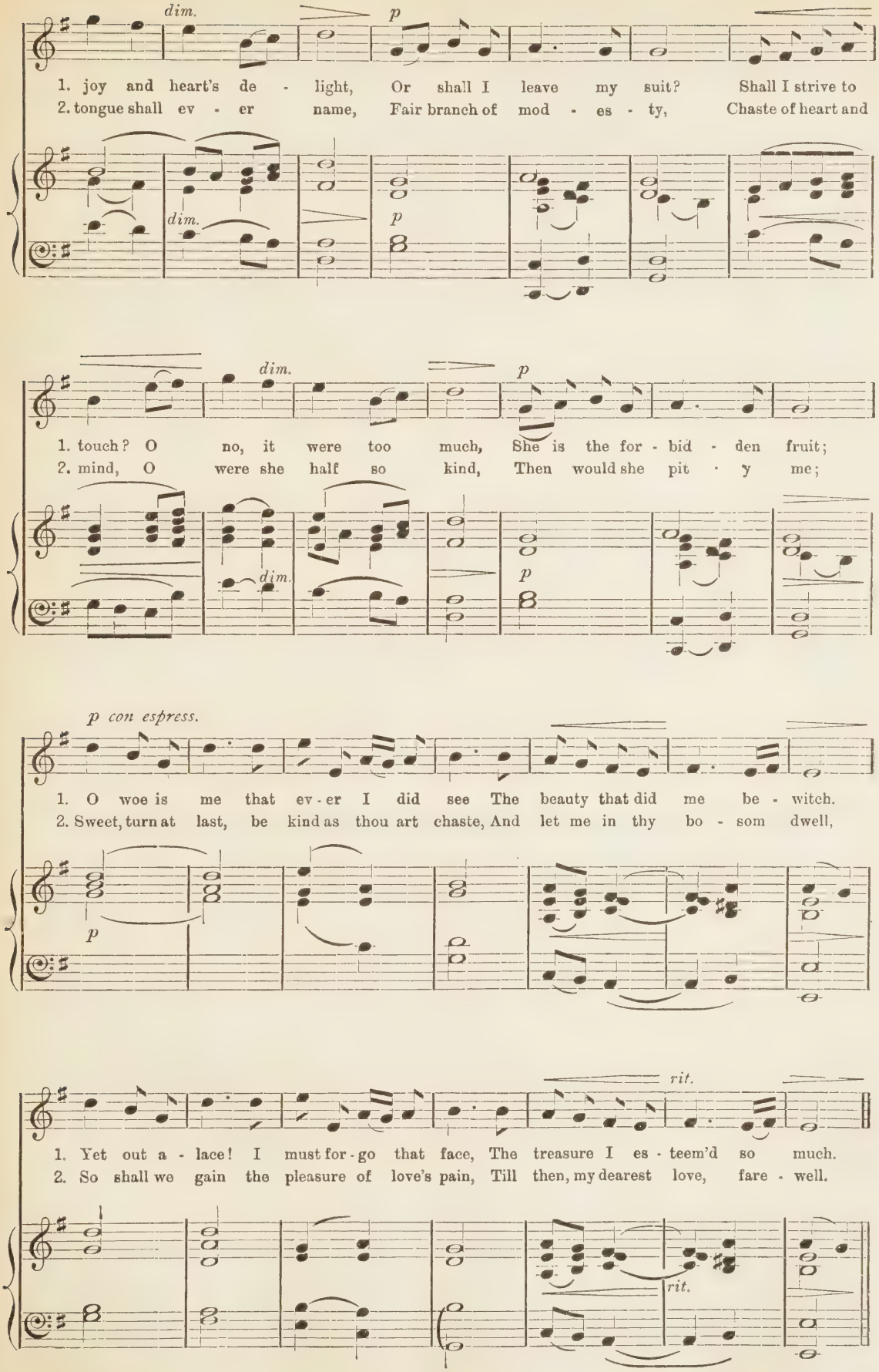
Come and Listen to My Ditty.

Allegretto.
mf
1. Come and list - en to my
2. When I first saw my pret-ty
3. Long I won - der'd why my
mf
mf
1. dit - ty, All ye jol - ly hearts of gold, Lend a bro - ther tar your pi - ty, Who was
2. crea-ture, The de - light of land and sea, No man ev - er saw a sweet - er, I'd have
3. jew - el Had the heart to use me so, Till I found by of-ten sound - ing She'd an-
1. once so stout and bold; But the ar - rows of Cu - pid, A - las! have made me
2. kept her com - pa - ny; I'd have fain made her my true love, For bet - ter or for
3. oth - er - ve in tow. So fare-well, hard-heart-ed Su - key, I'll my for - tune seek at
1. rue, Sure true love was ne'er so treat - ed As I am by scorn-ful Sue.
2. worse, But, a - las! I could not per-suade her For to steer the marriage course.
3. sea, And try in more friend-ly quar - ter, Since in yours I can-not be.

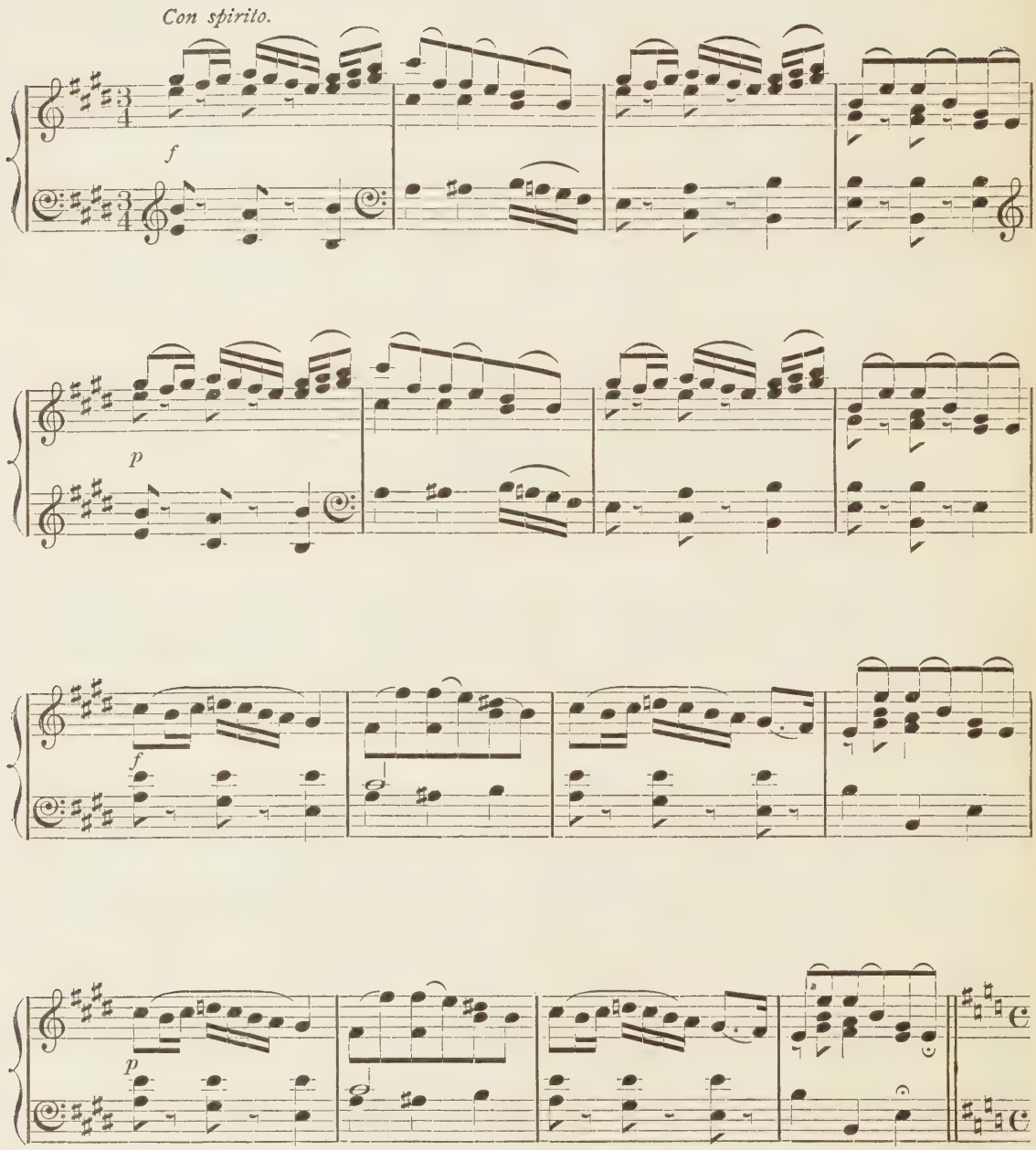
The tune has been generally associated with sailors' songs. The above lyric, which has much the appearance of a traditional folk song, is called "The Sailor's Complaint." It is present in Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv., 1733-4, Bickham's *Musical Entertainer*, 1737, *The Universal Musician*, 1738, etc. Prior to this the verses had been used for a sailor ballad beginning, "O how happy are young lovers," and with this first line as a heading the song is printed in several ballad operas, as *The Beggars Wedding*, 1729, *Silvia*, 1731, etc. It was also used for Charles Coffey's "Welcome, brother debtor"—see *Bickham*, vol. ii., 1738, *Calliope*, 1739, and other works. In 1754 the "Sailor's Complaint" gave up its tune to George Alexander Steven's fine sea song, "Cease, rude Boreas," published in that year by John Sadler in *The Muses' Delight*. "The Storm," as this latter song was generally named, was one of Charles Incledon's great successes. We have not reproduced all the numerous verses of "Come and Listen to My Ditty."

Once I Loved a Maiden Fair.

Moderato.
p
1. Once I lov'd a
2. Three times did I
3. Hap - py he who
p
sf
p
1. maid - en fair, But she did de - ceive me, She with Ven - us might com - pare,
2. make it known To the con - gre - ga - tion, That the church should make us one, As
3. nev - er knew What to love be - long - éd, Maidens wav'ring and un - true
1. In my mind, be - lieve me; She was fair past compare, Love is sore temp -
2. priest had made re - la - tion. Married we straight must be Al - tho' we go a -
3. Ma - ny men have wrong - éd. Fare thee well, faithless girl, I'll not sor - row
1. ta - tion, Who will say but maidens may Kiss for re - cre - a - tion?
2. beg - ging, Now, a - las! 'tis like to prove A ver - y hope - less wed - ding.
3. for thee, Once I held thee dear as pearl, Now I do ab - hor thee.

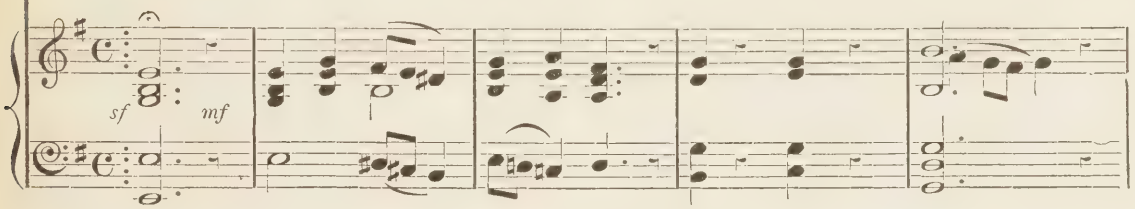
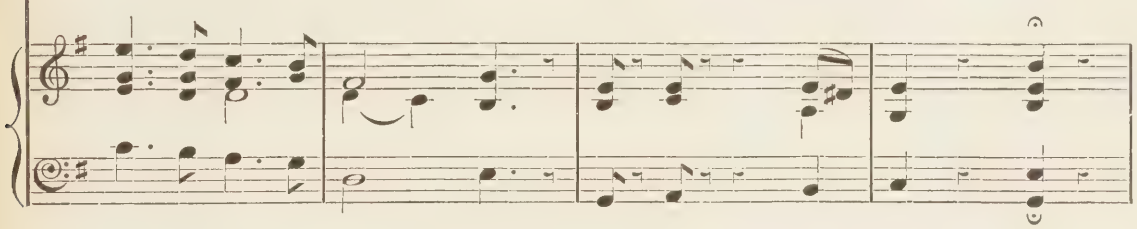
A seventeenth century ballad and tune generally titled "Maiden Fair." The melody is given in a number of Playford's publications, in the first (1650) edition of *The Dancing Master*, and many later editions, *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666, *Introduction to the Skill of Music*, 1664 (and all later editions), Greeting's *Pleasant Companion for the Flageolet*, 1680, etc. The ballad is among the Roxburghe Collection, and a song published in 1651 is directed to be sung to the tune, "Once I loved a maiden fair." Chappell, who first brought the tune into modern revival, appears to have taken some liberties with it, and his version much resembles Savile's "Here's a health unto his Majesty." I give Playford's copy in the Appendix.

Joy to the Person of my Love.

Andante espressione.
p
1. Joy to the per - son
2. Thou - sand for - tunes
p
rit.
p
con Ped.
dim.
pp
1. of my love, Al - though she me dis - dain, Fix'd are my thoughts and
2. fall to her share Tho' she re - ject - ed me, And fill'd my heart full
dim.
pp
dim.
1. may not move, But yet I love in vain. Shall I lose the sight of my
2. of de - spair, Yet shall I con - stant be; For she is the dame my
dim.

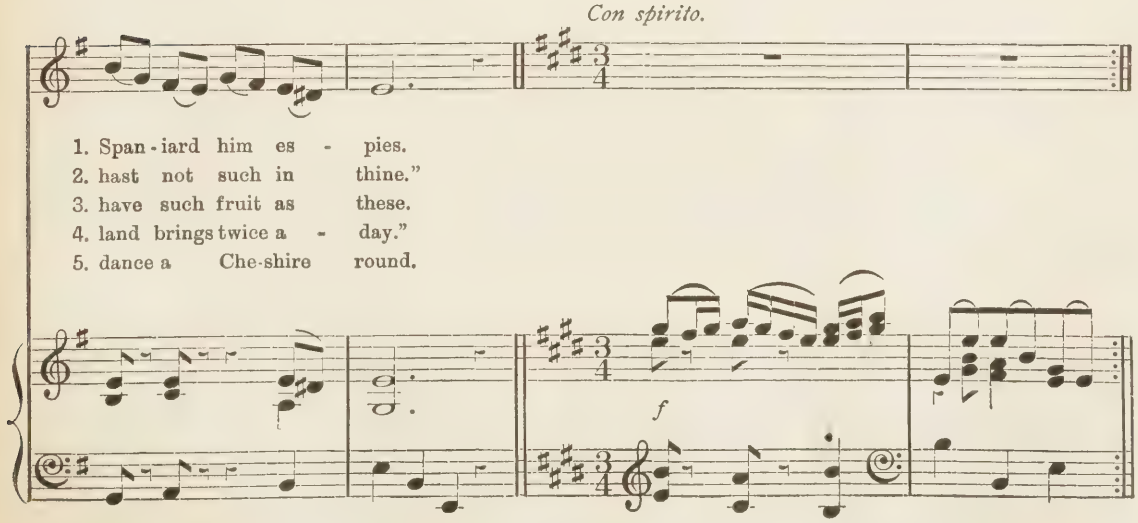
The air is in the *Skene MS.* in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The manuscript is written in a four-line tablature for a small kind of lute, and there is some dispute as to its precise age. It may, however, be readily granted that the period was between 1625 and 1650. "Joy to the Person of my love" is also found in all three editions of John Forbes' *Cantus*, printed at Aberdeen in 1662, 1666, and 1682. This work may claim to be the first collection of secular music printed in Scotland. For his enterprise poor Forbes suffered confiscation, fine and imprisonment, under the law of printing without a license. The above song is also in the *Leyden and Blackie MSS.*, both of which date about the latter part of the 17th century.

dim.
p
1. joy and heart's de - light, Or shall I leave my suit? Shall I strive to
2. tongue shall ev - er name, Fair branch of mod - es - ty, Chaste of heart and
dim.
p
dim.
p
1. touch? O no, it were too much, She is the for - bid - den fruit;
2. mind, O were she half so kind, Then would she pit - y me;
dim.
p
p con espress.
1. O woe is me that ev - er I did see The beauty that did me be - witch.
2. Sweet, turn at last, be kind as thou art chaste, And let me in thy bo - som dwell,
p
rit.
1. Yet out a - lace! I must for - go that face, The treasure I es - teem'd so much.
2. So shall we gain the pleasure of love's pain, Till then, my dearest love, fare - well.
rit.

The Cheshire Man.

A song in praise of the Cheshire cheese, from a thin folio publication issued by Edward Jones, the gatherer of Welsh melodies. The book named *Cheshire Melodies* was printed in 1798, and is adorned by a fine engraving showing the defeat of the Spaniard and triumph of the Cheshire man and his cheese. The music is in our present volume arranged to include a "Cheshire Round," the dance once peculiar to that county and to Shropshire. The structure of these rounds is similar to that of the ancient triple time hornpipes, and many different ones are included in the contents of the early dance books. The one here used is from Jones' work above named.

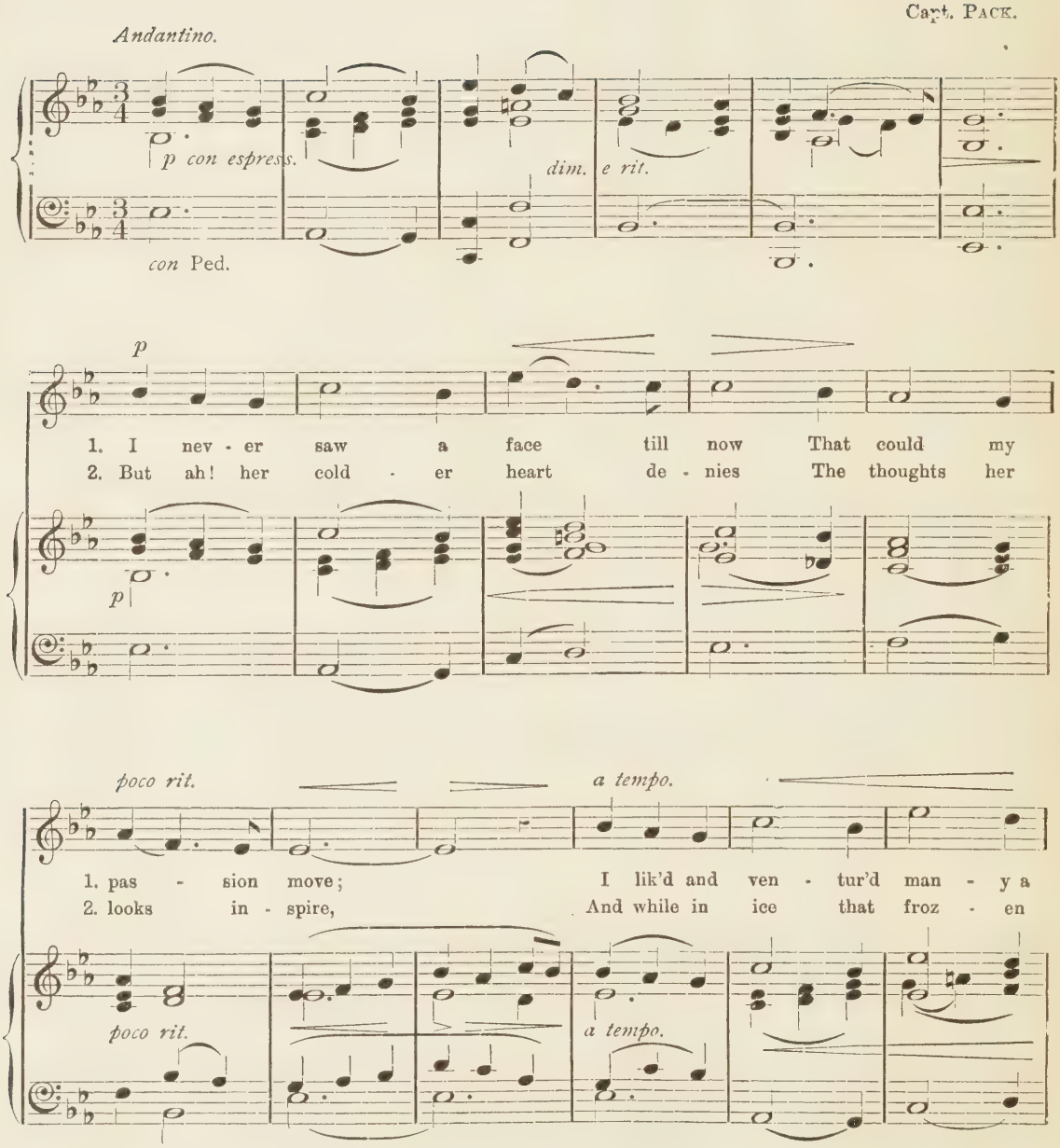
Moderato.

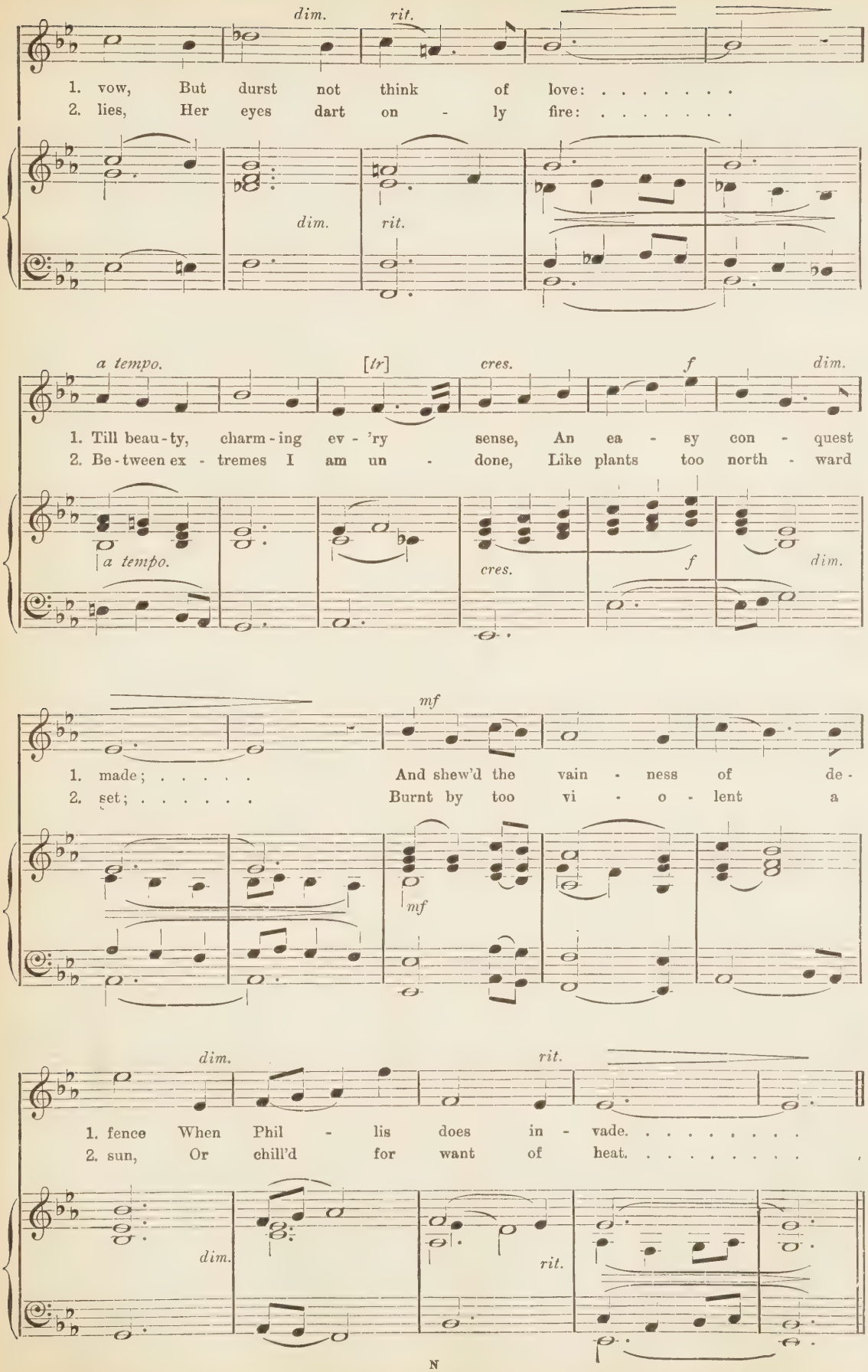
1. A Che-shire man sail'd in-to Spain To trade for mer-chan-dise; When
2. Who said, "You Eng-lish rogue, look here, What fruit and spi-ces fine Our
3. The Che-shire man ran to his hold And fetched a Che-shire cheese, And
4. "Your fruits are ripe but twice a year, As you your-self do say, But
5. So nev-er let the Span-iard boast While Cheshire men a-bound, Lest

1. he ar-riv-ed from the main, A Span-iard him es-pies, ... A
2. land pro-du-ces twice a year! Thou hast not such in thine, ... Thou
3. said, "Look here, you dog, be-hold, We have such fruit as these, ... We
4. such as I pre-sent you here Our land brings twice a day, ... Our
5. they should teach him to his cost To dance a Che-shire round, ... To

Con spirito.

1. Span-iard him es-pies.
2. hast not such in thine."
3. have such fruit as these.
4. land brings twice a-day."
5. dance a Che-shire round.

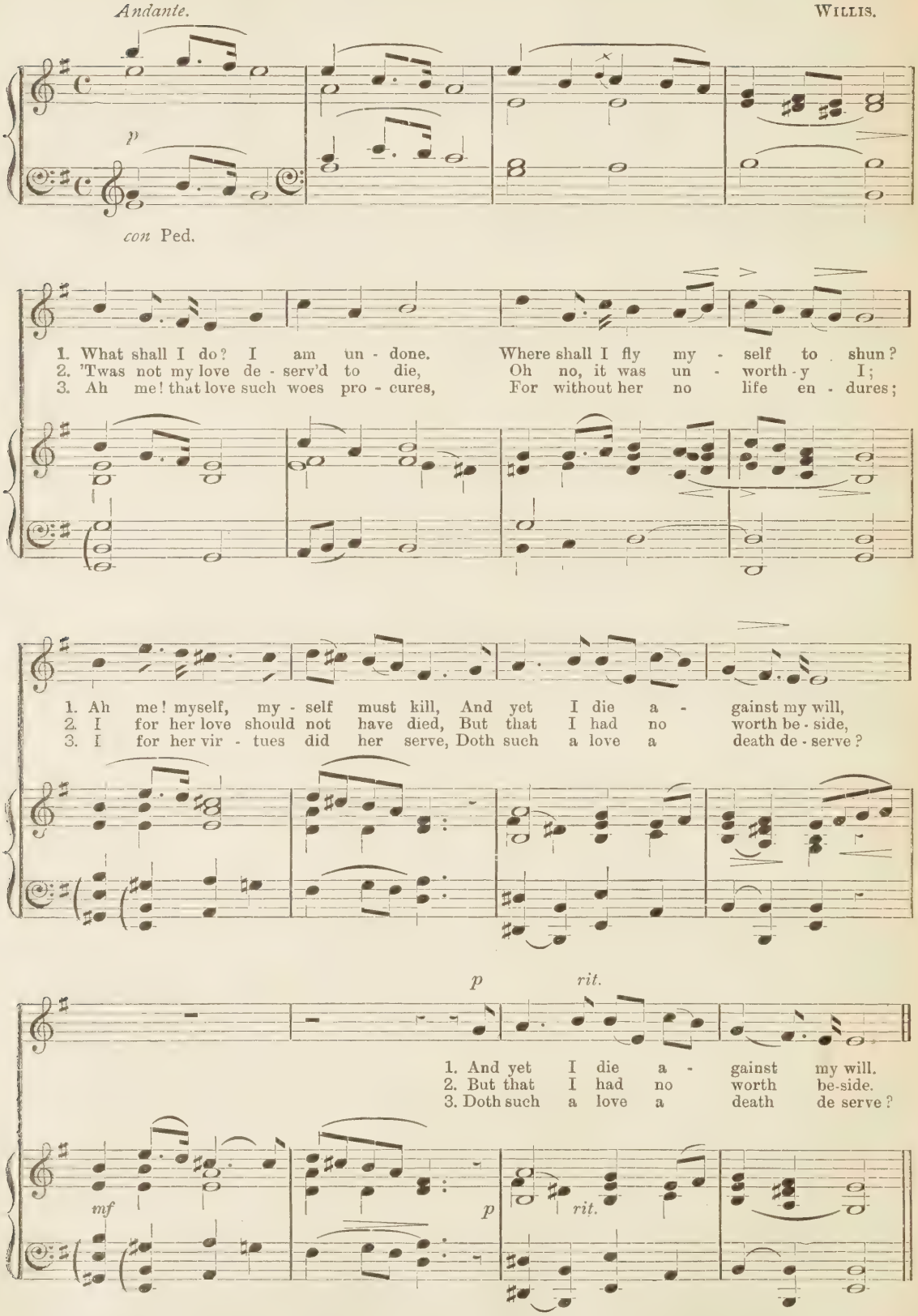


Phillis.

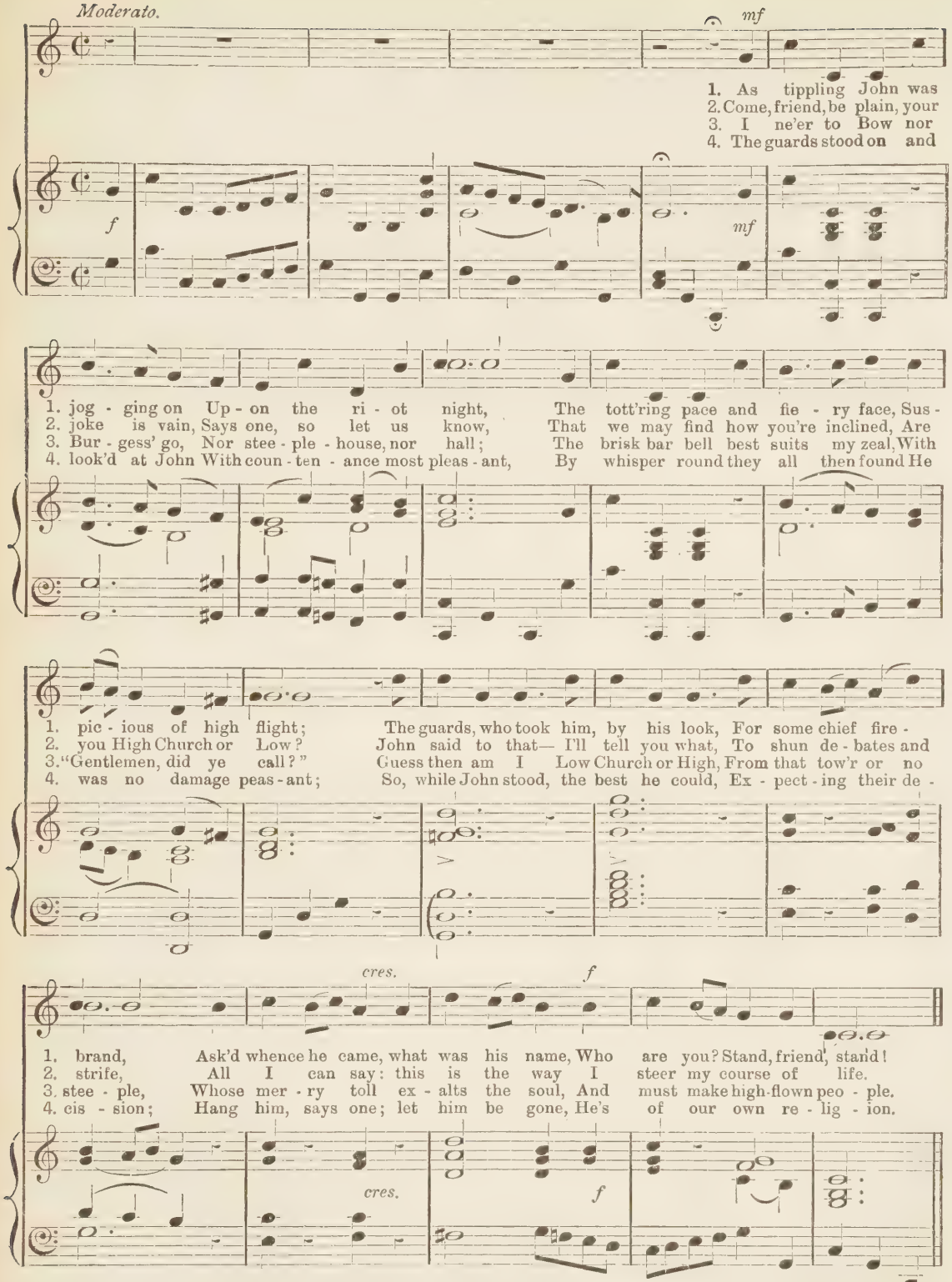
Capt. Pack.

Andantino.
p con espress.
dim.
e rit.
con Ped.
p
1. I nev - er saw a face till now That could my
2. But ah! her cold - er heart de - nies The thoughts her
p
poco rit.
a tempo.
1. pas - sion move; I lik'd and ven - tur'd man - y a
2. looks in - spire, And while in ice that froz - en
poco rit.
a tempo.

These well-known words seem to have first seen the light in *A Royal Garland of New Songs*, 12mo., black letter, in the Pepys collection. They have been attributed to a playwright named Southrene, as they appear in his play, the *Disappointment; or, the Mother in fashion*, acted 1684; but Southrene himself there states that the song was written by Colonel Sackville. The song is printed in Henry Playford's *Theater of Music*, first book, 1685, as one of three from the play above named. The music is signed Capt. Pack, and this, with the song, is reprinted in *Pills*, vol. iv., 1719. On an early sheet (*circa* 1760), in my own possession another air by "Mr. Dun" is united to the words.

dim.
rit.
1. vow, But durst not think of love: . . . . . .
2. lies, Her eyes dart on - ly fire: . . . . . .
dim.
rit.
a tempo.
[tr]
cres.
f
dim.
1. Till beau-ty, charm-ing ev - 'ry sense, An ea - sy con - quest
2. Be-tween ex - tremes I am un - done, Like plants too north - ward
a tempo.
cres.
f
dim.
mf
1. made; . . . . . And shew'd the vain - ness of de-
2. set; . . . . . Burnt by too vi - o - lent a
mf
dim.
rit.
1. fence When Phil - lis does in - vade. . . . . .
2. sun, Or chill'd for want of heat. . . . . .
dim.
rit.

What shall I do? I am undone.

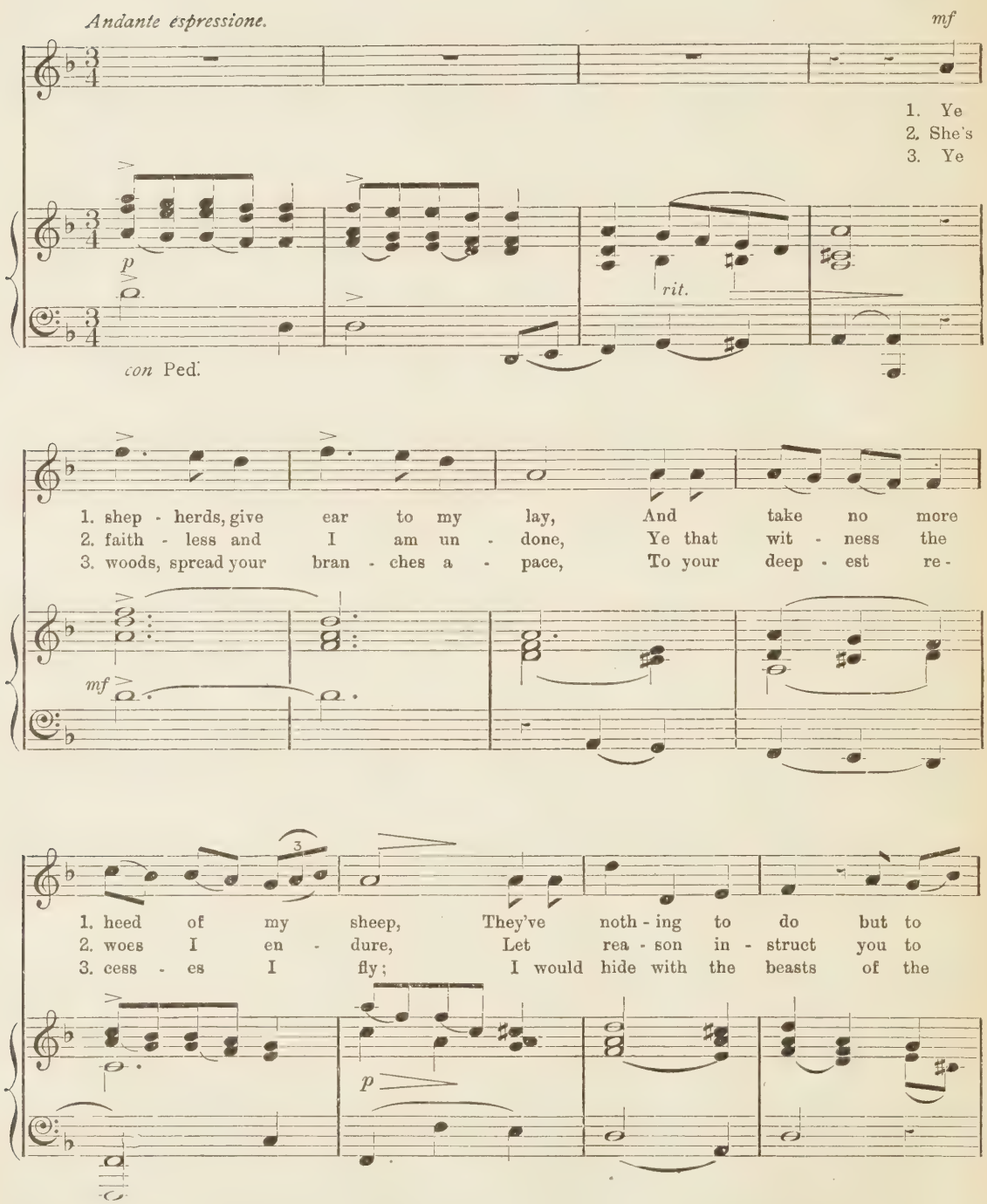
Andante. WILLIS.

p
con Ped.
1. What shall I do? I am un - done. Where shall I fly my - self to shun?
2. 'Twas not my love de - serv'd to die, Oh no, it was un - worth - y I;
3. Ah me! that love such woes pro - cures, For without her no life en - dures;
1. Ah me! myself, my - self must kill, And yet I die a - gainst my will,
2. I for her love should not have died, But that I had no worth be - side,
3. I for her vir - tues did her serve, Doth such a love a death de - serve?
p rit.
1. And yet I die a - gainst my will.
2. But that I had no worth be-side.
3. Doth such a love a death de serve?
mf
p rit.

Song and air from the sixth volume of *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1720, with the title, "The Unfortunate Lover, set by Mr. Willis." It may be surmised as to what relation the above Mr. Willis was to Mrs. Willis, a singer at the end of the 17th century.

Tippling John.

Moderato.
mf
1. As tippling John was
2. Come, friend, be plain, your
3. I ne'er to Bow nor
4. The guards stood on and
f
mf
1. jog - ging on Up - on the ri - ot night, The tott'ring pace and fie - ry face, Sus -
2. joke is vain, Says one, so let us know, That we may find how you're inclined, Are
3. Bur - gess' go, Nor stee - ple - house, nor hall; The brisk bar bell best suits my zeal, With
4. look'd at John With coun - ten - ance most pleas - ant, By whisper round they all then found He
1. pic - ious of high flight; The guards, who took him, by his look, For some chief fire -
2. you High Church or Low? John said to that— I'll tell you what, To shun de - bates and
3. "Gentlemen, did ye call?" Guess then am I Low Church or High, From that tow'r or no
4. was no damage peas - ant; So, while John stood, the best he could, Ex - pect - ing their de -
cres.
f
1. brand, Ask'd whence he came, what was his name, Who are you? Stand, friend, stand!
2. strife, All I can say: this is the way I steer my course of life.
3. stee - ple, Whose mer - ry toll ex - alts the soul, And must make high-flown peo - ple.
4. cis - sion; Hang him, says one; let him be gone, He's of our own re - lig - ion.
cres.
f

Dr. Sacheverell the High Church Tory divine preached a sermon before the Lord Mayor in St. Paul's Cathedral, on November 5, 1709, in which he denounced the Whig Ministers and the body of Dissenters. The sermon gave great political offence, and on his trial and suspension in February, 1710, a party of rioters broke into and destroyed several dissenting meeting houses, one, Burgess', having its pulpit and pews burnt in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The song describes a belated toper reeling home upon the night of the riot, and being seized upon by the watch as implicated in the firing. The ditty has a fine characteristic English air attached, and this carried it down to a time long after the riot was forgotten. The first publication of the song and air I can trace is in John Walsh's *Merry Musician; or, a Cure for the Spleen*, vol. i., 1716, and this is by far the best version of the tune. It is there headed, "Occasioned by the pulling down of Burgess' Meeting House." The melody alone as "Tippling John; or, the Riot Night" is in vol. ii. of the *Dancing Master*, 1719. With the song it next appears in vol. i. of *Watt's Musical Miscellany*, 1729, and the tune is used in *The Lovers' Opera*, 1729-30. In Watt's copy it is stated to have been "sung by Mr. Harper in *The Provok'd Wife*." This was probably on the revival of that comedy in 1725.

Ye Shepherds, give ear to my Lay.

WILLIAM JACKSON.

Andante espressione.
mf
1. Ye
2. She's
3. Ye
p
con Ped.
rit.
1. shep - herds, give ear to my lay, And take no more
2. faith - less and I am un - done, Ye that wit - ness the
3. woods, spread your bran - ches a - pace, To your deep - est re -
mf
3
1. heed of my sheep, They've noth - ing to do but to
2. woes I en - dure, Let rea - son in - struct you to
3. cess - es I fly; I would hide with the beasts of the
p

The music is the composition of William Jackson, the organist of Exeter Cathedral, born 1730, died 1803. The song and melody appear in one of his early sets of *Twelve Songs*, folio, *circa* 1760. William Jackson was a notable figure in the world of music, literature and art of his time, being an essayist and a landscape painter, besides having musical gifts of a high order. Many of his songs and canzonets attained much popularity. He was also the composer of a successful opera, *The Lord of the Manor*, acted 1780-1.

espress.

1. stray, I've noth - ing to do but to weep; Yet
2. shun What it can - not in - struct you to cure; Be -
3. chase, I would van - ish from ev - er - y eye; My

colla voce.

1. do not my fol - ly re - prove, She was fair — and my
2. ware how ye loi - ter in vain A - mid maids of a
3. reed shall re - sound thro' the grove, With the same sad com -

sempre con Ped.

rit. *p*

1. pas - sion be - gun; She smil'd, and I could not but
2. high - er de - gree, It is not for me to ex -
3. plaint it be - gun; How she smil'd, and I could not but

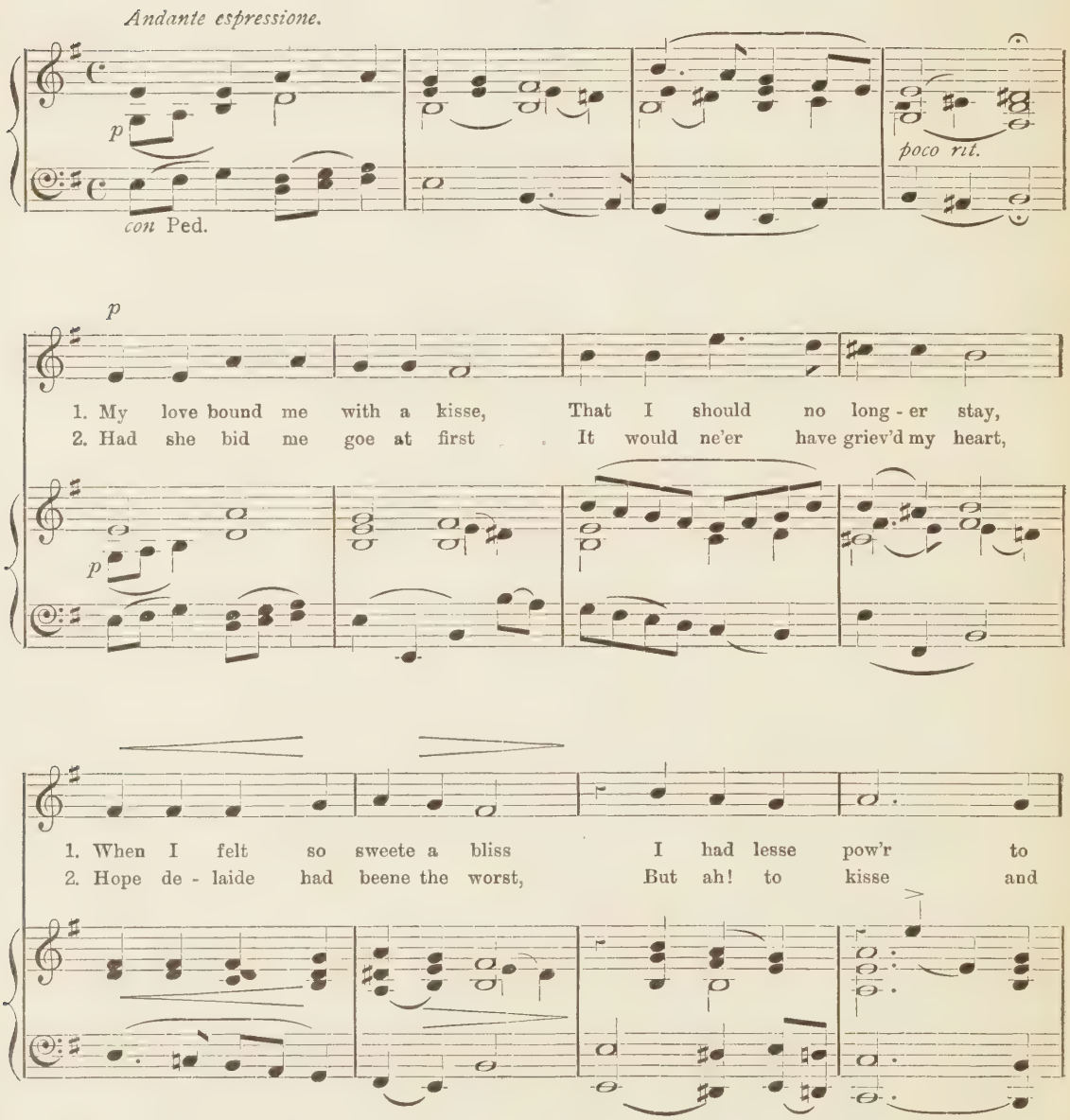
rit. *p*

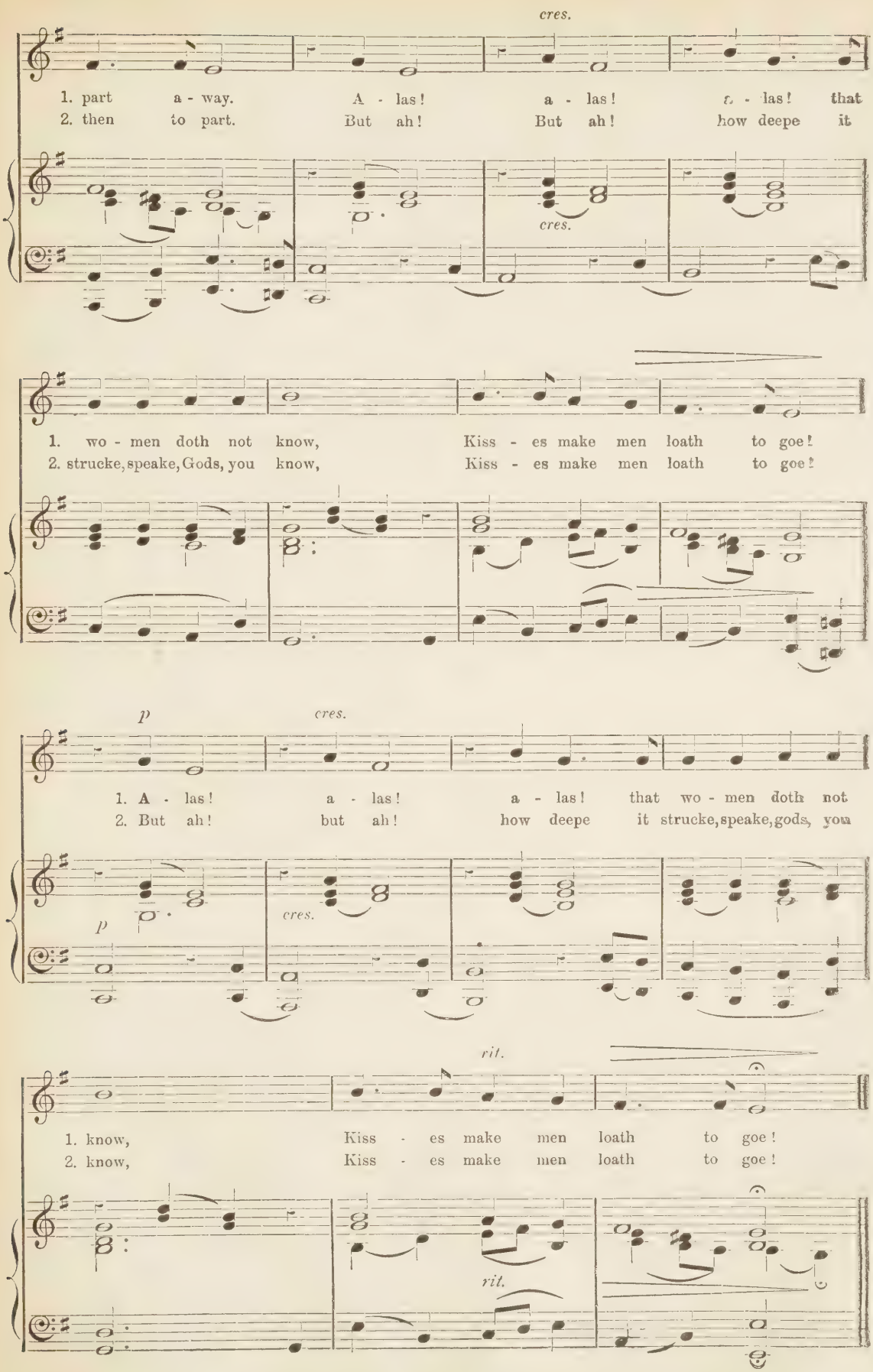
rit.

1. love— She's faith - less, and I am un - done. . . . . .
2. plain How fair and how fic - kle they be. . . . . .
3. love— Was faith - less, and am un - done. . . . . .

sf *rit.*

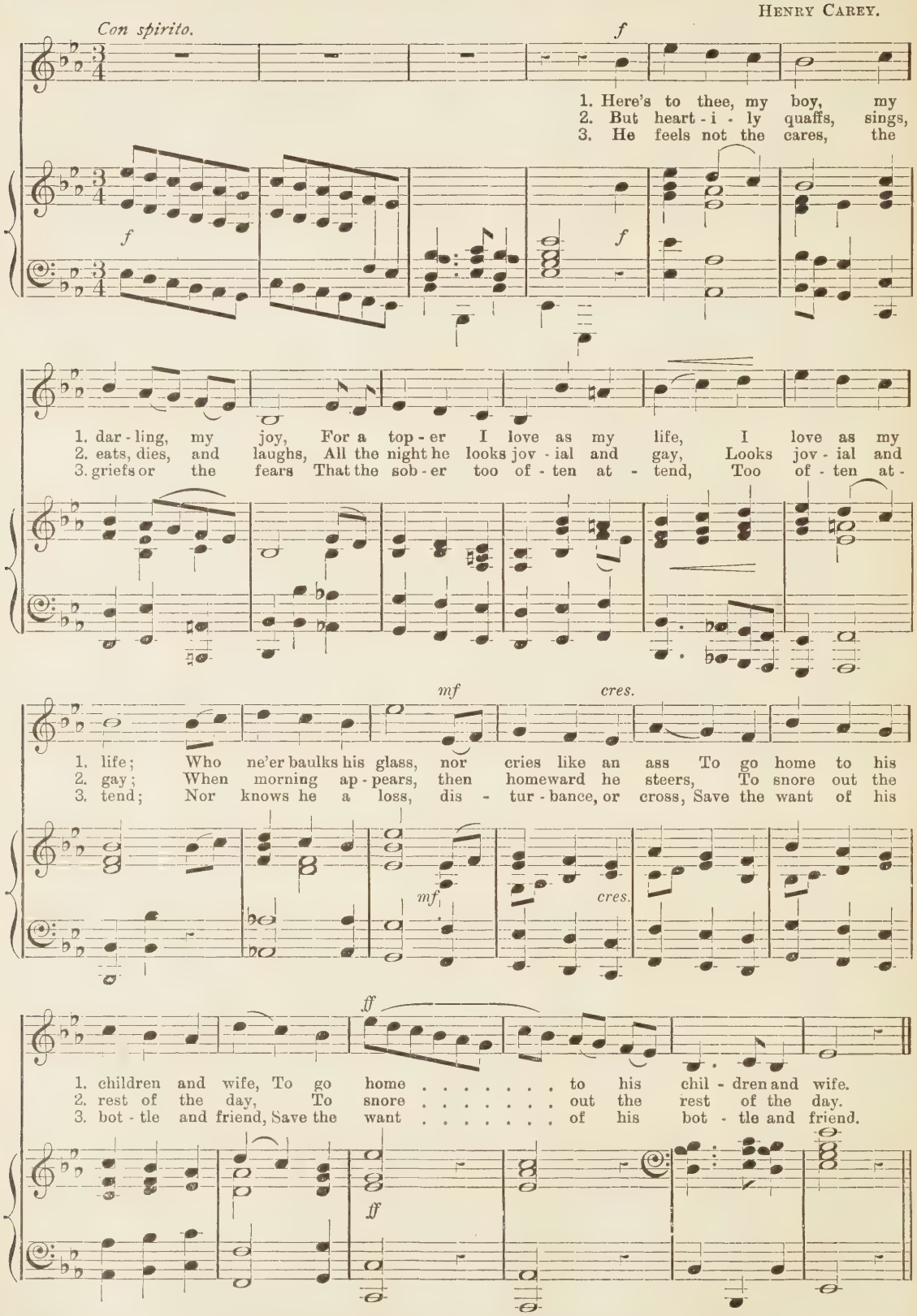
My Love bound Me with a Kisse.

ROBERT JONES.

Andante espressione.
p
con Ped.
poco rit.
p
1. My love bound me with a kisse, That I should no long - er stay,
2. Had she bid me goe at first It would ne'er have griev'd my heart,
p
1. When I felt so sweete a bliss I had lesse pow'r to
2. Hope de - laide had beene the worst, But ah! to kisse and

A pretty song composed by Robert Jones, who was a lute player of repute during the Elizabethan period. Jones was author of a number of musical works, including five books of *Ayres* published between 1601 and 1611, with a book of Madrigals dated 1607. The present song is found in his *Second Booke of Songs and Ayres set out to the lute, . . . composed by Robert Jones, printed by P. S. for Mathew Selman, 1601*, folio. It was reprinted in 1799 in *The Vocal Magazine*, Edinburgh, vol. iii., and a few years after this in J. S. Smith's *Musica Antiqua*.

cres.
1. part a - way. A - las! a - las! a - las! that
2. then to part. But ah! But ah! how deepe it
cres.
1. wo - men doth not know, Kiss - es make men loath to goe!
2. strucke, speake, Gods, you know, Kiss - es make men loath to goe!
p
cres.
1. A - las! a - las! a - las! that wo - men doth not
2. But ah! but ah! how deepe it strucke, speake, gods, you
p
cres.
rit.
1. know, Kiss - es make men loath to goe!
2. know, Kiss - es make men loath to goe!
rit.

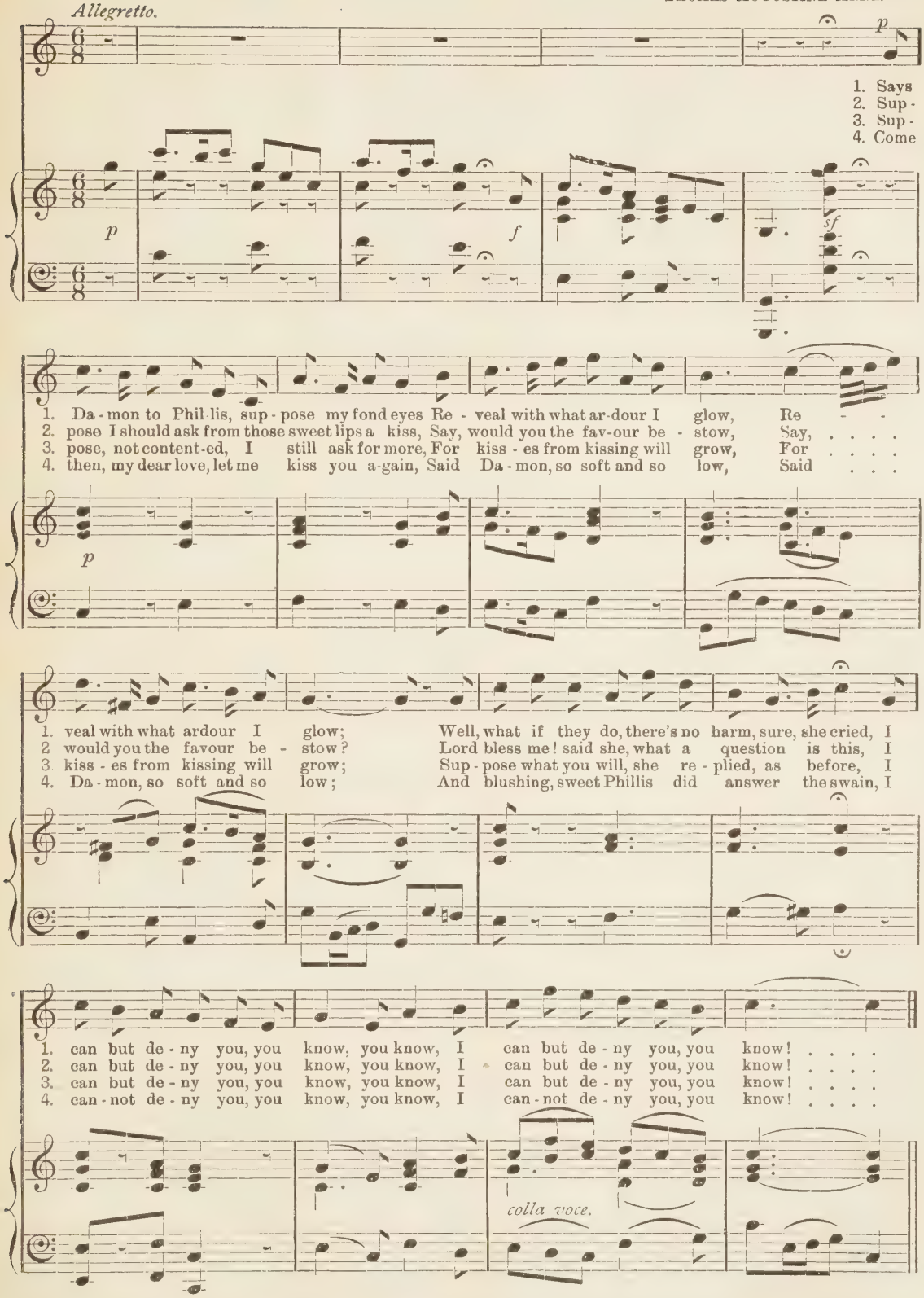
Here's to Thee, my Boy.

Drinking Song.

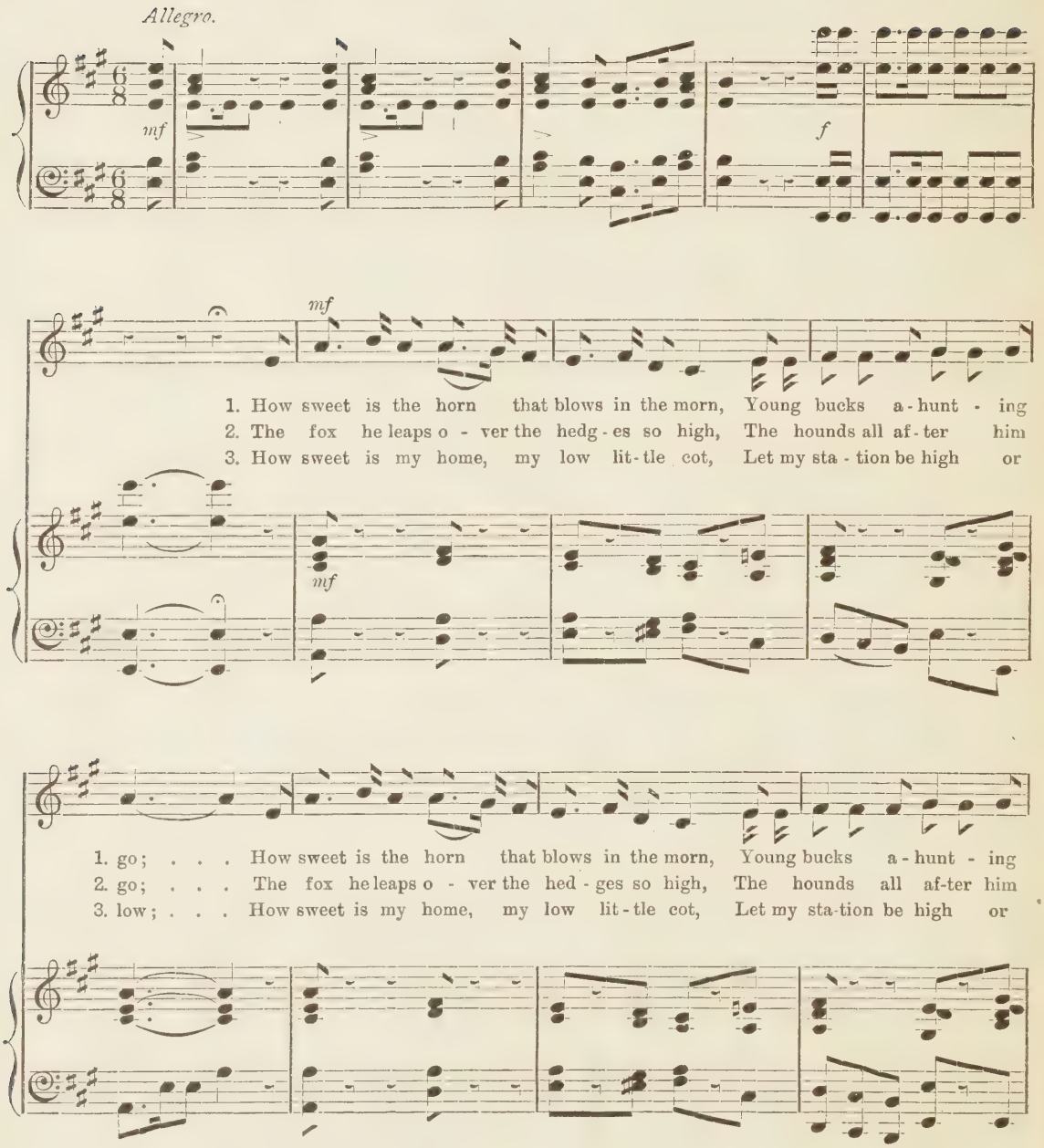
HENRY CAREY.

Con spirito.
f
1. Here's to thee, my boy, my
2. But heart - i - ly quaffs, sings,
3. He feels not the cares, the
1. dar - ling, my joy, For a top - er I love as my life, I love as my
2. eats, dies, and laughs, All the night he looks jov - ial and gay, Looks jov - ial and
3. griefs or the fears That the sob - er too of - ten at - tend, Too of - ten at -
mf
cres.
1. life; Who ne'er baulks his glass, nor cries like an ass To go home to his
2. gay; When morning ap - pears, then homeward he steers, To snore out the
3. tend; Nor knows he a loss, dis - tur - bance, or cross, Save the want of his
ff
1. children and wife, To go home . . . . . to his chil - dren and wife.
2. rest of the day, To snore . . . . . out the rest of the day.
3. bot - tle and friend, Save the want . . . . . of his bot - tle and friend.

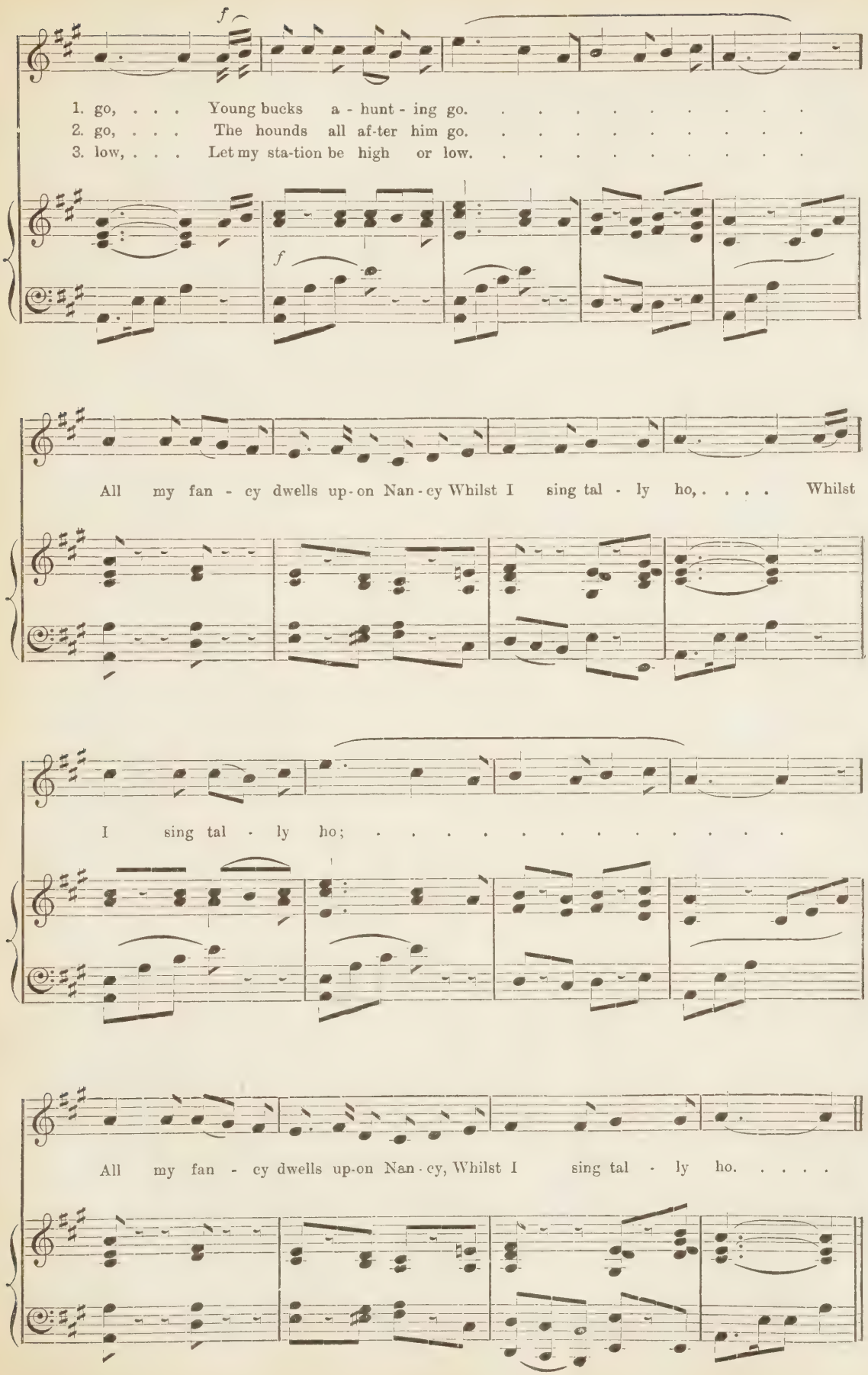
A drinking song by Henry Carey published on a half sheet engraved by J. Cluer, Bow Churchyard, *circa* 1725. The song and air also appear in *Watt's Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv., 1730; Bickham's *Musical Entertainer*, vol. ii., 1738; and in *The Convivial Songster*, 1782.

The Arch Denial.

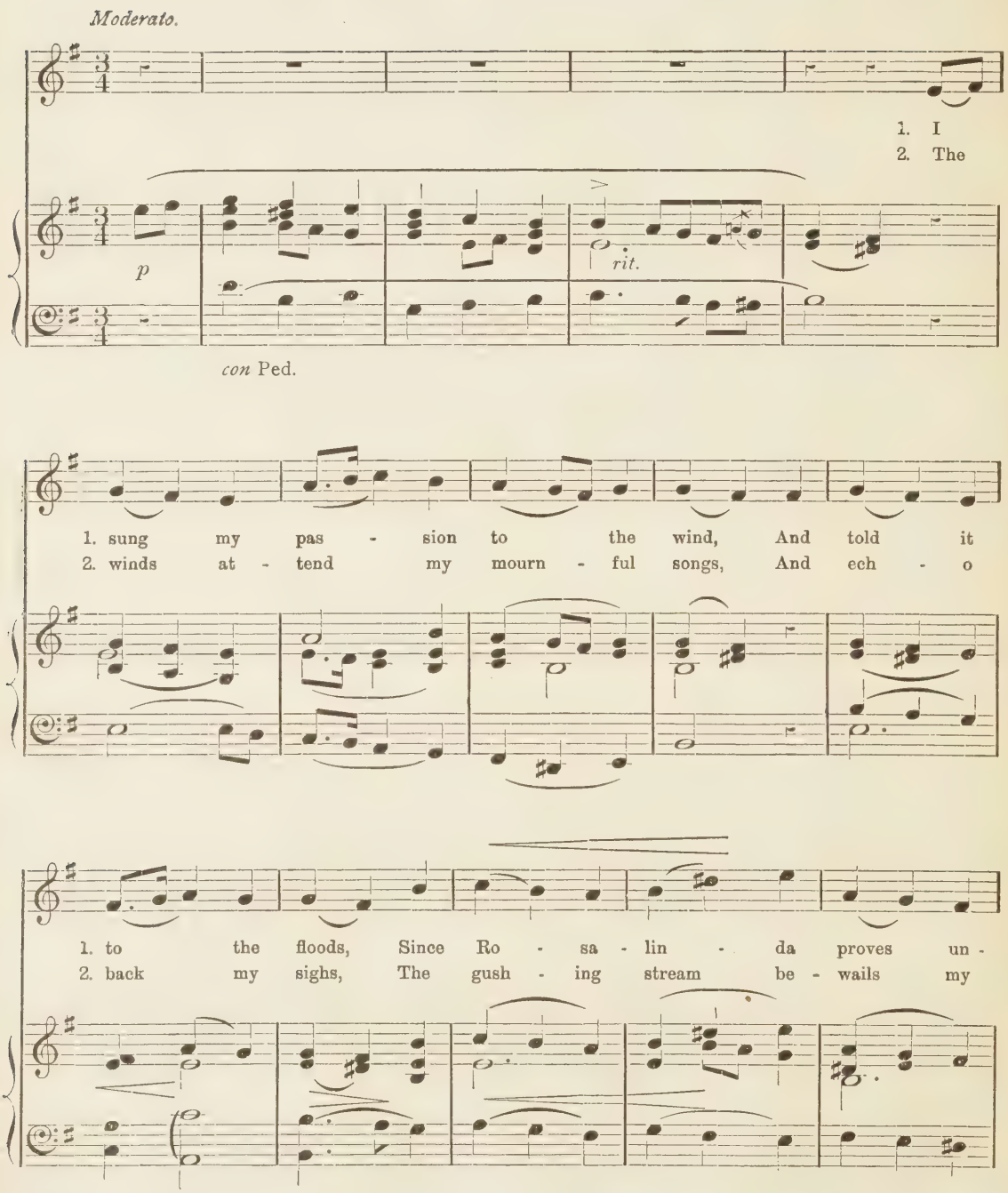
THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

Allegretto.
p
1. Says
2. Sup -
3. Sup -
4. Come
p
f
sf
1. Da - mon to Phil-lis, sup - pose my fond eyes Re - veal with what ar-dour I glow, Re - -
2. pose I should ask from those sweet lips a kiss, Say, would you the fav-our be - stow, Say, ...
3. pose, not content-ed, I still ask for more, For kiss - es from kissing will grow, For . . . .
4. then, my dear love, let me kiss you a-gain, Said Da - mon, so soft and so low, Said . . . .
p
1. veal with what ardour I glow; Well, what if they do, there's no harm, sure, she cried, I
2 would you the favour be - stow? Lord bless me! said she, what a question is this, I
3 kiss - es from kissing will grow; Sup - pose what you will, she re - plied, as before, I
4. Da - mon, so soft and so low; And blushing, sweet Phillis did answer the swain, I
1. can but de - ny you, you know, you know, I can but de - ny you, you know! . . . .
2. can but de - ny you, you know, you know, I can but de - ny you, you know! . . . .
3. can but de - ny you, you know, you know, I can but de - ny you, you know! . . . .
4. can - not de - ny you, you know, you know, I can - not de - ny you, you know! . . . .
colla voce.

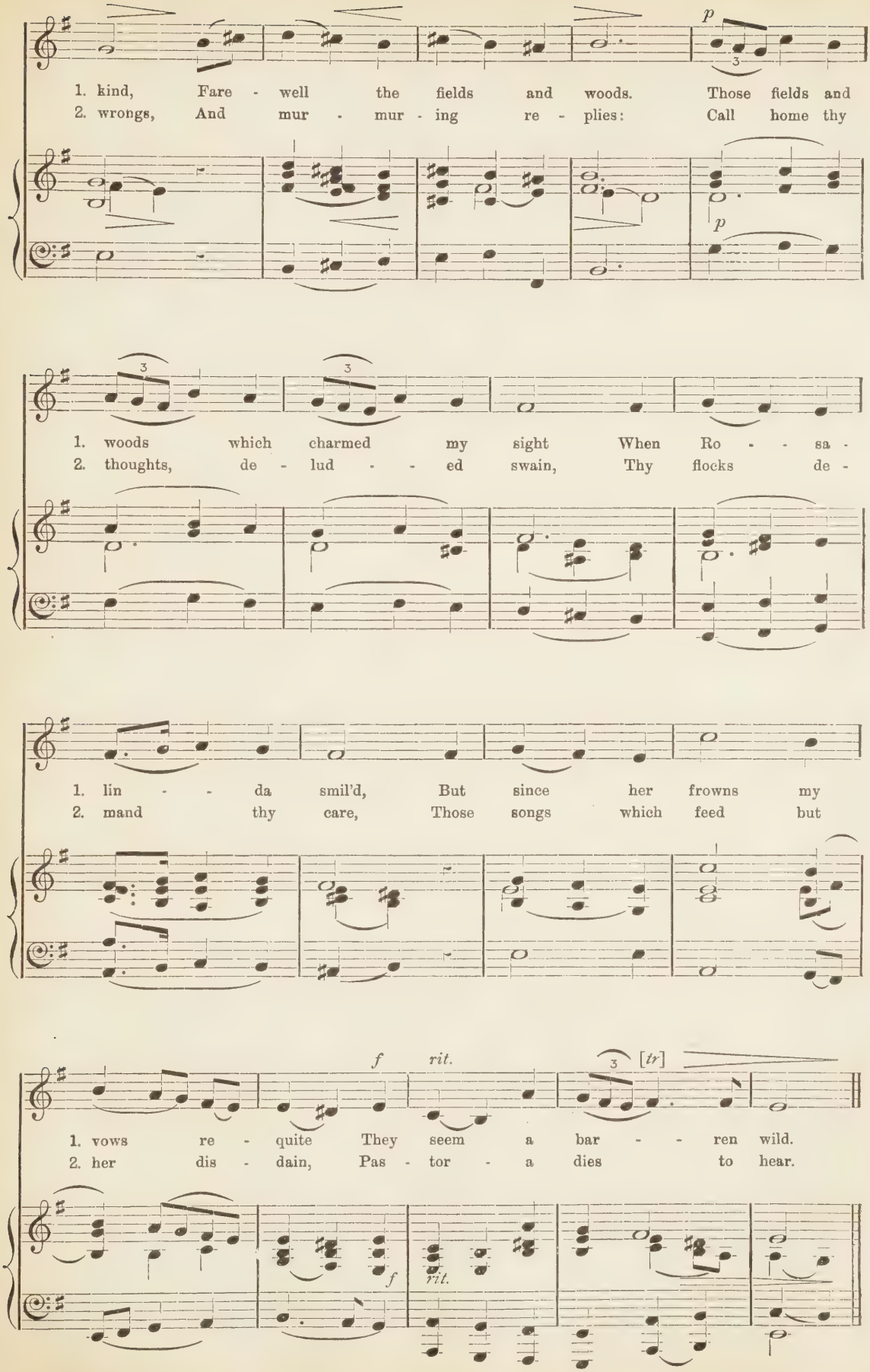
The song with its melody was first published in the fifth number of *The Agreeable Musical Choice; an entire new Collection of Songs with the duet in Harlequin Sorcerer, sung by Mr. Lowe and Mrs. Lampe; never before printed, composed by Mr. Arne*, folio, Walsh, *circa* 1758. From here it was copied into *Apollo's Cabinet*, Liverpool, 1757, Hyde's *Miscellaneous Collection*, 1798, etc. Mr. Arne became Doctor Arne in 1759. *The Agreeable Musical Choice* was one of a series of publications published by Walsh between 1750 and 1760; some of these were collections of songs by Arne and others by Boyce.

Bucks a-Hunting Go.

Allegro.
mf
f
mf
1. How sweet is the horn that blows in the morn, Young bucks a - hunt - ing
2. The fox he leaps o - ver the hedg - es so high, The hounds all af - ter him
3. How sweet is my home, my low lit - tle cot, Let my sta - tion be high or
mf
1. go; . . . How sweet is the horn that blows in the morn, Young bucks a - hunt - ing
2. go; . . . The fox he leaps o - ver the hed - ges so high, The hounds all af-ter him
3. low; . . . How sweet is my home, my low lit - tle cot, Let my sta-tion be high or

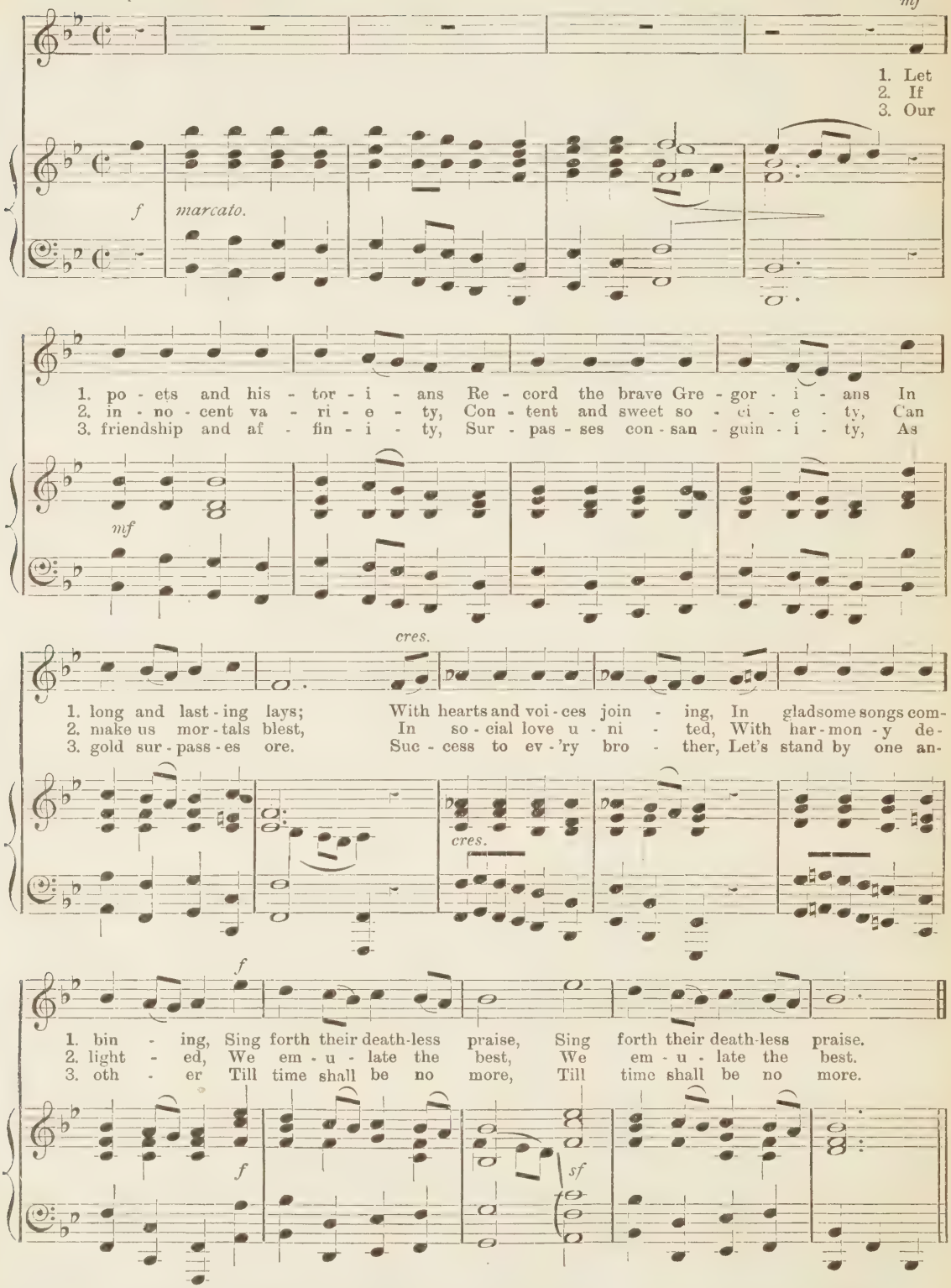
By permission, from Frank Kidson's *Traditional Tunes; a collection of ballad airs chiefly obtained in Yorkshire and the south of Scotland*, 1891. The tune was commonly sung on the borders of Staffordshire, Cheshire and Shropshire, between 1820 and 1840, and the words are in early song garlands printed by T. Evans and by J. Pitts. Variants of the song and air are also known in other parts of England. One of these, engraved and printed on a half sheet, by Skillern, *circa* 1780, contains a version of the words set to similar music; it is headed, "Sweet Tally Ho: a favourite song."

1. go, . . . Young bucks a - hunt - ing go. . . . . .
2. go, . . . The hounds all af-ter him go. . . . . .
3. low, . . . Let my sta-tion be high or low. . . . . .
All my fan - cy dwells up-on Nan-cy Whilst I sing tal - ly ho, ... Whilst
I sing tal - ly ho; . . . . . .
All my fan - cy dwells up-on Nan-cy, Whilst I sing tal - ly ho. . . . .

Rosalinda.

BUTLER.

Moderato.
1. I
2. The
p
rit.
con Ped.
1. sung my pas - sion to the wind, And told it
2. winds at - tend my mourn - ful songs, And ech - o
1. to the floods, Since Ro - sa - lin - da proves un -
2. back my sighs, The gush - ing stream be - wails my

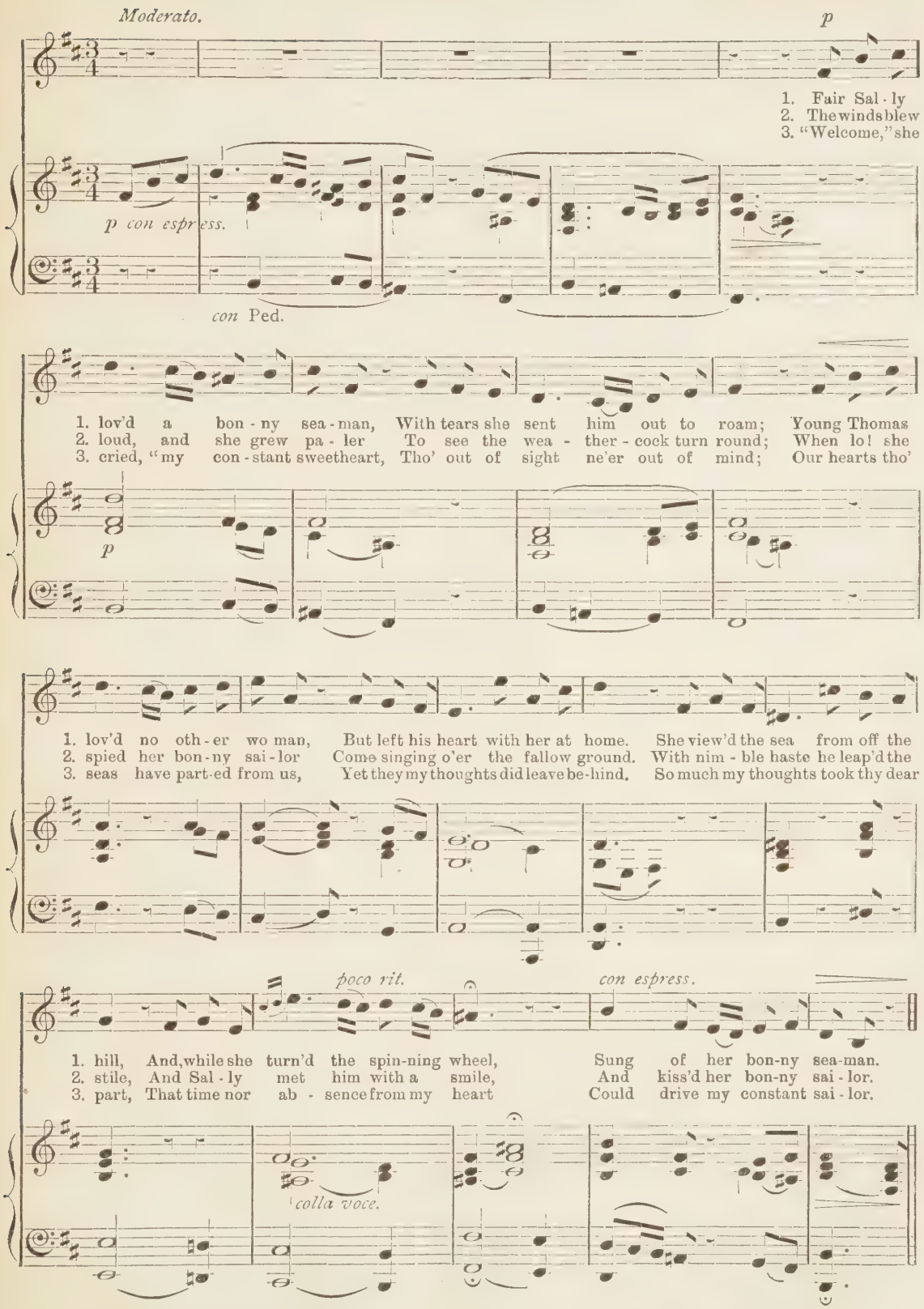
A fine melody with the words from an engraved music sheet of about 1760. It is entitled, "Rosalinda, set by Mr. Butler." Biographical dictionaries are silent regarding this particular Mr. Butler.

p
1. kind, Fare - well the fields and woods. Those fields and
2. wrongs, And mur - mur - ing re - plies: Call home thy
p
1. woods which charmed my sight When Ro - - sa -
2. thoughts, de - lud - - ed swain, Thy flocks de -
1. lin - - da smil'd, But since her frowns my
2. mand thy care, Those songs which feed but
f rit.
[tr]
1. vows re - quite They seem a bar - - ren wild.
2. her dis - dain, Pas - tor - a dies to hear.
f
rit.

The Merry Gregorians.

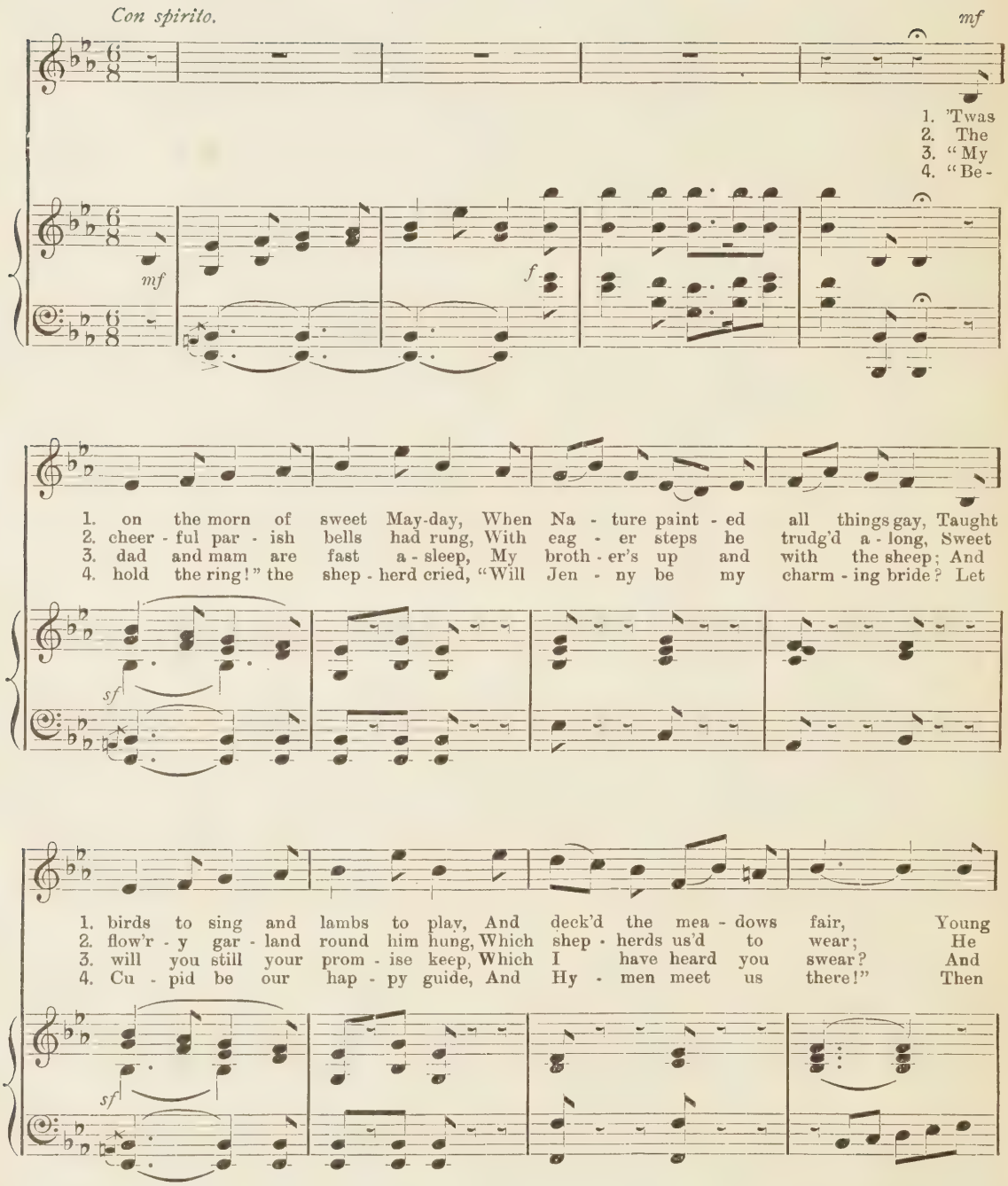
Tempo di marcia. HENRY CAREY. *mf*

1. Let
2. If
3. Our
f
marcato.
1. po - ets and his - tor - i - ans Re - cord the brave Gre - gor - i - ans In
2. in - no - cent va - ri - e - ty, Con - tent and sweet so - ci - e - ty, Can
3. friendship and af - fin - i - ty, Sur - pas - ses con - san - guin - i - ty, As
mf
cres.
1. long and last - ing lays; With hearts and voi - ces join - ing, In gladsome songs com-
2. make us mor - tals blest, In so - cial love u - ni - ted, With har - mon - y de-
3. gold sur - pass - es ore. Suc - cess to ev - 'ry bro - ther, Let's stand by one an-
cres.
f
1. bin - ing, Sing forth their death-less praise, Sing forth their death-less praise.
2. light - ed, We em - u - late the best, We em - u - late the best.
3. oth - er Till time shall be no more, Till time shall be no more.
f
sf

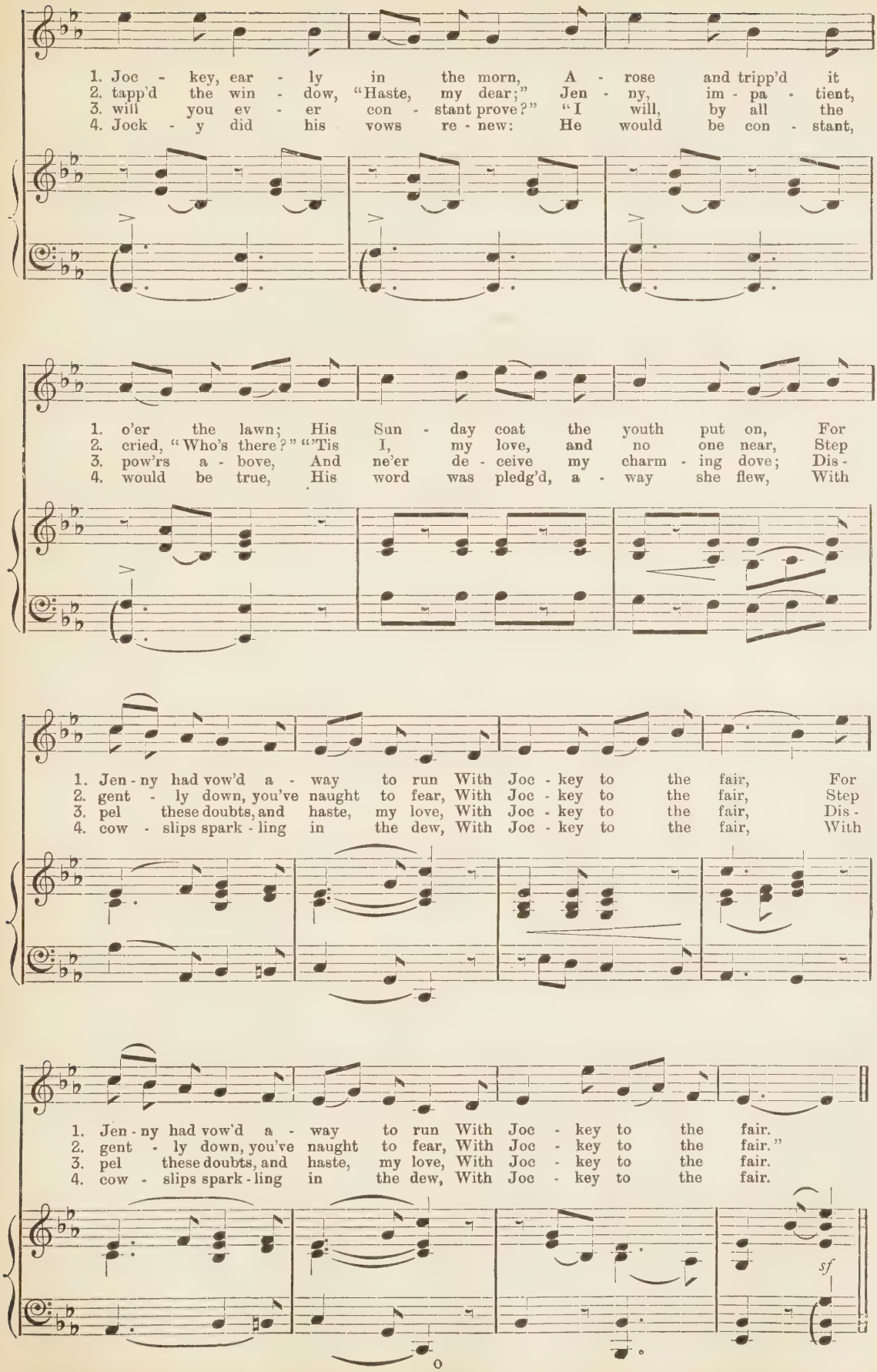
"The Merry Gregs" was the punning title of a social and convivial society existing in London before 1788, and more properly named "The Gregorians." One of its members was Henry Carey, who wrote the above piece named in his *Musical Century*, 1740, "The Gregorian Constitution Song: Words and Music by Brother Carey." It also appeared in the second volume of Bickham's *Musical Entertainer* under the name, "The Merry Gregs." Bickham heads the song with a humorous engraving representing a party of singers in wigs, along with some boys, all lustily singing, "O save us all," a lyric from Carey and Lampe's burlesque opera, *The Dragon of Wantley*. Carey's name does not here appear as author of the music, nor does it on an engraved half-sheet copy of the song in my possession. The tune of "The Merry Gregs" occurs three times in Carey's *Musical Century*; once as above, again to a song on church and dissent, "The Union of Parties," and again headed "Chorus to the Honest Yorkshire Man." Carey's play bearing this name was acted in 1735.

Fair Sally.

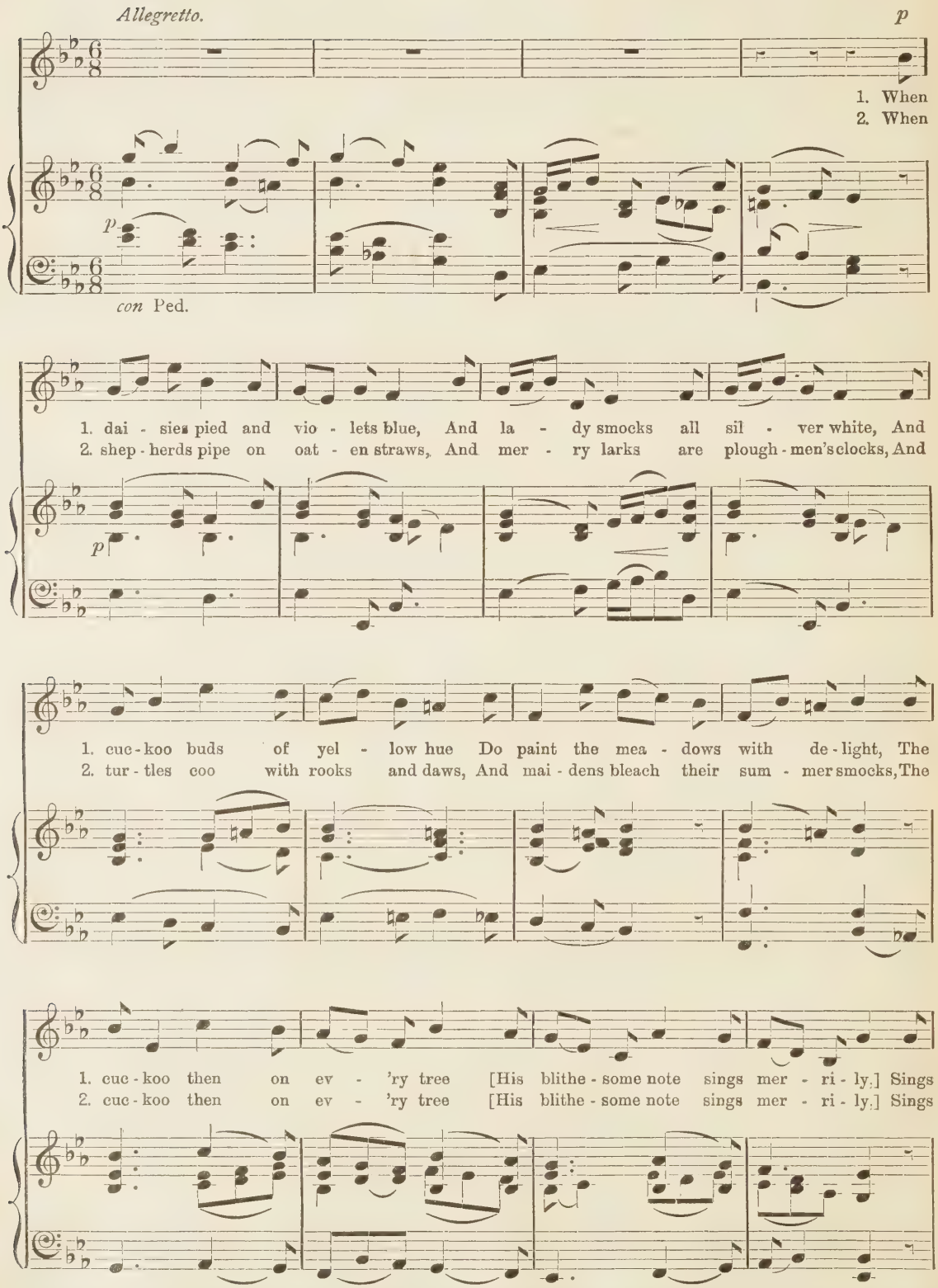
MAURICE GREENE.

Moderato.
p
1. Fair Sal - ly
2. The winds blew
3. "Welcome," she
p con espress.
con Ped.
1. lov'd a bon - ny sea - man, With tears she sent him out to roam; Young Thomas
2. loud, and she grew pa - ler To see the wea - ther - cock turn round; When lo! she
3. cried, "my con - stant sweetheart, Tho' out of sight ne'er out of mind; Our hearts tho'
p
1. lov'd no oth - er wo man, But left his heart with her at home. She view'd the sea from off the
2. spied her bon - ny sai - lor Come singing o'er the fallow ground. With nim - ble haste he leap'd the
3. seas have part - ed from us, Yet they my thoughts did leave be - hind. So much my thoughts took thy dear
poco rit.
con espress.
1. hill, And, while she turn'd the spin - ning wheel, Sung of her bon - ny sea - man.
2. stile, And Sal - ly met him with a smile, And kiss'd her bon - ny sai - lor.
3. part, That time nor ab - sence from my heart Could drive my constant sai - lor.
colla voce.

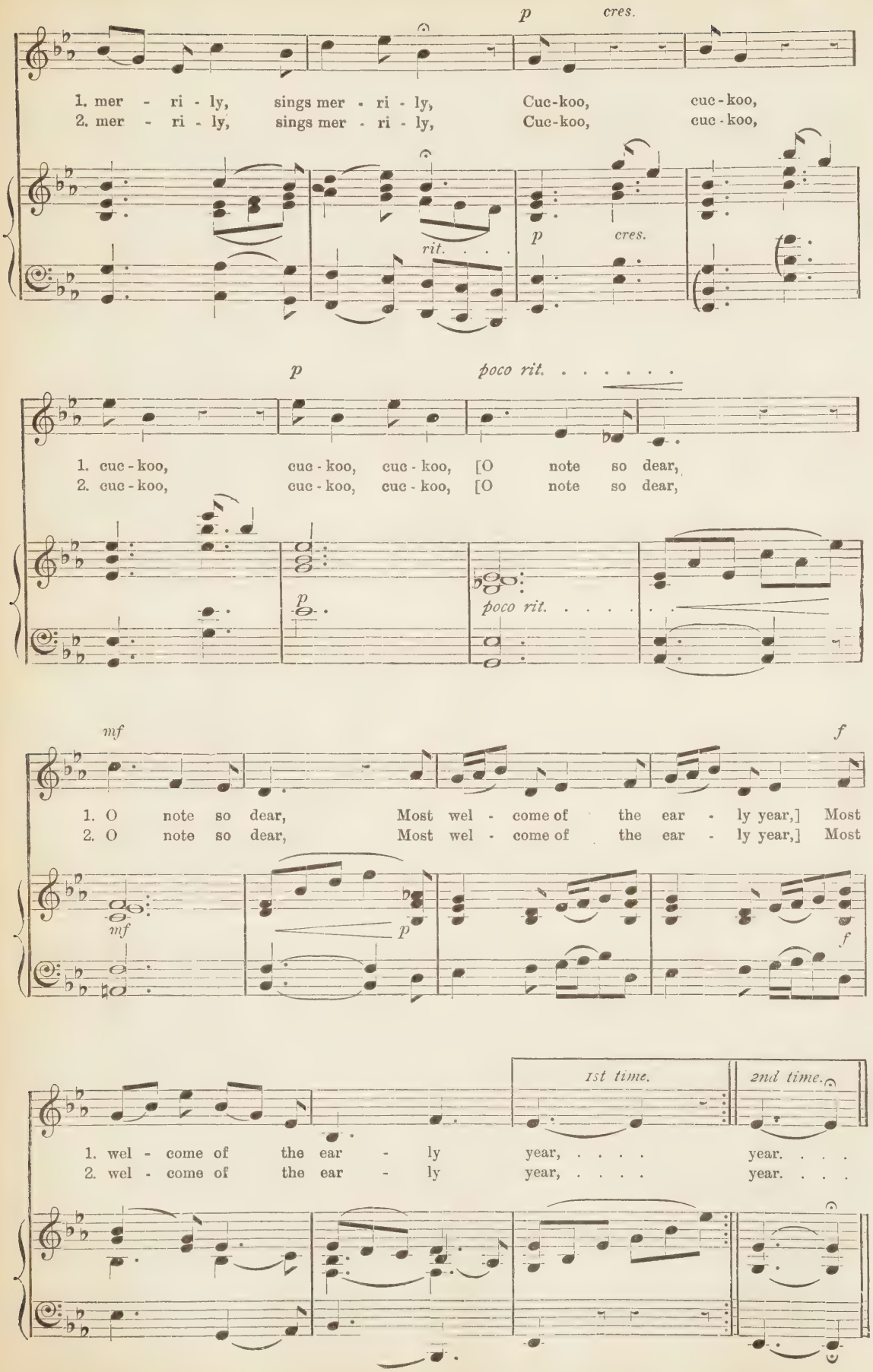
This pretty song, so far as the tune is concerned, is the composition of Dr. Maurice Greene. Probably its earliest appearance in a collection was in 1739, at which date it was included in *Calliope; or, English Harmony*. It was afterwards printed in *Universal Harmony*, 1745, *The Muse's Delight*, 1754, and in a great number of other works during the 18th century. It is to be noted that the first few bars of "Fair Sally" are practically identical with the generally accepted version of "Black Ey'd Susan."

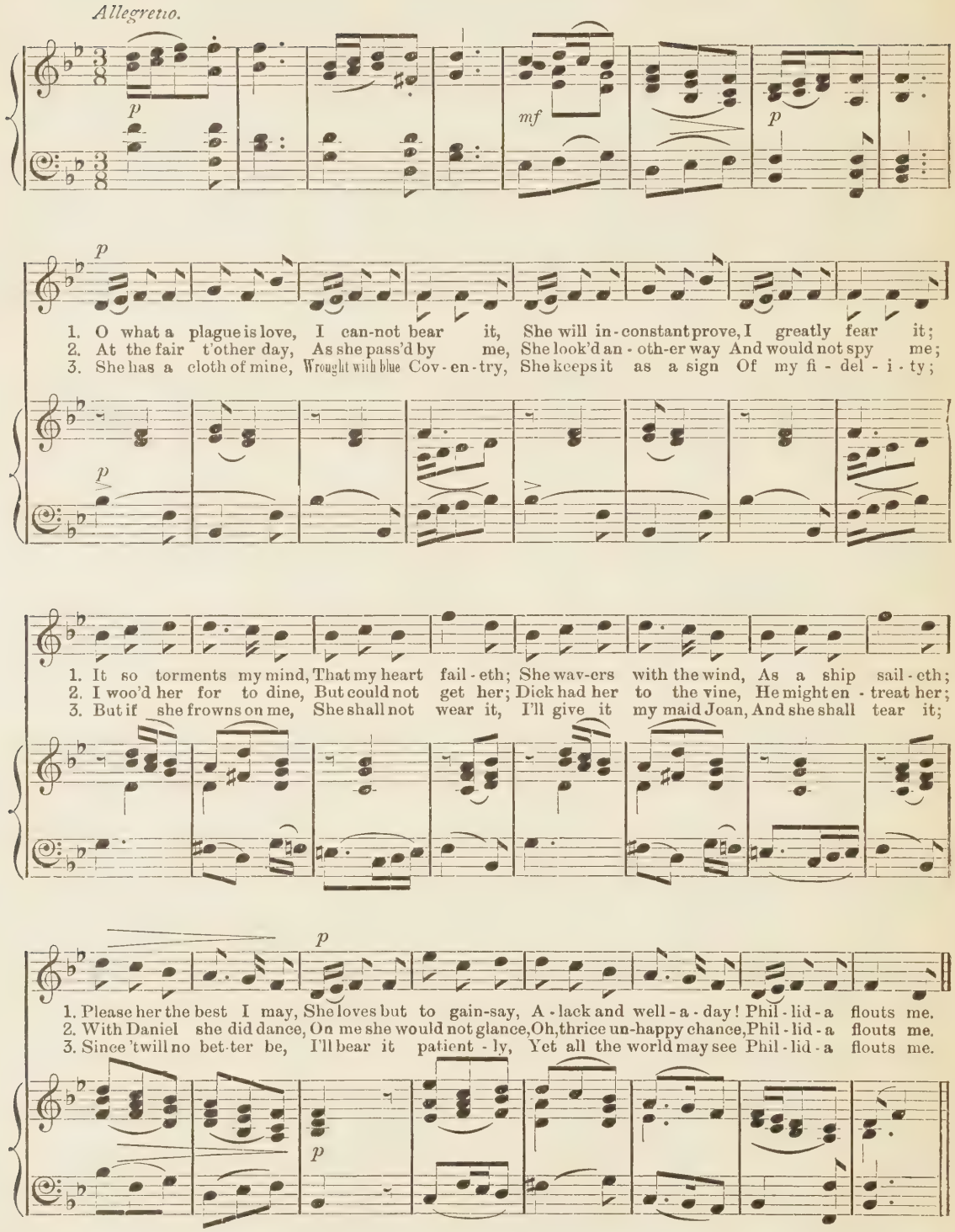
Jockey to the Fair.

Con spirito.
mf
1. 'Twas
2. The
3. "My
4. "Be-
mf
f
1. on the morn of sweet May-day, When Na - ture paint - ed all things gay, Taught
2. cheer - ful par - ish bells had rung, With eag - er steps he trudg'd a - long, Sweet
3. dad and mam are fast a - sleep, My broth - er's up and with the sheep; And
4. hold the ring!" the shep - herd cried, "Will Jen - ny be my charm - ing bride? Let
sf
1. birds to sing and lambs to play, And deck'd the mea - dows fair, Young
2. flow'r - y gar - land round him hung, Which shep - herds us'd to wear; He
3. will you still your prom - ise keep, Which I have heard you swear? And
4. Cu - pid be our hap - py guide, And Hy - men meet us there!" Then
sf

A popular favourite, probably first sung at Vauxhall or some similar public garden. It was in great vogue about 1779 and 1780, and Chappell refers to the song being in *Vocal Music*, 1772. I am unable to verify this date, although the song is present in the edition issued by J. Bew, which was advertised as "just published" in 1781. There seems much uncertainty as to the dates of some editions of *Vocal Music*. The wo ds of the song are in several Scottish song books—in *St. Cecilia; or, the Lady and Gentleman's Harmonious Companion*, 1779; its later edition of 1782; *The Scots Vocal Miscellany*, 1780; Ding's *Songster's Favourite*, *circa* 1785, etc. The air alone is in Skillern's *Twenty four Country Dances for 1780*, and in Aird's *Selection*, vol. ii., 1784. Longman and Broderip and other publishers also published the song and air on engraved half sheets. In its original form the air is of more extended compass and not so vocal as the present traditional set which has been its recognised form for half a century. The late Dr. Charles Mackay wrote a song to the air, "Amid the new mown hay," which had some slight degree of popularity.

1. Joc - key, ear - ly in the morn, A - rose and tripp'd it
2. tapp'd the win - dow, "Haste, my dear;" Jen - ny, im - pa - tient,
3. will you ev - er con - stant prove?" "I will, by all the
4. Jock - y did his vows re - new: He would be con - stant,
1. o'er the lawn; His Sun - day coat the youth put on, For
2. cried, "Who's there?" "'Tis I, my love, and no one near, Step
3. pow'rs a - bove, And ne'er de - ceive my charm - ing dove; Dis -
4. would be true, His word was pledg'd, a - way she flew, With
1. Jen - ny had vow'd a - way to run With Joc - key to the fair, For
2. gent - ly down, you've naught to fear, With Joc - key to the fair, Step
3. pel these doubts, and haste, my love, With Joc - key to the fair, Dis -
4. cow - slips spark - ling in the dew, With Joc - key to the fair, With
1. Jen - ny had vow'd a - way to run With Joc - key to the fair.
2. gent - ly down, you've naught to fear, With Joc - key to the fair."
3. pel these doubts, and haste, my love, With Joc - key to the fair.
4. cow - slips spark - ling in the dew, With Joc - key to the fair.
sf

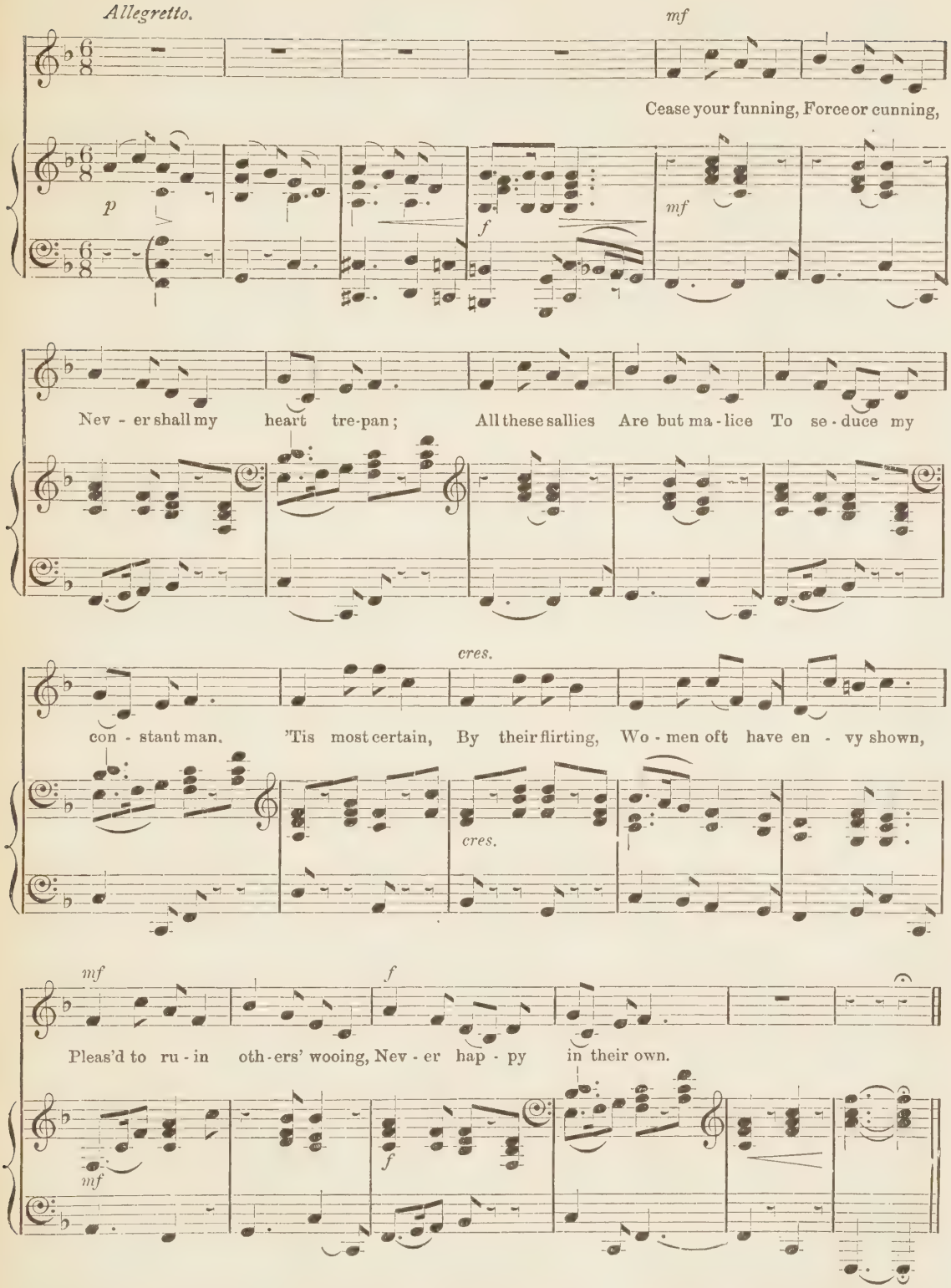
When Daisies Pied.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

Allegretto.
p
1. When
2. When
p
con Ped.
1. dai - sies pied and vio - lets blue, And la - dy smocks all sil - ver white, And
2. shep - herds pipe on oat - en straws, And mer - ry larks are plough - men's clocks, And
p
1. cuc - koo buds of yel - low hue Do paint the mea - dows with de - light, The
2. tur - tles coo with rooks and daws, And mai - dens bleach their sum - mer smocks, The
1. cuc - koo then on ev - 'ry tree [His blithe - some note sings mer - ri - ly.] Sings
2. cuc - koo then on ev - 'ry tree [His blithe - some note sings mer - ri - ly.] Sings

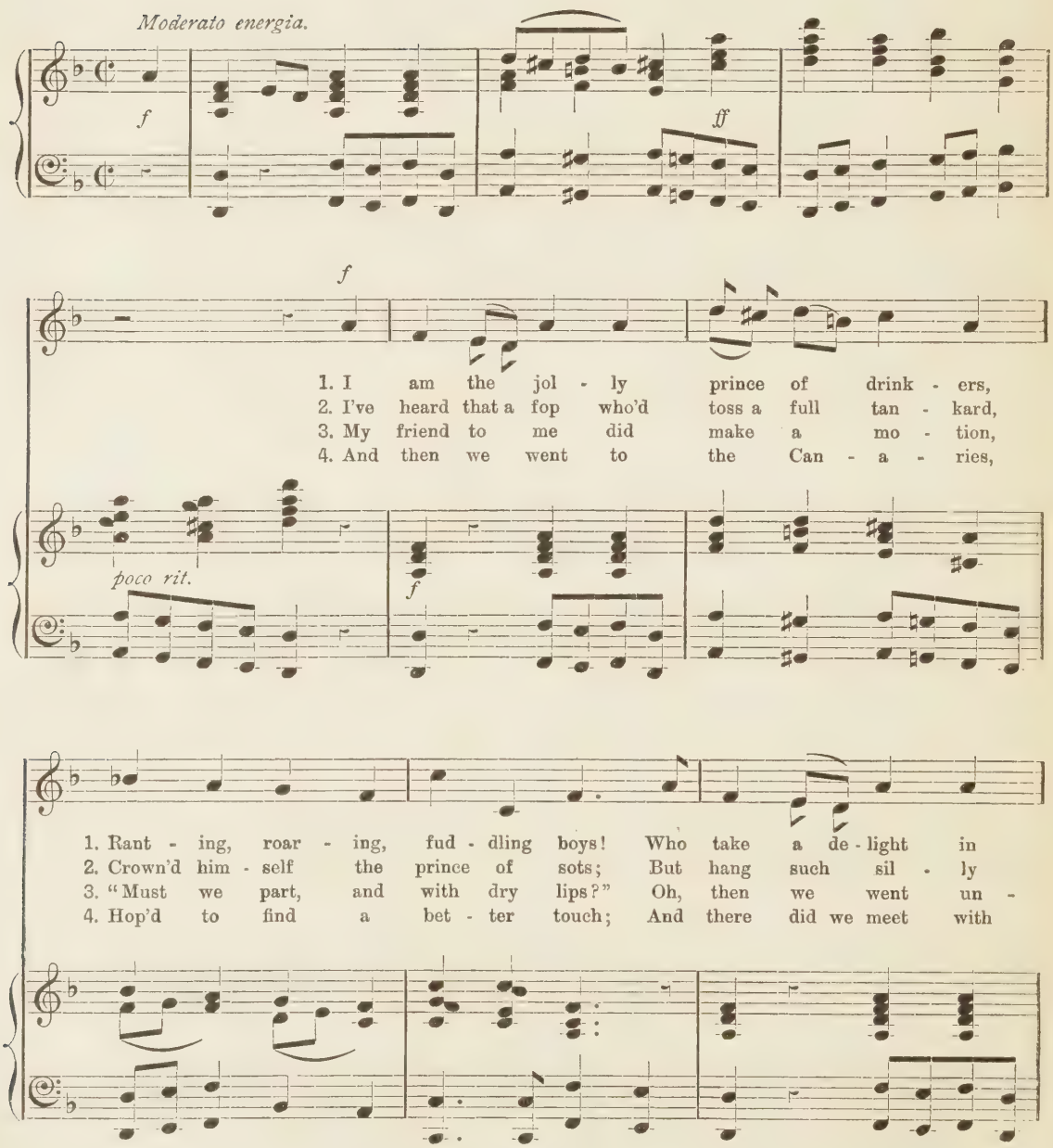
Another of Dr. Arne's Shakespearian settings, the words being taken from *Love's Labour Lost*. A collection of Dr. Arne's music to songs from Shakespeare's plays would form a volume of English lyrics not to be surpassed, within its limits, for musicianly skill and melodic beauty.

p
cres.
1. mer - ri - ly, sings mer - ri - ly, Cuc-koo, cuc-koo,
2. mer - ri - ly, sings mer - ri - ly, Cuc-koo, cuc-koo,
rit.
p
cres.
p
poco rit.
1. cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo, [O note so dear,
2. cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo, [O note so dear,
p
poco rit.
mf
f
1. O note so dear, Most wel - come of the ear - ly year,] Most
2. O note so dear, Most wel - come of the ear - ly year,] Most
mf
p
f
1st time.
2nd time.
1. wel - come of the ear - ly year, year.
2. wel - come of the ear - ly year, year.

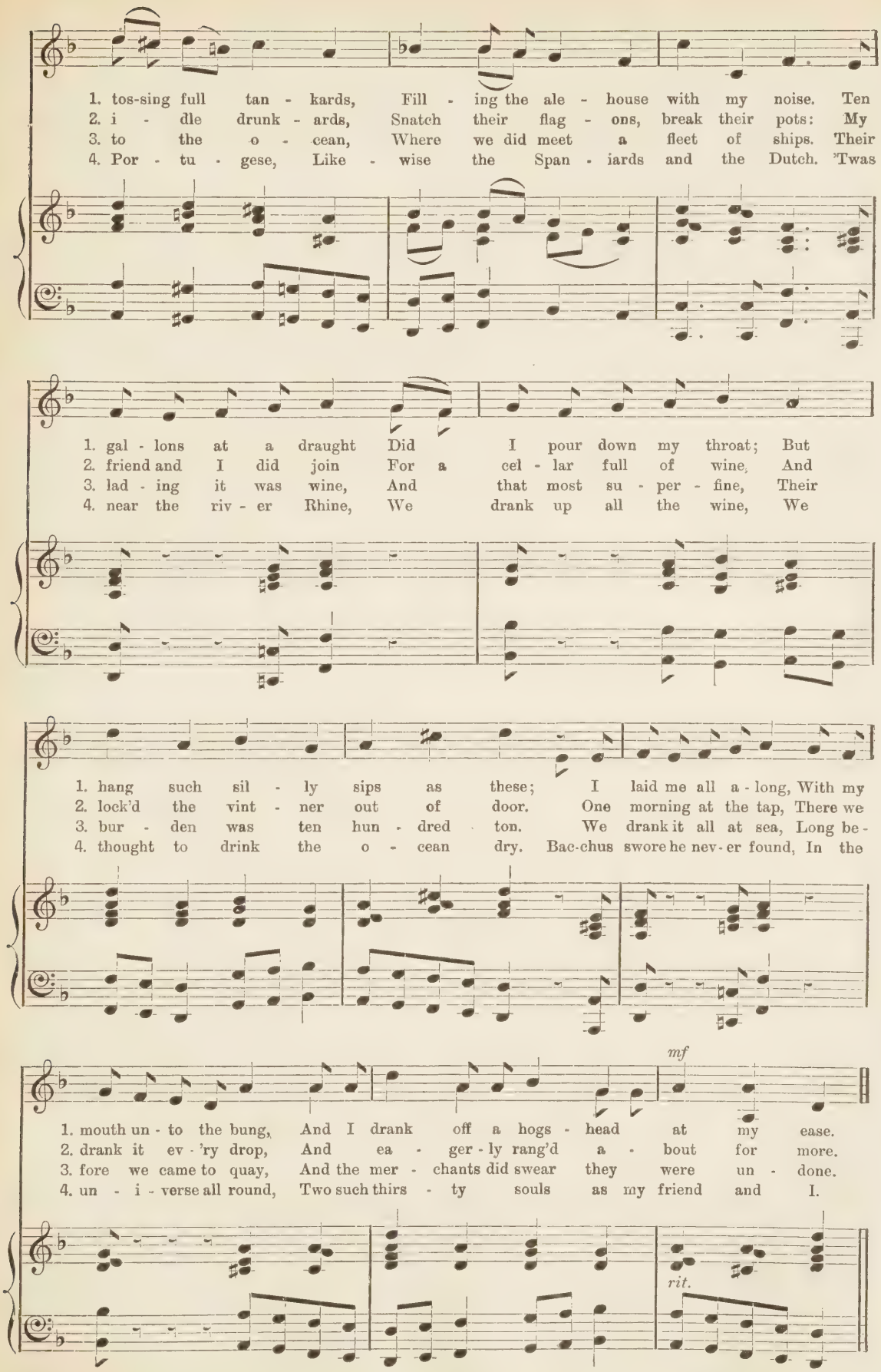
Phillida Flouts Me.

Allegretto.
p
mf
p
p
1. O what a plague is love, I can-not bear it, She will in-constant prove, I greatly fear it;
2. At the fair t'other day, As she pass'd by me, She look'd an-oth-er way And would not spy me;
3. She has a cloth of mine, Wrought with blue Cov-en-try, She keeps it as a sign Of my fi-del-i-ty;
p
1. It so torments my mind, That my heart fail-eth; She wav-ers with the wind, As a ship sail-eth;
2. I woo'd her for to dine, But could not get her; Dick had her to the vine, He might en-treat her;
3. But if she frowns on me, She shall not wear it, I'll give it my maid Joan, And she shall tear it;
p
1. Please her the best I may, She loves but to gain-say, A-lack and well-a-day! Phil-lid-a flouts me.
2. With Daniel she did dance, On me she would not glance, Oh, thrice un-happy chance, Phil-lid-a flouts me.
3. Since 'twill no bet-ter be, I'll bear it patient-ly, Yet all the world may see Phil-lid-a flouts me.
p

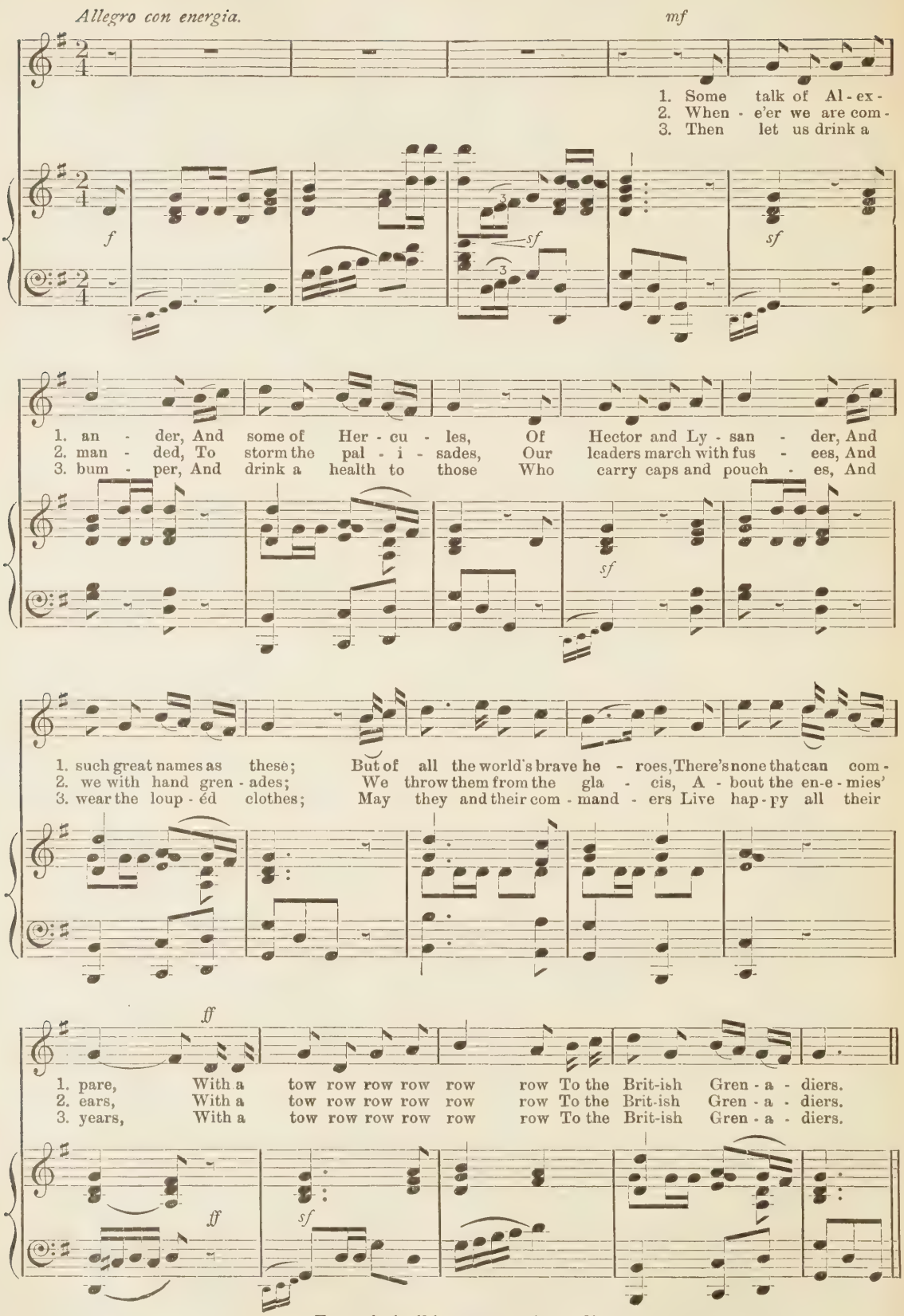
A quaint 16th century conceit. The air is singular in structure, and undoubtedly very old, but it does not seem to have got into print before 1728-29, when it was used as a vehicle for new words in the ballad operas of that day. It is in the *Quakers' Opera*, 1728; *Love in a Riddle*, 1729, and *Damon and Phillida*, 1734. With the song the air is printed by Watts in *The Musical Miscellany*, vol. ii., 1729, and afterwards it is found in *The Convivial Songster*, 1782. In these old copies the tune is in three-two time. The song is mentioned in Walton's *Compleat Angler*, 1653, and the words are in full on a broadside of the 17th century in the *Roxburghe Collection*. Ritson in his *Ancient Song*, 1792, gives a copy from the *Theatre of Compliments*, 1689, but there is another and better one in *Wit Restor'd in several Select Poems not formerly publish't*, 1658 (p. 298 reprint). During the 17th century the song seems to have been a favourite, for there are frequent references to it in books of the period, besides which there were many parodies of it and songs set to the air. One of these in the *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, 1612, is a lamentation for the death of Queen Elizabeth, composed by one of her maids of honour, and worked on a sampler! There are more verses to "Phillida Flouts Me" than we have been able to give above.

Cease your Funning.

Allegretto.
mf
Cease your funning, Force or cunning,
p
f
mf
Nev - er shall my heart tre-pan; All these sallies Are but ma - lice To se - duce my
cres.
con - stant man. 'Tis most certain, By their flirting, Wo - men oft have en - vy shown,
cres.
mf
f
Pleas'd to ru - in oth-ers' wooing, Nev - er hap - py in their own.
mf
f
mf

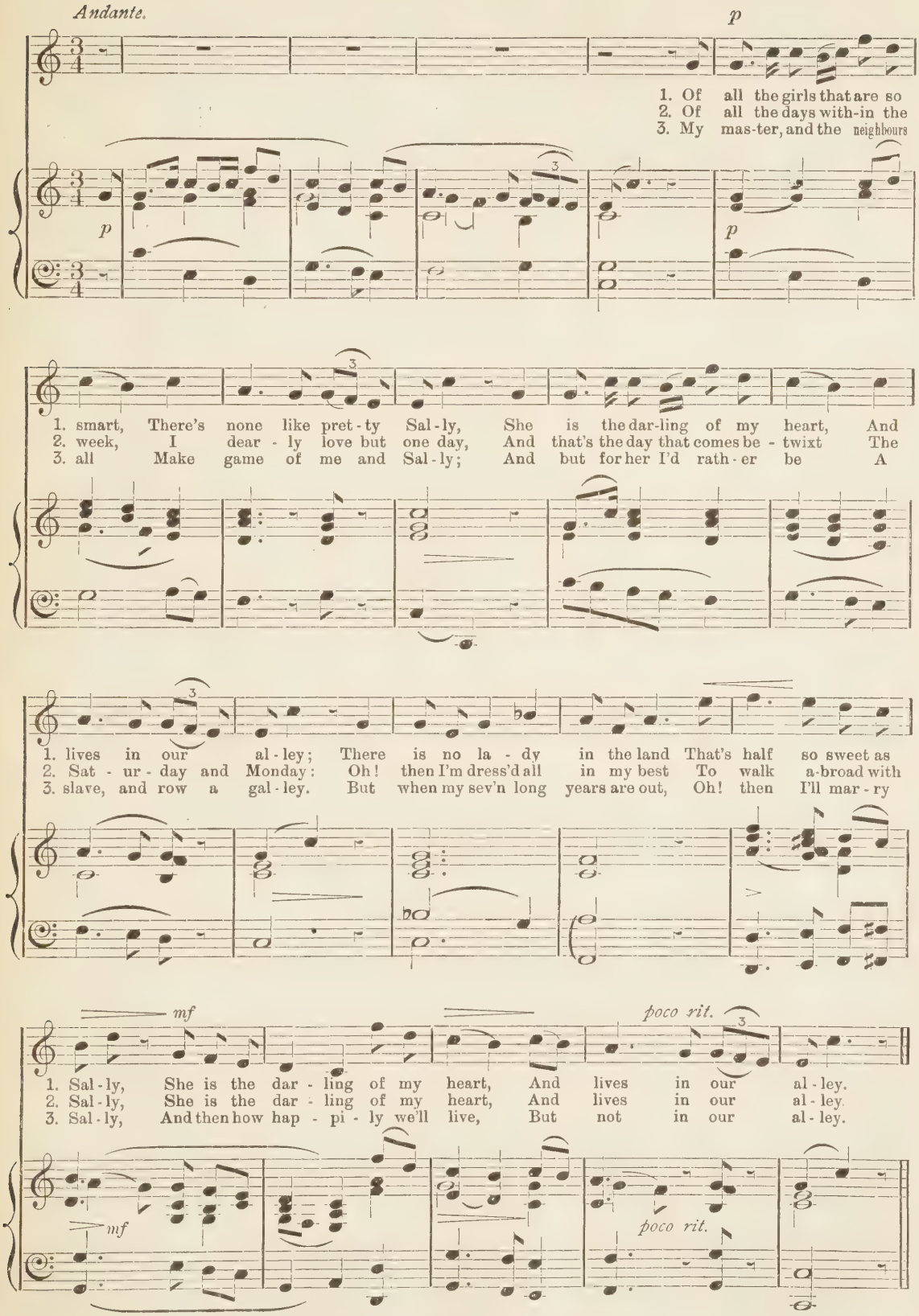
From the *Beggar's Opera*, written by John Gay, and acted at the end of the year 1727. The air, unlike the rest, is given without an old title in the early editions of the opera, and it has been absurdly claimed as a Welsh melody. About the period of the *Beggar's Opera*, another song was popular, set to the same tune, "When the hills and lofty mountains"; this is frequently headed, "Charming Billy" or "Lofty Mountains." A version under this latter title appears in Daniel Wright's *Complete tutor for ye flute, circa* 1735. As "Constant Billy" the tune is in the third volume of the *Dancing Master*, which there is every reason to believe was published late in the year 1726. This proves that the song "Constant" or "Charming Billy" was prior to Gay's lyric. The air, "Constant Billy," also occurs in one of Walsh's early dance books.

I am the Jolly Prince of Drinkers.

Moderato energia.
f
ff
f
1. I am the jol - ly prince of drink - ers,
2. I've heard that a fop who'd toss a full tan - kard,
3. My friend to me did make a mo - tion,
4. And then we went to the Can - a - ries,
poco rit.
f
1. Rant - ing, roar - ing, fud - dling boys! Who take a de - light in
2. Crown'd him - self the prince of sots; But hang such sil - ly
3. "Must we part, and with dry lips?" Oh, then we went un -
4. Hop'd to find a bet - ter touch; And there did we meet with

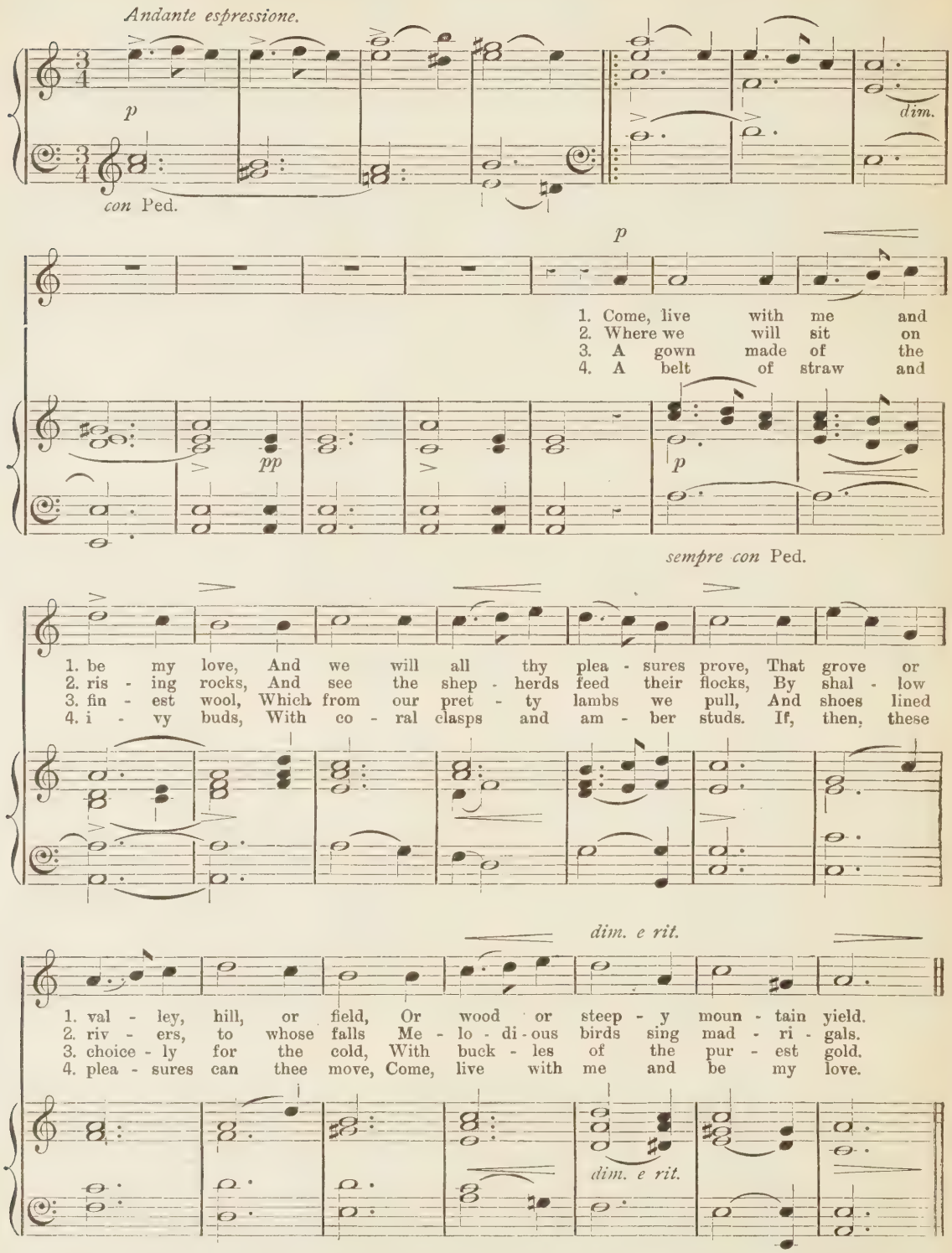
A drinking song, from R. Horsfield's *Vocal Music*, 1775; with some alterations in the words, it is also inserted in Ritson's *English Songs*, 1783. The air is a fine and marked specimen of English melody; probably of the same period as that of "Down among the Dead Men."

1. tos-sing full tan - kards, Fill - ing the ale - house with my noise. Ten
2. i - dle drunk - ards, Snatch their flag - ons, break their pots: My
3. to the o - cean, Where we did meet a fleet of ships. Their
4. Por - tu - gese, Like - wise the Span - iards and the Dutch. 'Twas
1. gal - lons at a draught Did I pour down my throat; But
2. friend and I did join For a cel - lar full of wine, And
3. lad - ing it was wine, And that most su - per - fine, Their
4. near the riv - er Rhine, We drank up all the wine, We
1. hang such sil - ly sips as these; I laid me all a - long, With my
2. lock'd the vint - ner out of door. One morning at the tap, There we
3. bur - den was ten hun - dred ton. We drank it all at sea, Long be -
4. thought to drink the o - cean dry. Bac-chus swore he nev - er found, In the
mf
1. mouth un - to the bung, And I drank off a hogs - head at my ease.
2. drank it ev - 'ry drop, And ea - ger - ly rang'd a - bout for more.
3. fore we came to quay, And the mer - chants did swear they were un - done.
4. un - i - verse all round, Two such thirs - ty souls as my friend and I.
rit.

The British Grenadiers.

Allegro con energia.
mf
1. Some talk of Al - ex -
2. When - e'er we are com -
3. Then let us drink a
f
sf
sf
1. an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of Hector and Ly - san - der, And
2. man - ded, To storm the pal - i - sades, Our leaders march with fus - ees, And
3. bum - per, And drink a health to those Who carry caps and pouch - es, And
sf
1. such great names as these; But of all the world's brave he - roes, There's none that can com -
2. we with hand gren - ades; We throw them from the gla - cis, A - bout the en-e - mies'
3. wear the loup - éd clothes; May they and their com - mand - ers Live hap - py all their
ff
1. pare, With a tow row row row row row To the Brit-ish Gren - a - diers.
2. ears, With a tow row row row row row To the Brit-ish Gren - a - diers.
3. years, With a tow row row row row row To the Brit-ish Gren - a - diers.
ff
sf

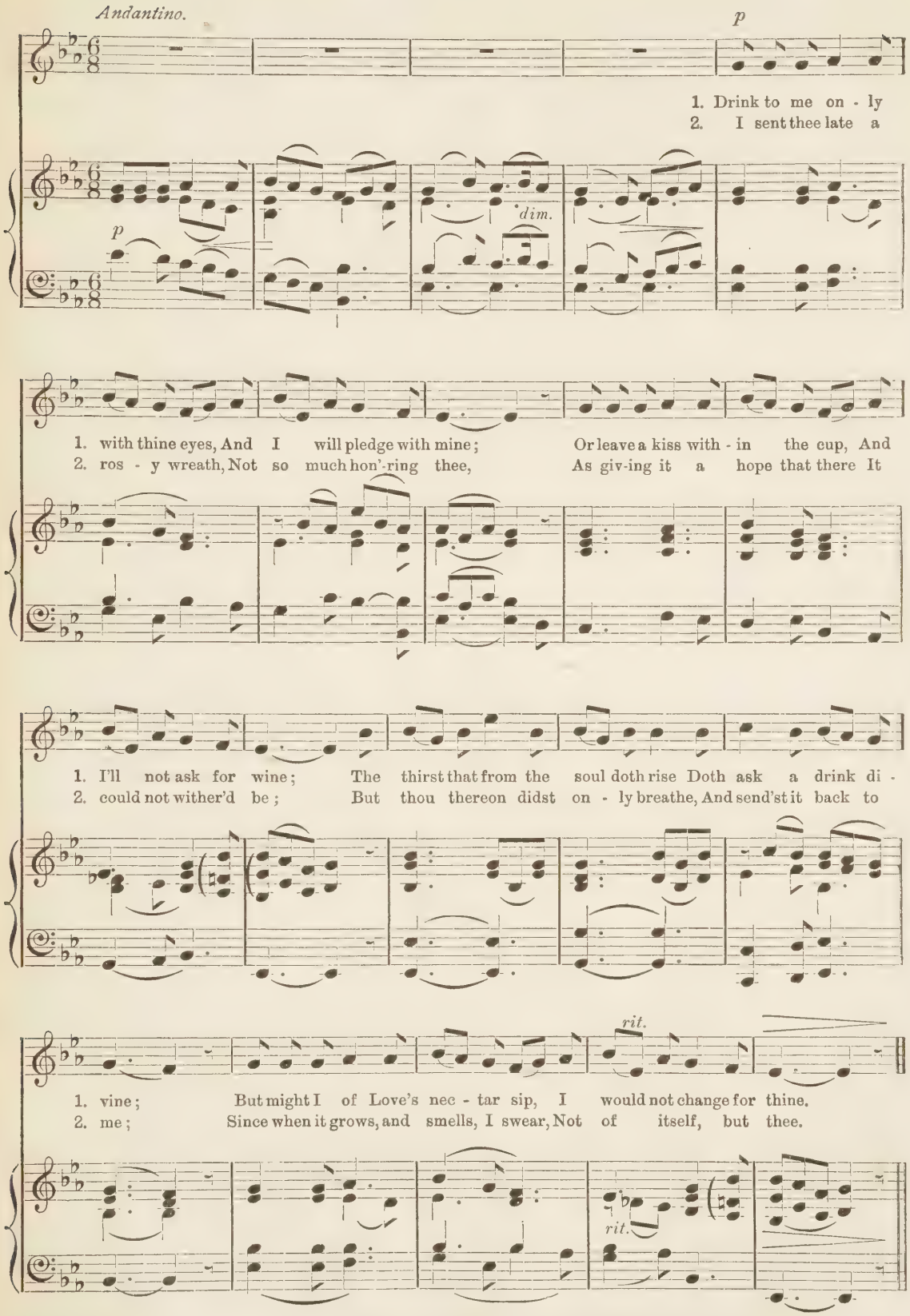
For note to this song see Appendix.

Sally in our Alley.

Andante.
p
1. Of all the girls that are so
2. Of all the days with-in the
3. My mas-ter, and the neighbours
p
p
1. smart, There's none like pret-ty Sal-ly, She is the dar-ling of my heart, And
2. week, I dear-ly love but one day, And that's the day that comes be-twixt The
3. all Make game of me and Sal-ly; And but for her I'd rath-er be A
1. lives in our al-ley; There is no la-dy in the land That's half so sweet as
2. Sat-ur-day and Monday: Oh! then I'm dress'd all in my best To walk a-broad with
3. slave, and row a gal-ley. But when my sev'n long years are out, Oh! then I'll mar-ry
mf
poco rit.
1. Sal-ly, She is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley.
2. Sal-ly, She is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley.
3. Sal-ly, And then how hap-pi-ly we'll live, But not in our al-ley.
mf
poco rit.

For note to this song see Appendix.

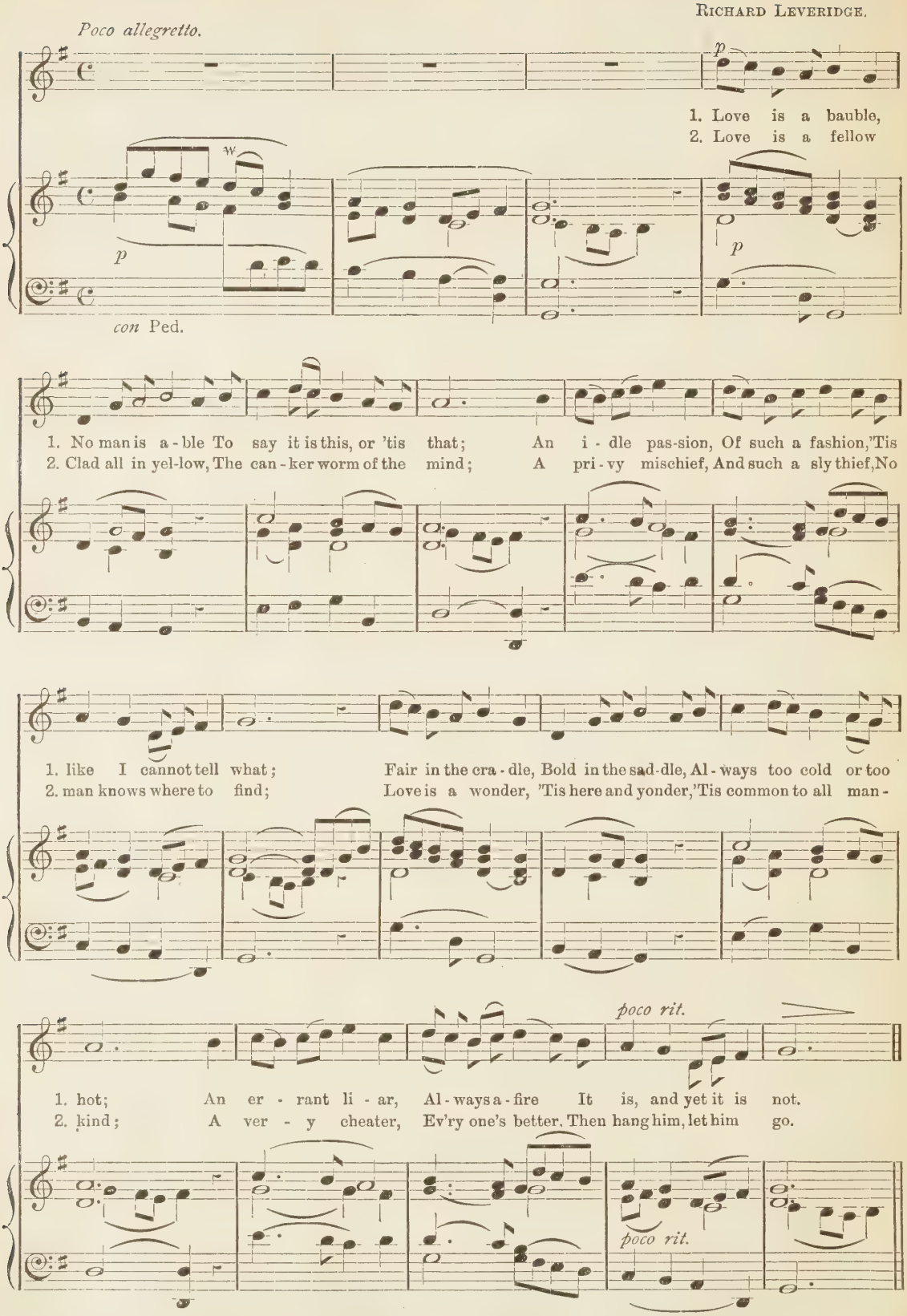
Come, Live with Me and be My Love.

Andante espressione.
p
dim.
con Ped.
p
1. Come, live with me and
2. Where we will sit on
3. A gown made of the
4. A belt of straw and
pp
p
sempre con Ped.
1. be my love, And we will all thy plea - sures prove, That grove or
2. ris - ing rocks, And see the shep - herds feed their flocks, By shal - low
3. fin - est wool, Which from our pret - ty lambs we pull, And shoes lined
4. i - vy buds, With co - ral clasps and am - ber studs. If, then, these
dim. e rit.
1. val - ley, hill, or field, Or wood or steep - y moun - tain yield.
2. riv - ers, to whose falls Me - lo - di - ous birds sing mad - ri - gals.
3. choice - ly for the cold, With buck - les of the pur - est gold.
4. plea - sures can thee move, Come, live with me and be my love.
dim. e rit.

These beautiful words rank with the best of our English pastoral poems. The question of authorship is not very easily settled. It seems certain, however, that some early poem on the same lines had suggested to several authors at the close of the 16th century the same ideas; hence the confusion. Shakespeare makes Sir Hugh Evans sing a snatch of the song, and Christopher Marlow, in his tragedy *The Jew of Malta*, written about ten years earlier than *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, uses the refrain, "Shall live with me and be my love." In *England's Helicon*, 1600, the song is printed as by "Chr. Marlow," and Izaak Walton, quoting it in *The Compleat Angler*, 1653, also mentions Marlow as the author. In *The Passionate Pilgrime and Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke by Mr. William Shakespeare, London, printed for W. Jaggard, 1599*, a portion of it is printed. Dr. Donne also, at a later period, wrote another version. In *England's Helicon*, 1600, there is "The Nymph's Reply," which is signed "Ignoto," generally considered to be Sir Walter Raleigh, as Walton puts it, "in his younger days." There are many allusions to the song in 17th century books. Regarding the tune, it was printed in Steeven's edition of Shakespeare from a transcript of a MS. "as old as Shakespeare's time," which was made by Sir John Hawkins; it is also contained in Corkine's *Second Booke of Ayres*, 1612, among his "Lessons for Violls," under the first line title, but with no more of the words.

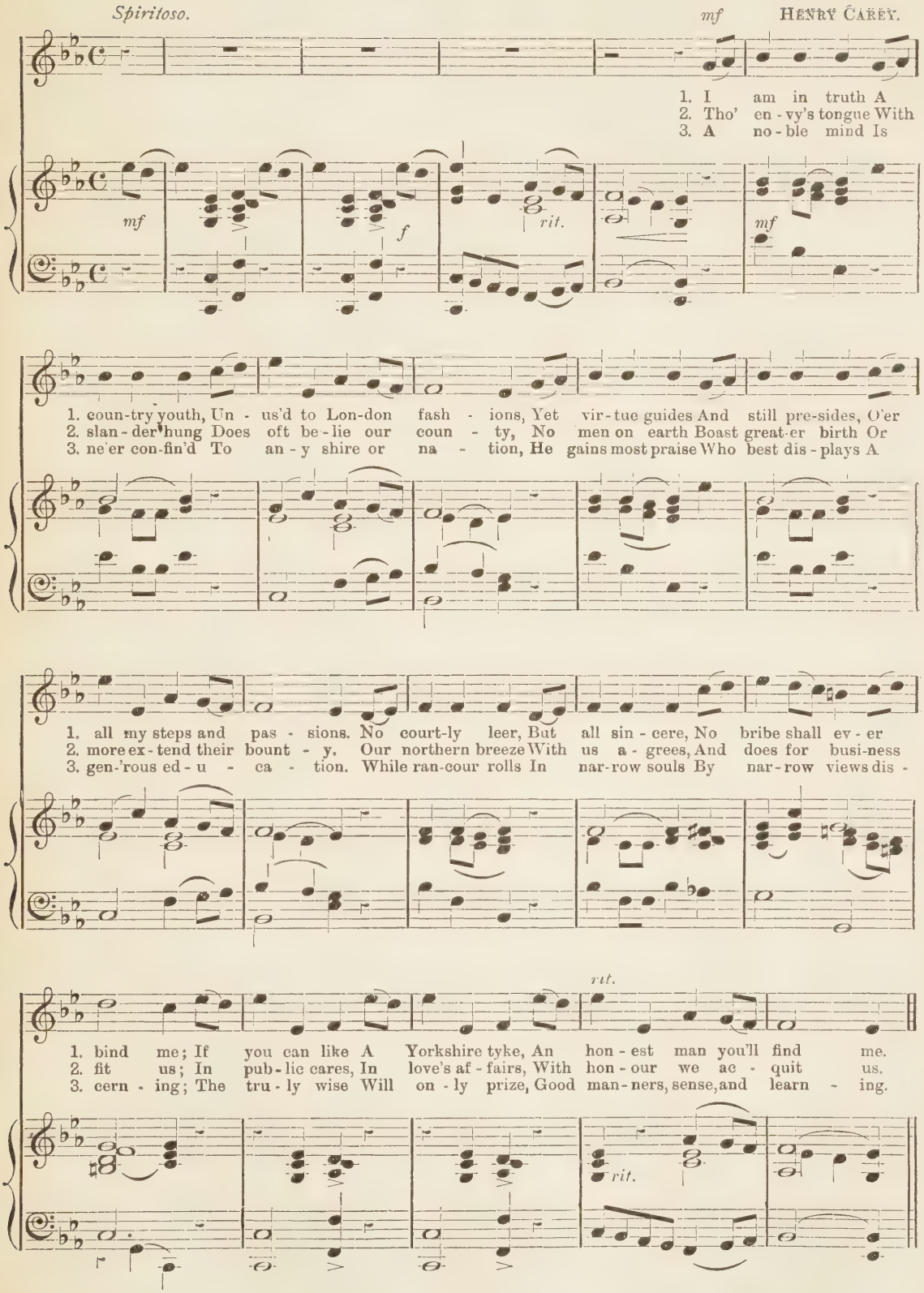
Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes.

Andantino.
p
1. Drink to me on - ly
2. I sent thee late a
dim.
p
1. with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And
2. ros - y wreath, Not so much hon'-ring thee, As giv-ing it a hope that there It
1. I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di -
2. could not wither'd be; But thou thereon didst on - ly breathe, And send'st it back to
rit.
1. vine; But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
2. me; Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of itself, but thee.
rit.

For note to this song see Appendix.

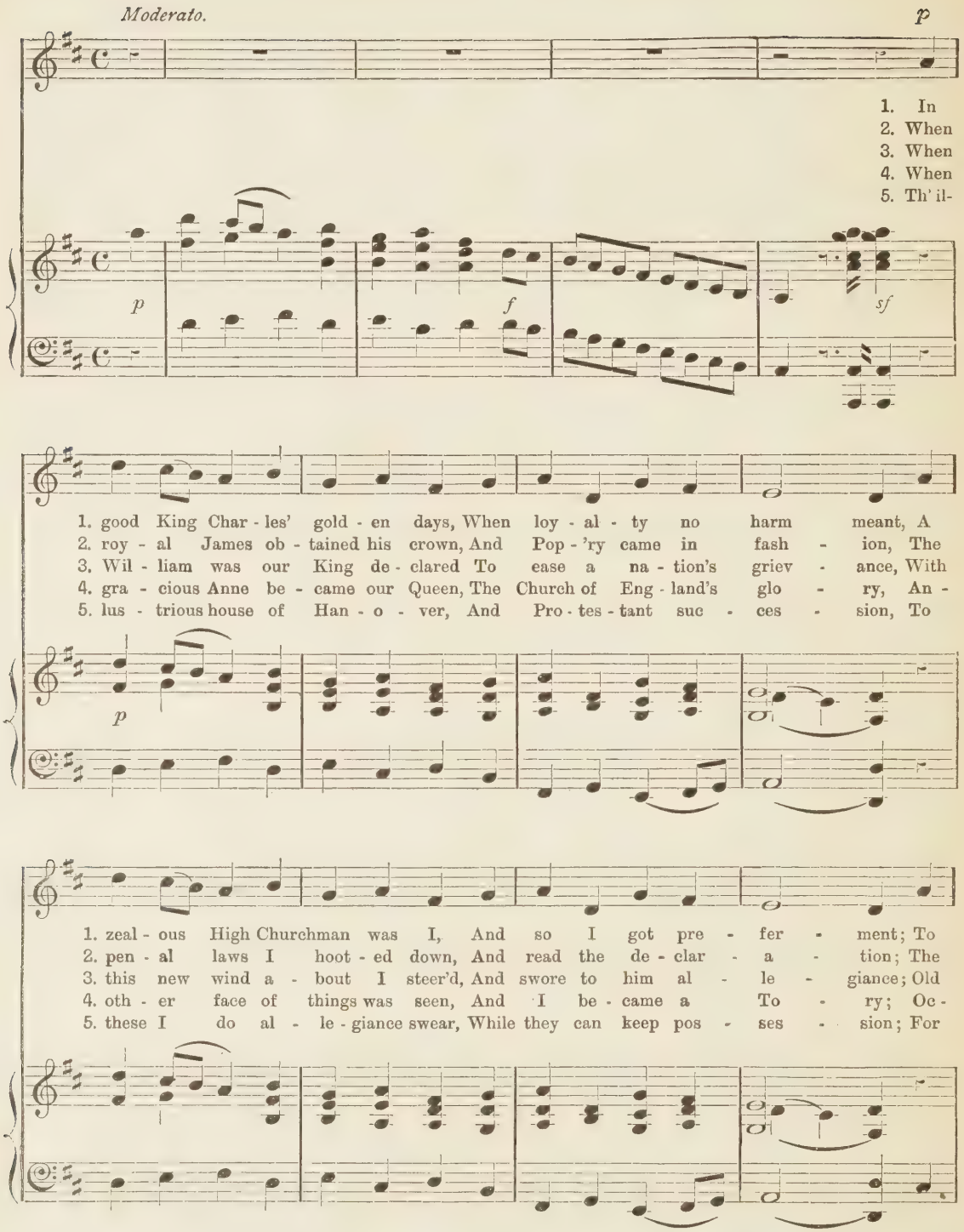
Love is a Bauble.

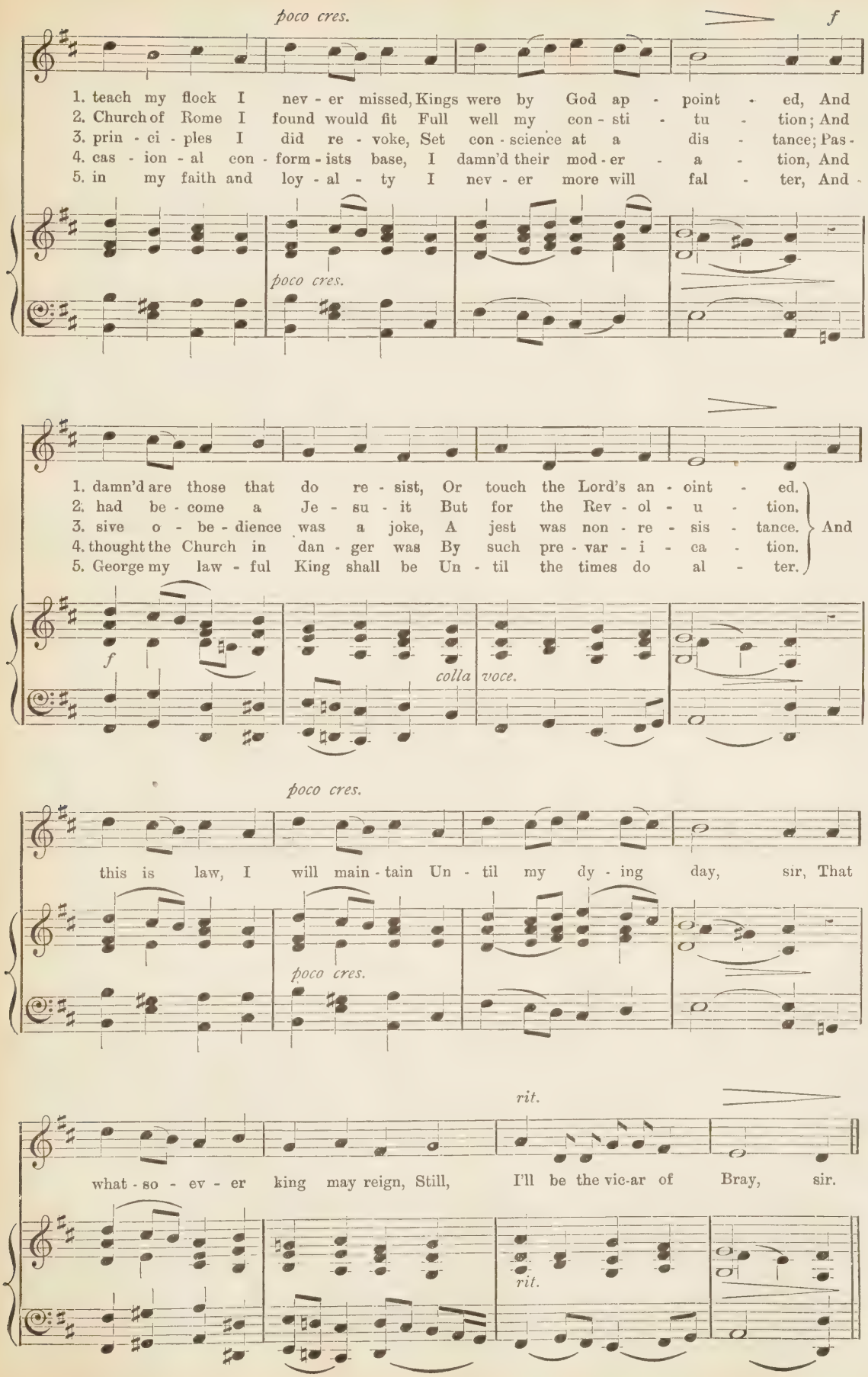
RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

Poco allegretto.
p
1. Love is a bauble,
2. Love is a fellow
p
p
con Ped.
1. No man is a - ble To say it is this, or 'tis that; An i - dle pas-sion, Of such a fashion, 'Tis
2. Clad all in yel-low, The can - ker worm of the mind; A pri - vy mischief, And such a sly thief, No
1. like I cannot tell what; Fair in the cra - dle, Bold in the sad-dle, Al - ways too cold or too
2. man knows where to find; Love is a wonder, 'Tis here and yonder, 'Tis common to all man -
poco rit.
1. hot; An er - rant li - ar, Al - ways a - fire It is, and yet it is not.
2. kind; A ver - y cheater, Ev'ry one's better. Then hang him, let him go.
poco rit.

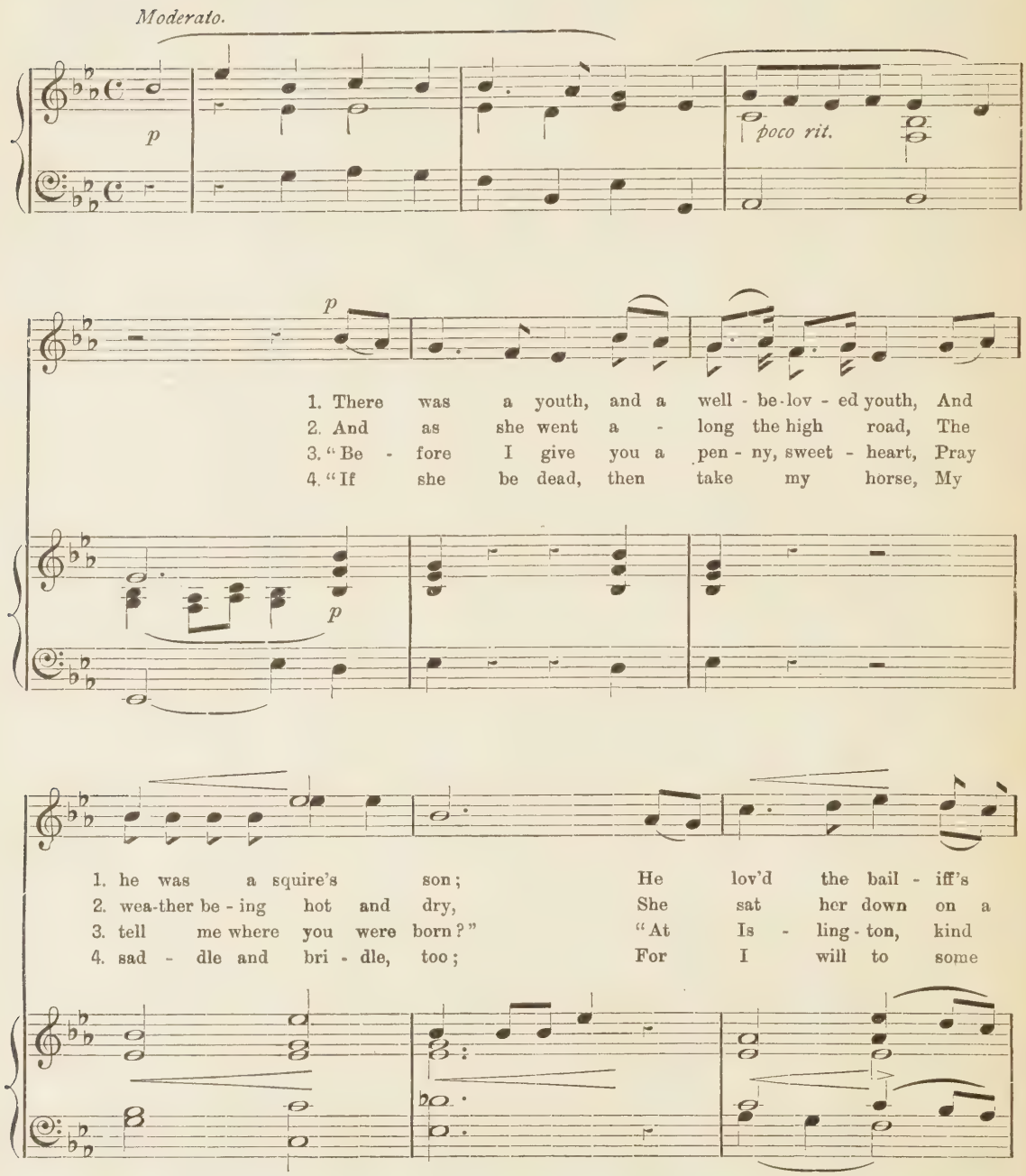
The beautiful air to this song is by Richard Leveridge, to whom English national melody owes so much. The song with the air is printed in the sixth and last volume of *Pills*, 1720, with Leveridge's name attached.

The Honest Yorkshireman.

Spiritoso.
mf
HENRY CAREY.
1. I am in truth A
2. Tho' en - vy's tongue With
3. A no - ble mind Is
mf
f
rit.
mf
1. coun-try youth, Un - us'd to Lon-don fash - ions, Yet vir-tue guides And still pre-sides, O'er
2. slan - der hung Does oft be - lie our coun - ty, No men on earth Boast great-er birth Or
3. ne'er con-fin'd To an - y shire or na - tion, He gains most praise Who best dis - plays A
1. all my steps and pas - sions. No court-ly leer, But all sin - cere, No bribe shall ev - er
2. more ex - tend their bount - y. Our northern breeze With us a - grees, And does for busi-ness
3. gen-'rous ed - u - ca - tion. While ran-cour rolls In nar-row souls By nar-row views dis -
rit.
1. bind me; If you can like A Yorkshire tyke, An hon - est man you'll find me.
2. fit us; In pub - lic cares, In love's af - fairs, With hon - our we ac - quit us.
3. cern - ing; The tru - ly wise Will on - ly prize, Good man - ners, sense, and learn - ing.
rit.

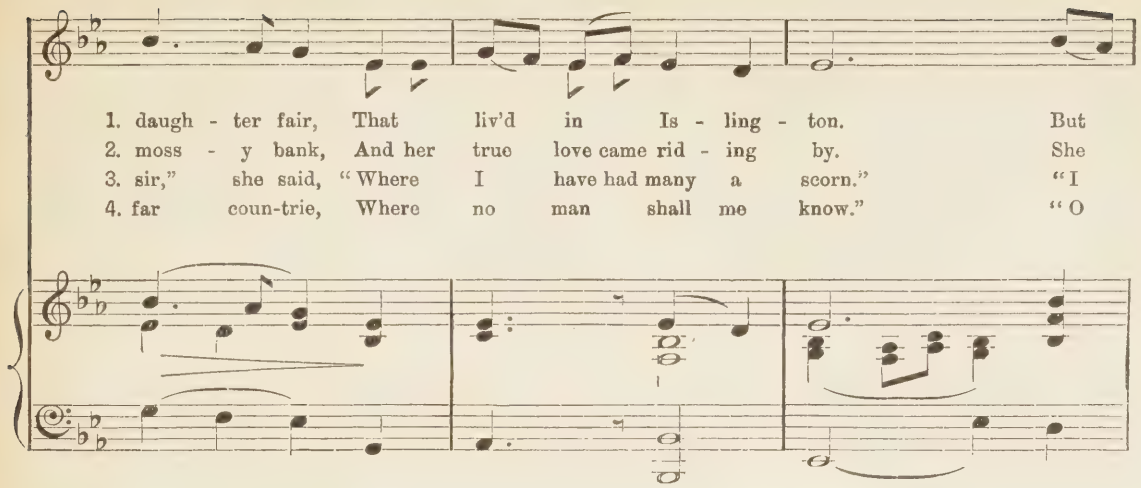
The words and music were written by Henry Carey for his little opera, *The Wonder; or, the Honest Yorkshireman*, acted 1735, printed in 1736. The title *rôle* was played by a Mr. Salway, and, with his name indicated as the singer, the song was included in Carey's *Musical Century*, 1740, etc. It may be noted that in several modern works, such as Ingledew's *Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire*, 1860, the song is dressed in a vulgarised dialect, for which there is no authority.

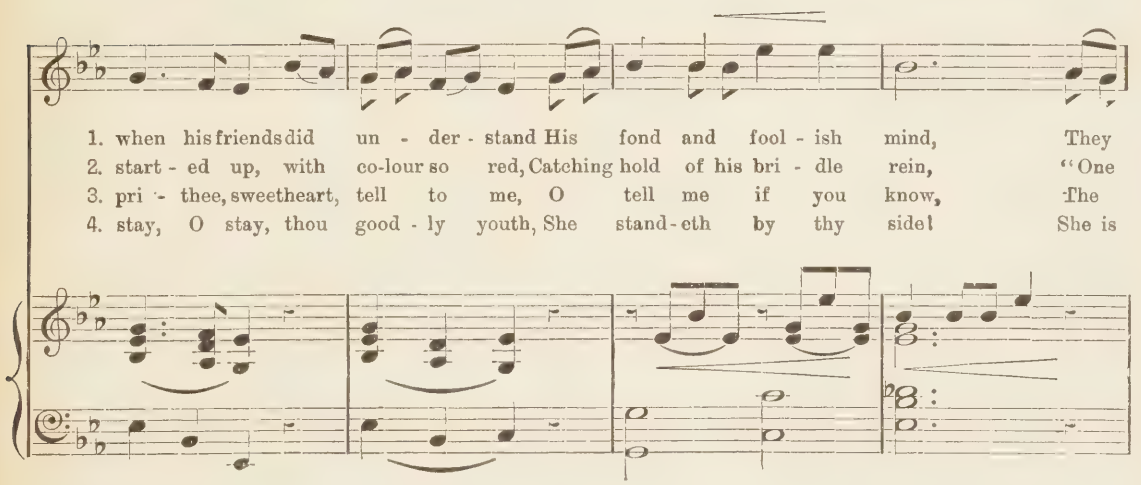
The Vicar of Bray.

Moderato.
p
1. In
2. When
3. When
4. When
5. Th' il-
p
f
sf
1. good King Char - les' gold - en days, When loy - al - ty no harm meant, A
2. roy - al James ob - tained his crown, And Pop - 'ry came in fash - ion, The
3. Wil - liam was our King de - clared To ease a na - tion's griev - ance, With
4. gra - cious Anne be - came our Queen, The Church of Eng - land's glo - ry, An -
5. lus - trious house of Han - o - ver, And Pro - tes - tant suc - ces - sion, To
p
1. zeal - ous High Churchman was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment; To
2. pen - al laws I hoot - ed down, And read the de - clar - a - tion; The
3. this new wind a - bout I steer'd, And swore to him al - le - giance; Old
4. oth - er face of things was seen, And I be - came a To - ry; Oc -
5. these I do al - le - giance swear, While they can keep pos - ses - sion; For

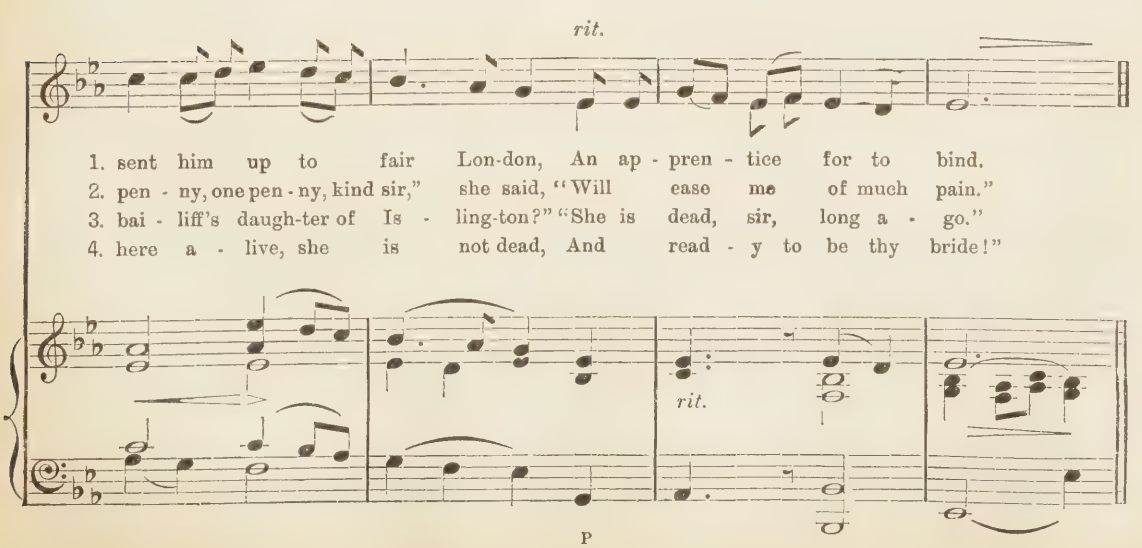
In Nichol's *Select Poems* the statement is made that the song is the composition of a "soldier in Colonel Fuller's troop of dragoons, in the reign of George I." The present writer was able, some time ago in the *Musical Times*, to refute this popular error and to show that a version of "The Vicar of Bray" was written by Edward Ward, and inserted among his *Miscellanies* printed in the third edition of 1712, before George the First came to the throne; indeed, Ward's song may even have been published long before the above named date. For a selection from Ward's verses see the Appendix to the present volume. The original Vicar, of Bray (a little village on the Thames above Windsor), was supposed to have been Simon Aleyn; he was Vicar of Bray from 1540 to 1588. It is, however, uncertain as to which vicar gave rise to the proverb—"The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still." The tune is an old one named "The Country Garden." In Daniel Wright's *Compleat Tutor for ye Flute, circa*, 1735, it is named "The Country Garden the New Way." Under the first title the air is used in the *Quakers' Opera*, 1728, and other ballad operas of the period. The first air (printed on half sheets) to "The Vicar of Bray" is the old Scotch tune "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," and it was not until quite late in the 18th century that the song became united to the tune we now know, *i.e* "The Country Garden." The song is given in *Calliope; or, The Musical Miscellany*, Edinburgh, 1788, to a version of the present known tune, and this air was also used for a song, "The Neglected Tar," popular at this time.

poco cres.
f
1. teach my flock I nev - er missed, Kings were by God ap - point - ed, And
2. Church of Rome I found would fit Full well my con - sti - tu - tion; And
3. prin - ci - ples I did re - voke, Set con - science at a dis - tance; Pas -
4. cas - ion - al con - form - ists base, I damn'd their mod - er - a - tion, And
5. in my faith and loy - al - ty I nev - er more will fal - ter, And -
poco cres.
1. damn'd are those that do re - sist, Or touch the Lord's an - oint - ed.
2. had be - come a Je - su - it But for the Rev - ol - u - tion.
3. sive o - be - dience was a joke, A jest was non - re - sis - tance.
4. thought the Church in dan - ger was By such pre - var - i - ca - tion.
5. George my law - ful King shall be Un - til the times do al - ter.
And
f
colla voce.
poco cres.
this is law, I will main - tain Un - til my dy - ing day, sir, That
poco cres.
rit.
what - so - ev - er king may reign, Still, I'll be the vic-ar of Bray, sir.
rit.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

Moderato.
p
poco rit.
p
1. There was a youth, and a well - be-lov - ed youth, And
2. And as she went a - long the high road, The
3. "Be - fore I give you a pen - ny, sweet - heart, Pray
4. "If she be dead, then take my horse, My
p
1. he was a squire's son; He lov'd the bail - iff's
2. wea-ther be - ing hot and dry, She sat her down on a
3. tell me where you were born?" "At Is - ling - ton, kind
4. sad - dle and bri - dle, too; For I will to some

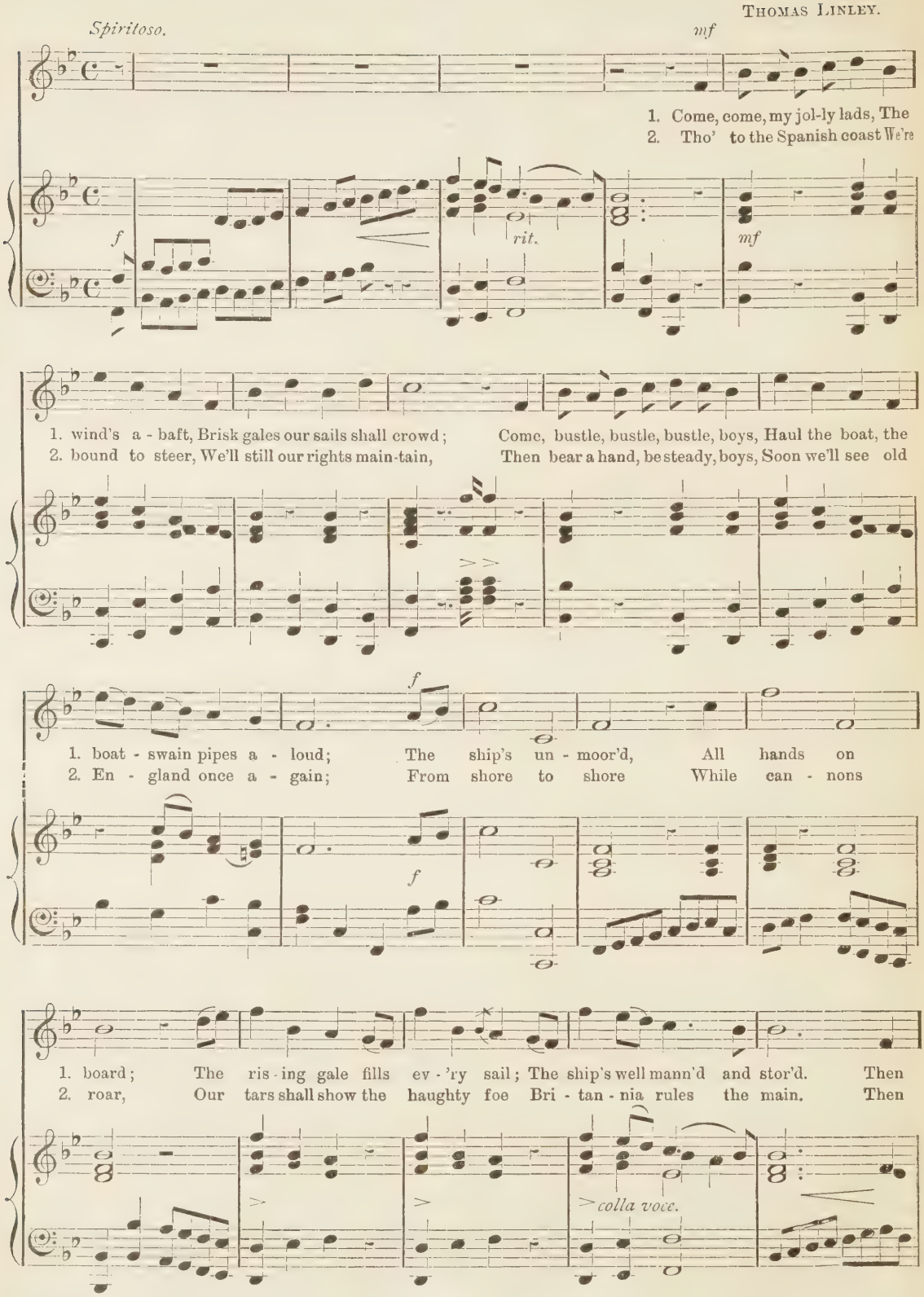
The best known tune to this ever popular ballad was picked up traditionally in the north of England, and printed by Dr. Rimbault in his *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, 1850. The oldest printed air to the ballad is in *The Jovial Crew*, a ballad opera acted in 1731. The tune is there set to another song, and the old title given as "The Baily's Daughter of Islington;" it will be found in the Appendix to the present work. Another old and very pretty air to the lyric was obtained traditionally by the late Rev. John Broadwood, and printed in his *Sussex Songs*.

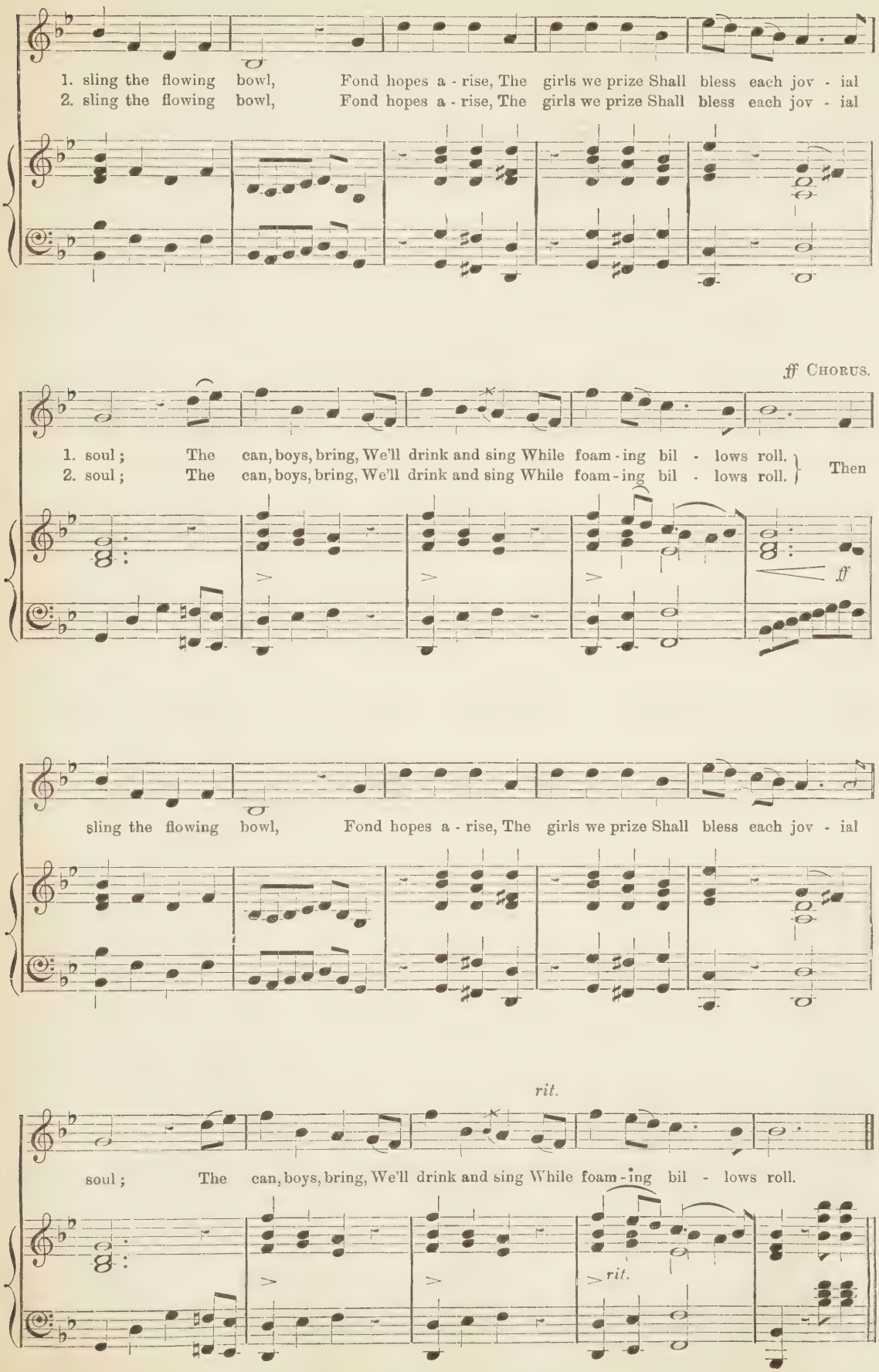
The ballad itself is long, and in the Roxburghe collection of 17th century broadsides it bears the title, "True Love Requited, or the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, to a North-country tune, or 'I Have a Good Old Mother at Home.'" It is therefore evident that it was sung to at least two tunes, but whether to the printed or any of the traditional versions must remain an open question. Dr. Rimbault is said to have had a copy of the ballad opera air in an early lute manuscript, under the name, "The Jolly Pinder." Bishop Percy suggests that the Islington of the song is more likely to have been the village in Norfolk with that name rather than the London suburb.

1. daugh - ter fair, That liv'd in Is - ling - ton. But
2. moss - y bank, And her true love came rid - ing by. She
3. sir," she said, "Where I have had many a scorn." "I
4. far coun-trie, Where no man shall me know." "O


1. when his friends did un - der - stand His fond and fool - ish mind, They
2. start - ed up, with co-lour so red, Catching hold of his bri - dle rein, "One
3. pri - thee, sweetheart, tell to me, O tell me if you know, The
4. stay, O stay, thou good - ly youth, She stand - eth by thy side! She is

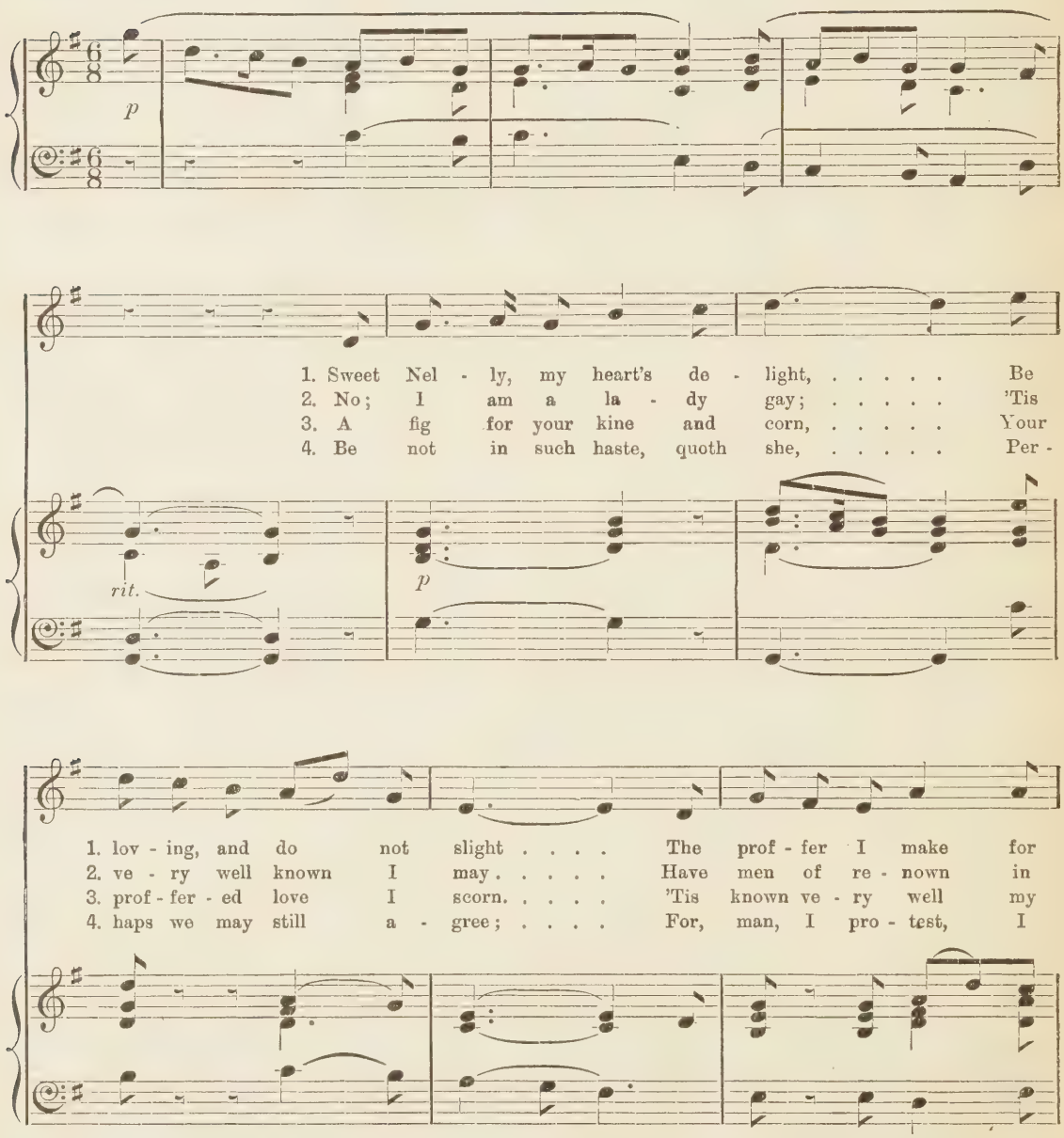

rit.
1. sent him up to fair Lon-don, An ap - pren - tice for to bind.
2. pen - ny, one pen - ny, kind sir," she said, "Will ease me of much pain."
3. bai - liff's daugh-ter of Is - ling-ton?" "She is dead, sir, long a - go."
4. here a - live, she is not dead, And read - y to be thy bride!"
rit.

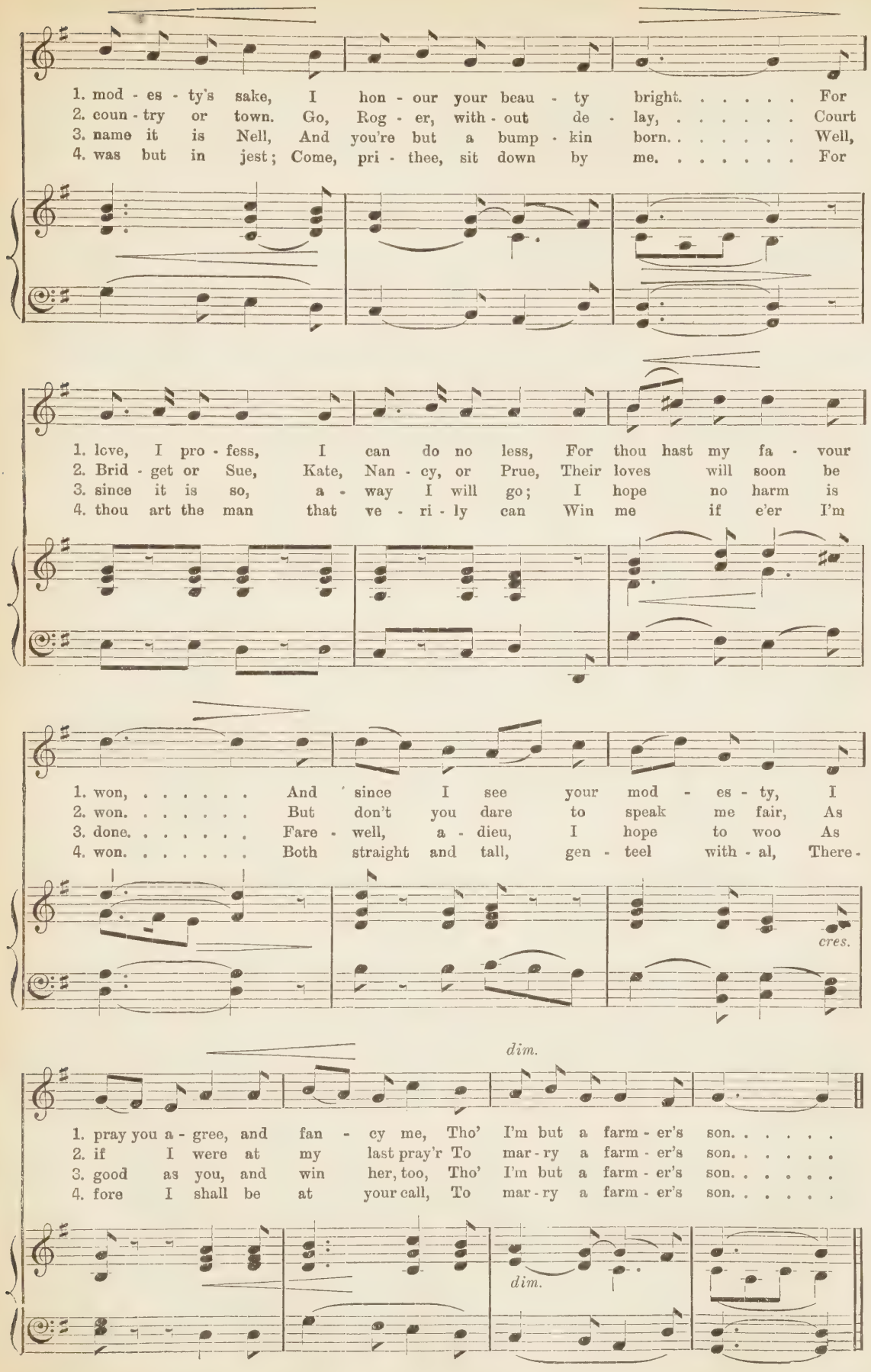
Sling the Flowing Bowl.

THOMAS LINLEY.

Spiritoso.
mf
1. Come, come, my jol-ly lads, The
2. Tho' to the Spanish coast We're
f
rit.
mf
1. wind's a - baft, Brisk gales our sails shall crowd;
2. bound to steer, We'll still our rights main-tain,
Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys, Haul the boat, the
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys, Soon we'll see old
f
1. boat - swain pipes a - loud;
2. En - gland once a - gain;
The ship's un - moor'd,
From shore to shore
All hands on
While can - nons
f
1. board;
2. roar,
The ris - ing gale fills ev - 'ry sail; The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.
Our tars shall show the haughty foe Bri - tan - nia rules the main.
Then
Then
colla voce.

This was first sung by a Mr. Gaudry in a pantomime named *Robinson Crusoe; or, Harlequin Everywhere*, acted in 1781. The music of the piece was by Thomas Linley, the father-in-law of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The air is a fine and spirited one, and from its first appearance has always commanded popularity. A copy of the song is in *The General Evening Post*, February 10th, 1781, and with the music it was engraved as a half-sheet song. It is in most collections after 1781, in *Fielding's Vocal Enchantress*, 1783, *Edinburgh Musical Miscellany*, 1792, etc. It also appeared in *The Nightingale*, an American song book printed in 1804.

1. sling the flowing bowl, Fond hopes a - rise, The girls we prize Shall bless each jov - ial
2. sling the flowing bowl, Fond hopes a - rise, The girls we prize Shall bless each jov - ial
ff CHORUS.
1. soul; The can, boys, bring, We'll drink and sing While foam - ing bil - lows roll.
2. soul; The can, boys, bring, We'll drink and sing While foam - ing bil - lows roll.
Then
ff
sling the flowing bowl, Fond hopes a - rise, The girls we prize Shall bless each jov - ial
rit.
soul; The can, boys, bring, We'll drink and sing While foam - ing bil - lows roll.
rit.

Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight.

Andante con espressione.

p
1. Sweet Nel - ly, my heart's de - light, ... Be
2. No; I am a la - dy gay; . . . . . 'Tis
3. A fig for your kine and corn, ... Your
4. Be not in such haste, quoth she, ... Per -
rit.
p
1. lov - ing, and do not slight . . . . The prof - fer I make for
2. ve - ry well known I may . . . . . Have men of re - nown in
3. prof - fer - ed love I scorn. . . . . 'Tis known ve - ry well my
4. haps we may still a - gree; . . . . For, man, I pro - test, I

A pretty song, sometimes entitled "The Farmer's Son." Under this title it is in the second volume of Walsh's *Merry Musician, or a Cure for the Spleen, circa* 1728. It is next found, in 1729, in John Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol. i., p. 130, from whence copies were taken for the ballad operas, *The Beau in the Suds*, 1729, and *The Lover's Opera*, 1730. It is also in the first volume of Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, 1734. With the heading, "Sweet Nelly," the tune alone is in Daniel Wright's *Compleat Tutor for ye Flute, circa* 1735. The song in the present work has had to be abbreviated.

1. mod - es - ty's sake, I hon - our your beau - ty bright. . . . . For
2. coun - try or town. Go, Rog - er, with - out de - lay, ... Court
3. name it is Nell, And you're but a bump - kin born. . . . . Well,
4. was but in jest; Come, pri - thee, sit down by me. . . . . For
1. love, I pro - fess, I can do no less, For thou hast my fa - vour
2. Brid - get or Sue, Kate, Nan - cy, or Prue, Their loves will soon be
3. since it is so, a - way I will go; I hope no harm is
4. thou art the man that ve - ri - ly can Win me if e'er I'm
1. won, ... And since I see your mod - es - ty, I
2. won. . . . . But don't you dare to speak me fair, As
3. done. . . . . Fare - well, a - dieu, I hope to woo As
4. won. . . . . Both straight and tall, gen - teel with - al, There -
cres.
dim.
1. pray you a - gree, and fan - cy me, Tho' I'm but a farm - er's son. . . . . .
2. if I were at my last pray'r To mar - ry a farm - er's son. . . . . .
3. good as you, and win her, too, Tho' I'm but a farm - er's son. . . . . .
4. fore I shall be at your call, To mar - ry a farm - er's son. . . . . .
dim.

Amyntor's Well-a-day!

JOHN ECCLES.

Andante con espressione.

p

1.
2. His
3. The
4. Up-

p *rit.*

1. Chlo-ris, now thou'rt fled a-way, A-myn-tor's sheep are gone astray, And
2. oat-en pipe, that in thy praise Was wont to play such round-e-lays, Is
3. May-pole, where thy lit-tle feet So round-ly did in meas-ures meet, Is
4. on those banks you us'd to tread, He ev-er since hath laid his head, And

p

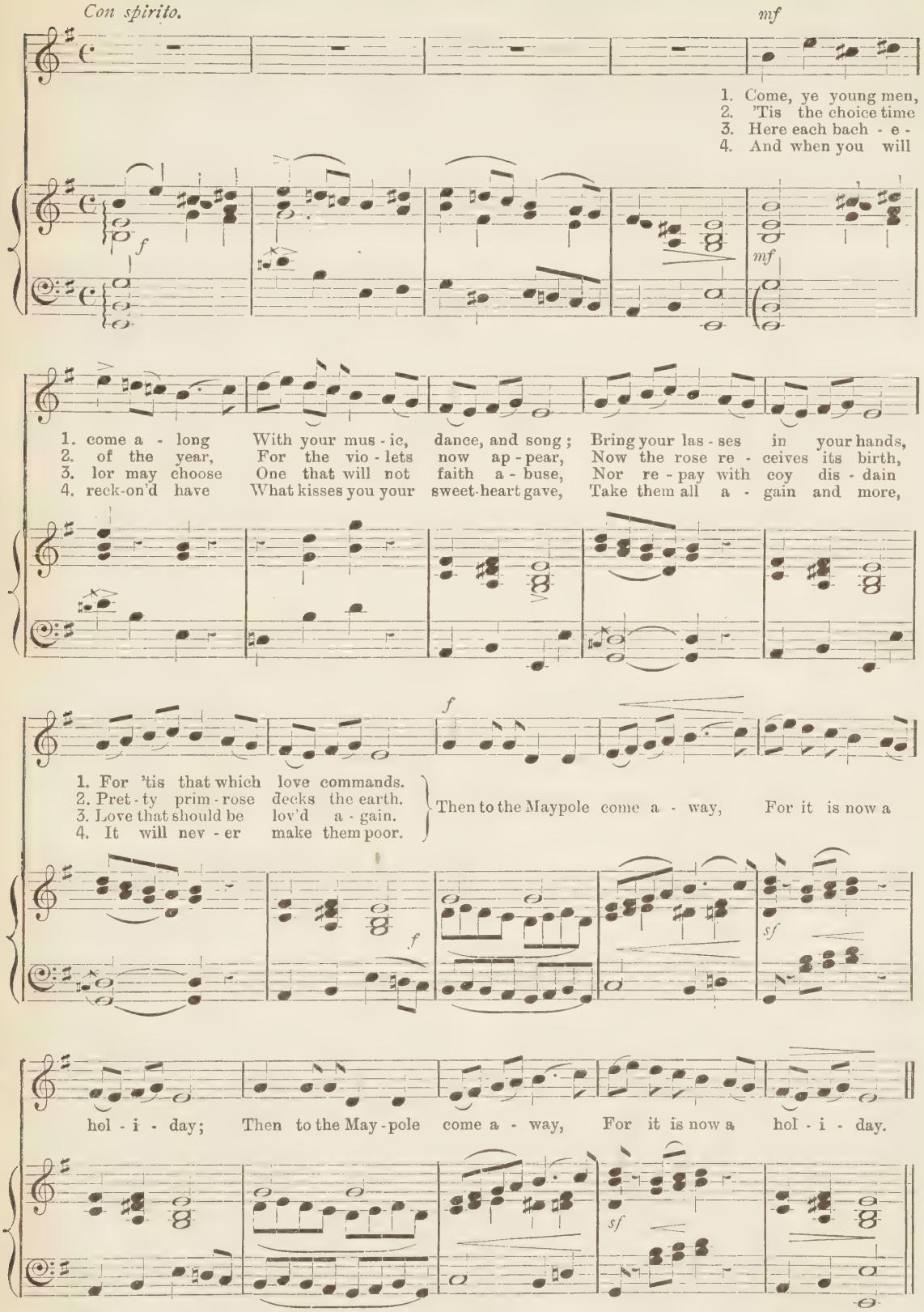
1. all the joy he took to see His pret-ty lambs run af-ter thee Is
2. thrown a-way, and not a swain Dares pipe or sing with-in his plain; 'Tis
3. bro-ken down, and no con-tent Comes near A-myn-tor since you went; All
4. whisper'd there such pin-ing woe As not a blade of grass will grow; O,

p espress e rit.

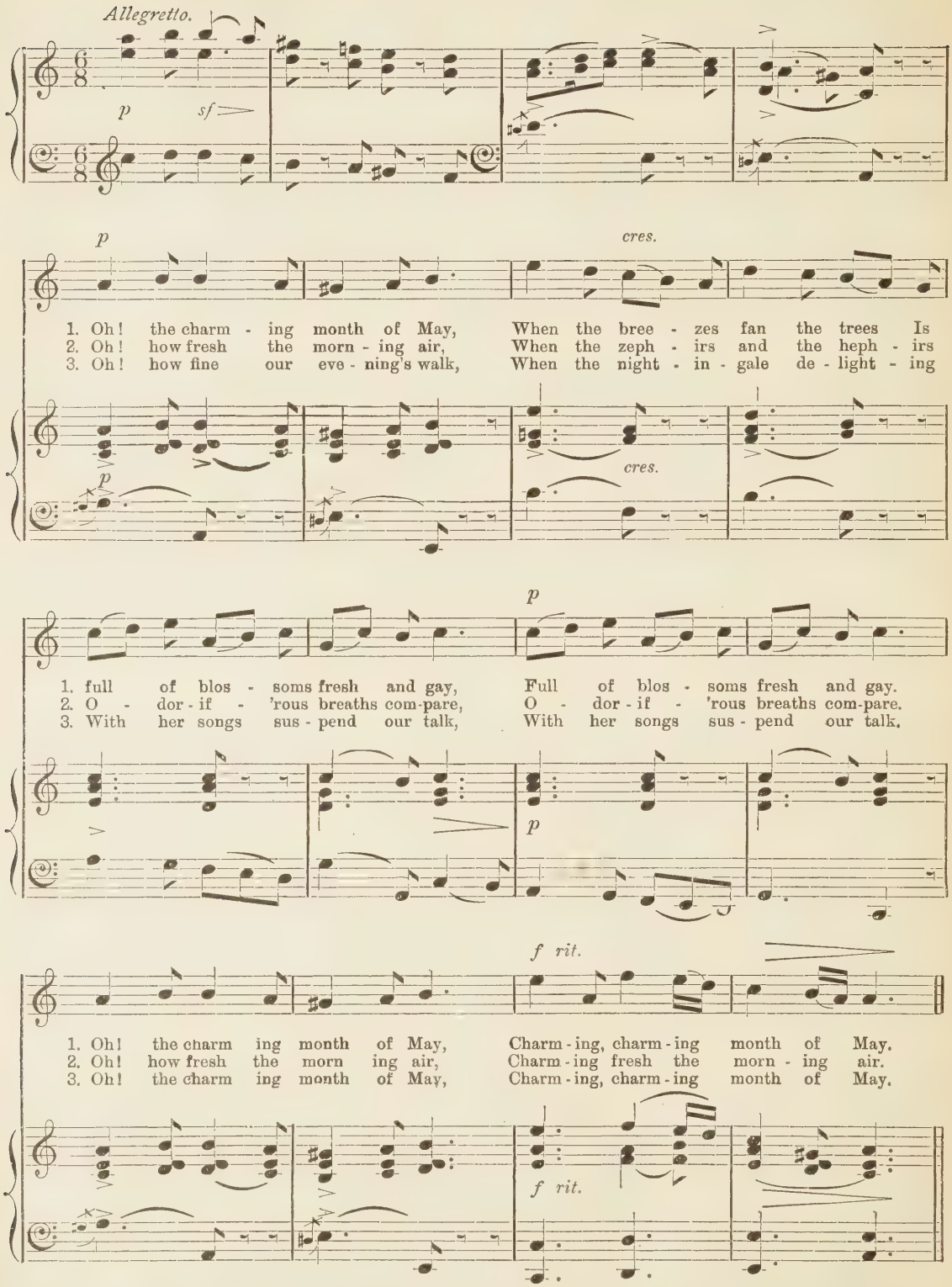
1. gone, is gone, and he a-lone Sings noth-ing now but "Well-a-day!"
2. death for an-y-one to say One word to him, but "Well-a-day!"
3. that I ev-er heard him say Was "Chlo-ris, Chlo-ris, Well-a-day!"
4. Chlo-ris! Chlo-ris! come a-way And hear A-myn-tor's "Well-a-day!"

p *rit.*

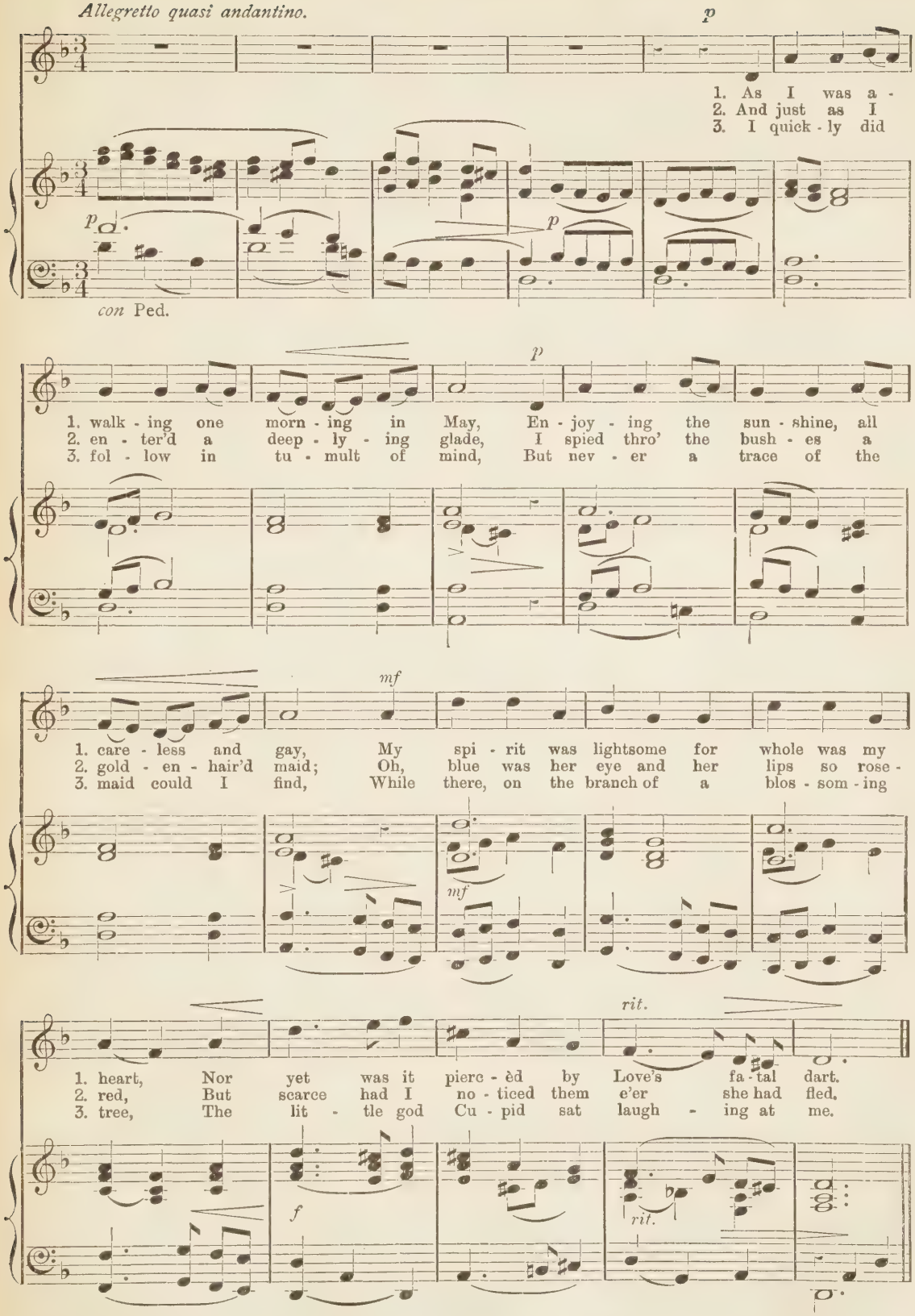
The words of the song are given as by Dr. Henry Hughes in H. Lawes' third book of *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, 1658, and in the later edition of 1669. As the air is by no means so good as those by Lawes generally are, another tune by John Eccles, from *The Loves of Mars and Venus*, 1696, is adapted to it.

The May Pole.

Con spirito.
mf
1. Come, ye young men,
2. 'Tis the choice time
3. Here each bach - e -
4. And when you will
f
mf
1. come a - long With your mus - ic, dance, and song; Bring your las - ses in your hands,
2. of the year, For the vio - lets now ap - pear, Now the rose re - ceives its birth,
3. lor may choose One that will not faith a - buse, Nor re - pay with coy dis - dain
4. reck-on'd have What kisses you your sweet-heart gave, Take them all a - gain and more,
f
1. For 'tis that which love commands.
2. Pret - ty prim - rose decks the earth.
3. Love that should be lov'd a - gain.
4. It will nev - er make them poor.
Then to the Maypole come a - way, For it is now a
f
sf
hol - i - day; Then to the May - pole come a - way, For it is now a hol - i - day.
sf

The song is from a 17th century interlude by Robert Cox, named *Actæon and Diana*, the second edition of which was published in 1656. The tune is an old local Morris dance, called "Staines' Morris," and under this title it is in the first and several other editions of Playford's *Dancing Master*.

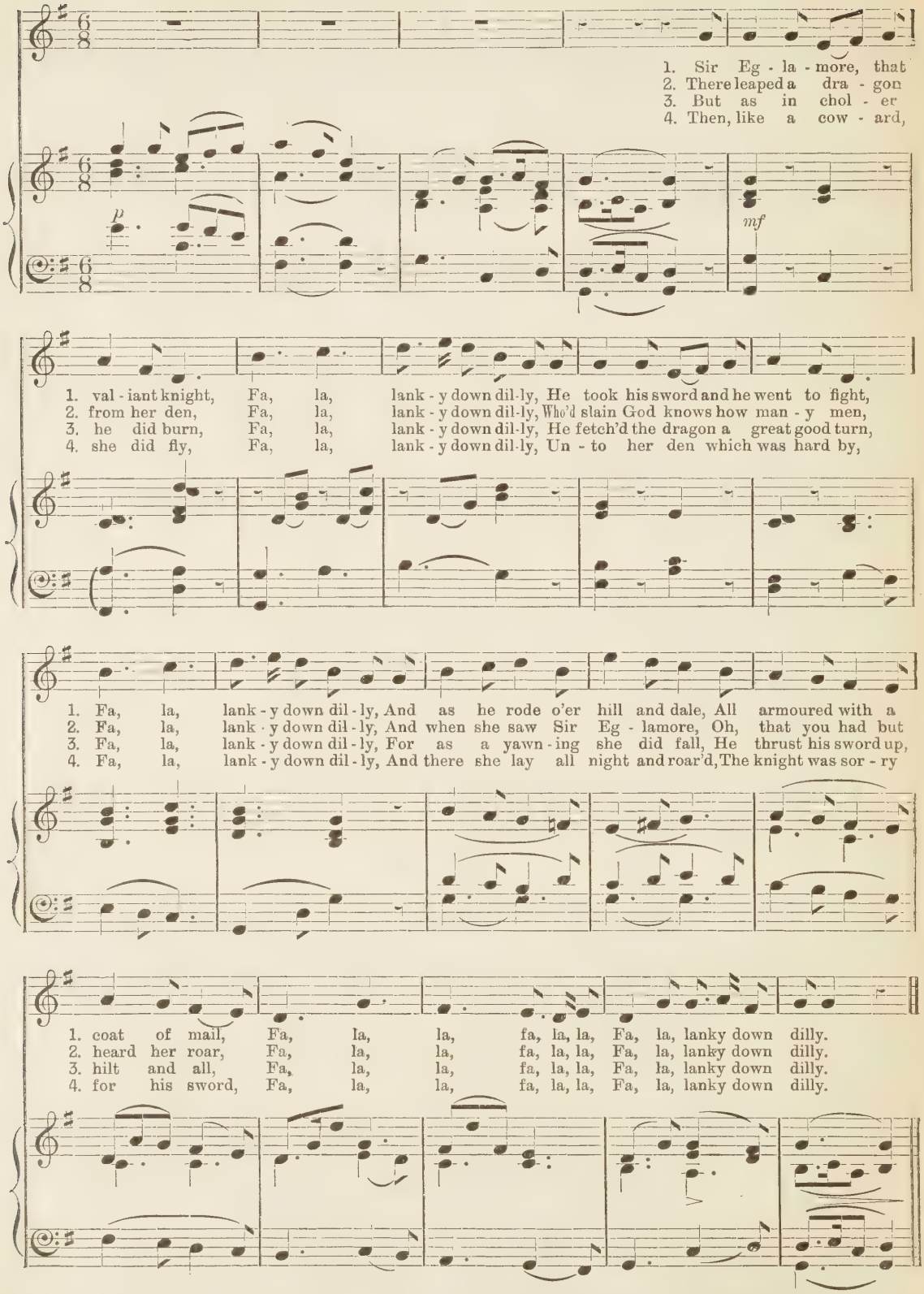
Oh! the Charming Month of May.

Allegretto.
p
sf
p
cres.
1. Oh! the charm - ing month of May, When the bree - zes fan the trees Is
2. Oh! how fresh the morn - ing air, When the zeph - irs and the heph - irs
3. Oh! how fine our eve - ning's walk, When the night - in - gale de - light - ing
cres.
p
p
1. full of blos - soms fresh and gay, Full of blos - soms fresh and gay.
2. O - dor - if - 'rous breaths com-pare, O - dor - if - 'rous breaths com-pare.
3. With her songs sus - pend our talk, With her songs sus - pend our talk.
p
f rit.
1. Oh! the charm ing month of May, Charm - ing, charm - ing month of May.
2. Oh! how fresh the morn ing air, Charm - ing fresh the morn - ing air.
3. Oh! the charm ing month of May, Charm - ing, charm - ing month of May.
f rit.

The song is a burlesque production, written by Joseph Addison, and published in his *Guardian* in August, 1713. It is there inserted as from a correspondent, who is supposed to write:—"I humbly beg leave to drop a song in your lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It is fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fair imitation of the works of many of our English lyrics. It cannot but be acceptable to all who admire the translations of Italian operas." With the above tune the song was reprinted in *The Merry Musician; or, a Cure for the Spleen*, 1716, and in *Pills*, vi., 1720, and probably also in the preceding edition. There are more verses than our space permits us to give.

Cupid's Trick.

Allegretto quasi andantino.
p
1. As I was a -
2. And just as I
3. I quick - ly did
p
p
con Ped.
p
1. walk - ing one morn - ing in May, En - joy - ing the sun - shine, all
2. en - ter'd a deep - ly - ing glade, I spied thro' the bush - es a
3. fol - low in tu - mult of mind, But nev - er a trace of the
mf
1. care - less and gay, My spi - rit was lightsome for whole was my
2. gold - en - hair'd maid; Oh, blue was her eye and her lips so rose -
3. maid could I find, While there, on the branch of a blos - som - ing
mf
rit.
1. heart, Nor yet was it pierc - èd by Love's fa - tal dart.
2. red, But scarce had I no - ticed them e'er she had fled.
3. tree, The lit - tle god Cu - pid sat laugh - ing at me.
f
rit.

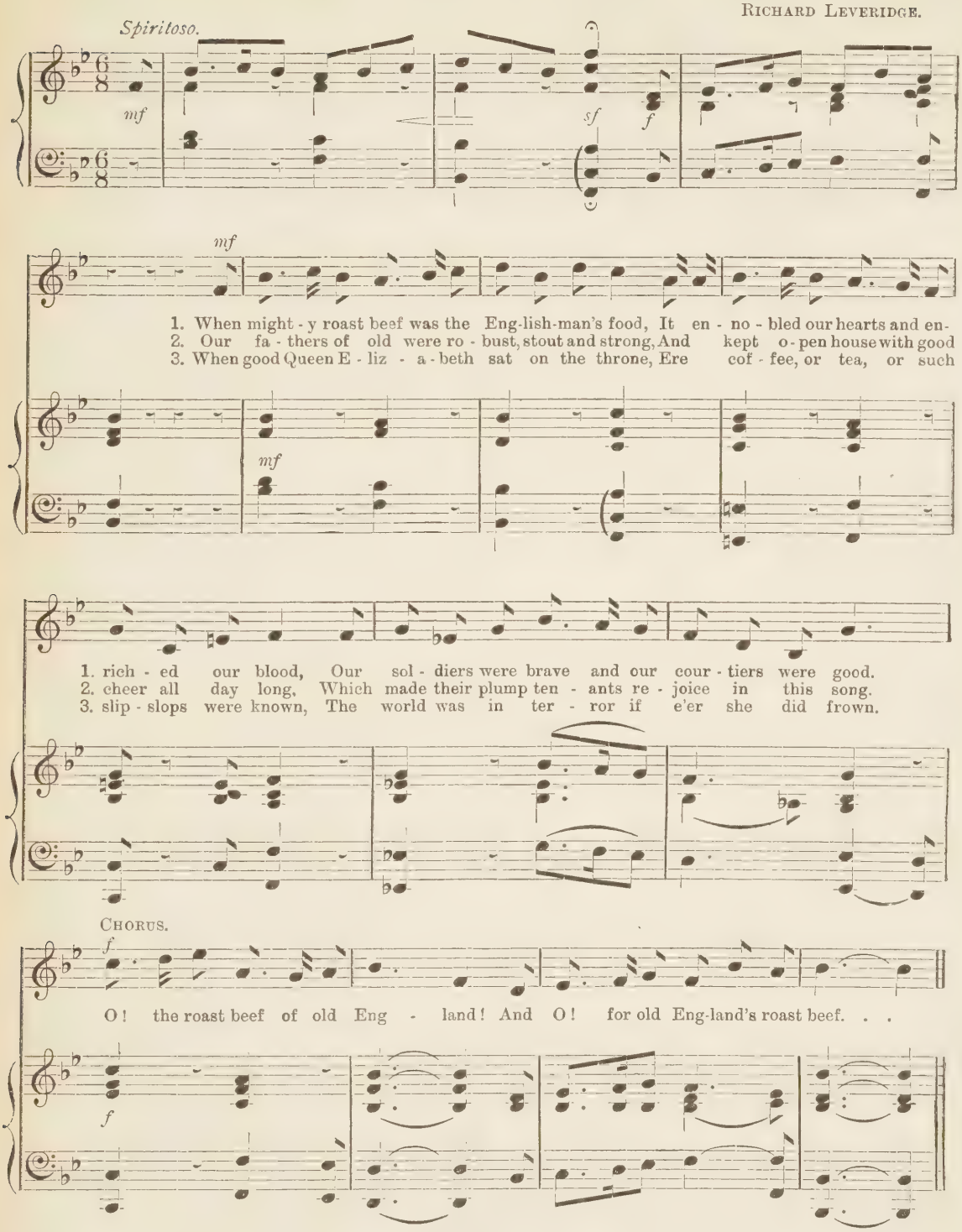
An old and pretty folk melody taken from Daniel Wright's *Compleat Tutor for ye Flute, circa* 1785. The tune is without words and is there named "Once I had a Sweetheart." As a diligent search through song and music books of the period has failed to disclose any other copy, the words given above have been written for the melody by a contributor.

Sir Eglamore.

Moderato. *mf*

1. Sir Eg - la - more, that
2. There leaped a dra - gon
3. But as in chol - er
4. Then, like a cow - ard,
p
mf
1. val - iant knight, Fa, la, lank - y down dil-ly, He took his sword and he went to fight,
2. from her den, Fa, la, lank - y down dil-ly, Who'd slain God knows how man - y men,
3. he did burn, Fa, la, lank - y down dil-ly, He fetch'd the dragon a great good turn,
4. she did fly, Fa, la, lank - y down dil-ly, Un - to her den which was hard by,
1. Fa, la, lank - y down dil - ly, And as he rode o'er hill and dale, All armoured with a
2. Fa, la, lank - y down dil - ly, And when she saw Sir Eg - lamore, Oh, that you had but
3. Fa, la, lank - y down dil - ly, For as a yawn - ing she did fall, He thrust his sword up,
4. Fa, la, lank - y down dil - ly, And there she lay all night and roar'd, The knight was sor - ry
1. coat of mail, Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, Fa, la, lanky down dilly.
2. heard her roar, Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, Fa, la, lanky down dilly.
3. hilt and all, Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, Fa, la, lanky down dilly.
4. for his sword, Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, Fa, la, lanky down dilly.

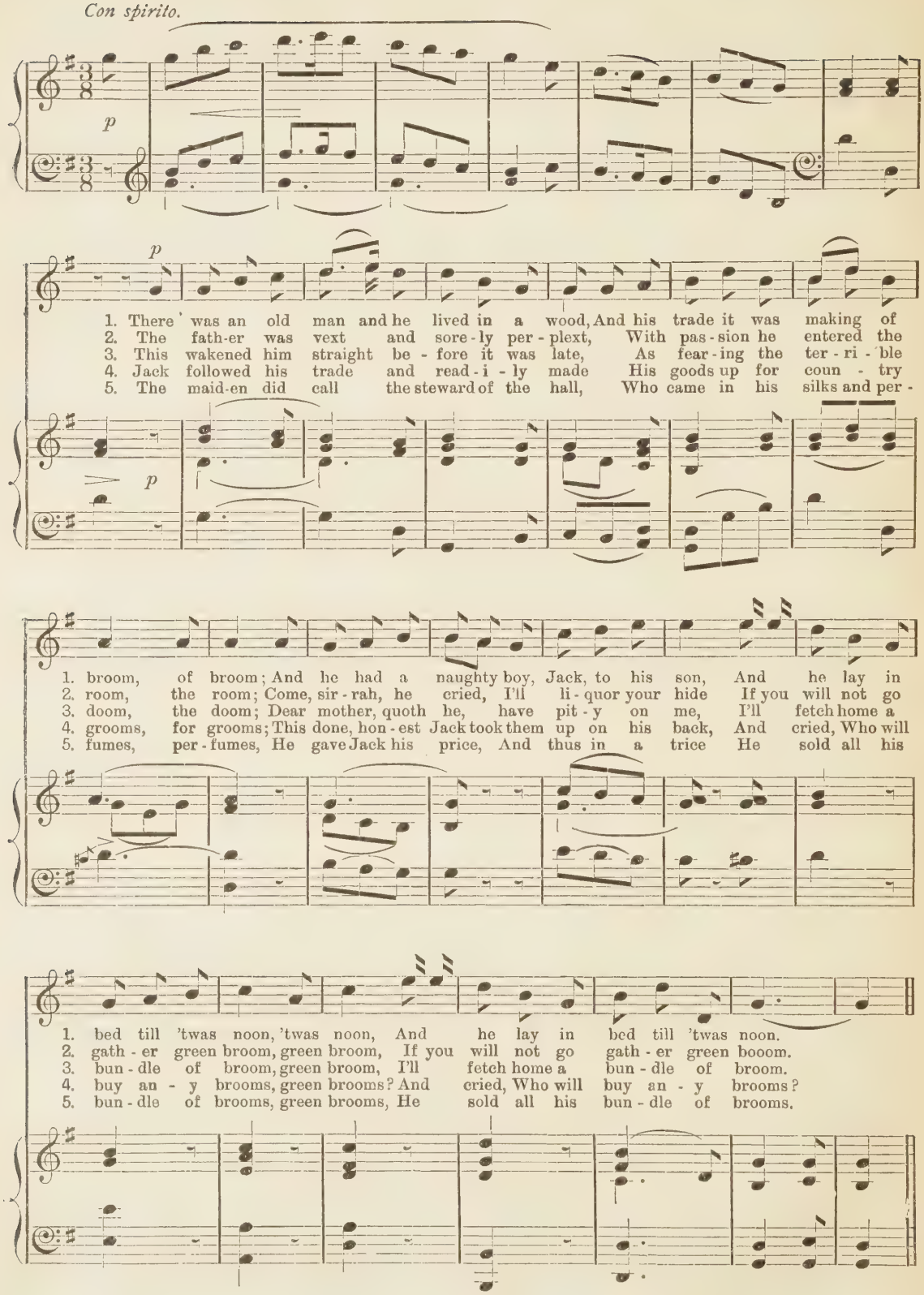
The song and air are given in the second part of *The Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1686-7, published by Playford, and, at a later date, in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1707-1719, etc. The song is a humorous satire upon the ballads and romances then popular, which related to the slaying of dragons by valiant knights, after the manner of the Seven Champions of Christendom. The words also appear on black-letter broadsides and in 17th and 18th century printed books, in *The Antidote to Melancholy*, 1661, *Sibbald's Vocal Magazine*, Edinburgh, 1797, etc. There are more verses than are here given.

The Roast Beef of Old England.

RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

Spiritoso.
mf
sf
f
mf
1. When might - y roast beef was the Eng-lish-man's food, It en - no - bled our hearts and en-
2. Our fa - thers of old were ro - bust, stout and strong, And kept o - pen house with good
3. When good Queen E - liz - a - beth sat on the throne, Ere cof - fee, or tea, or such
mf
1. rich - ed our blood, Our sol - diers were brave and our cour - tiers were good.
2. cheer all day long, Which made their plump ten - ants re - joice in this song.
3. slip - slops were known, The world was in ter - ror if e'er she did frown.
CHORUS.
f
O! the roast beef of old Eng - land! And O! for old Eng-land's roast beef. . .
f

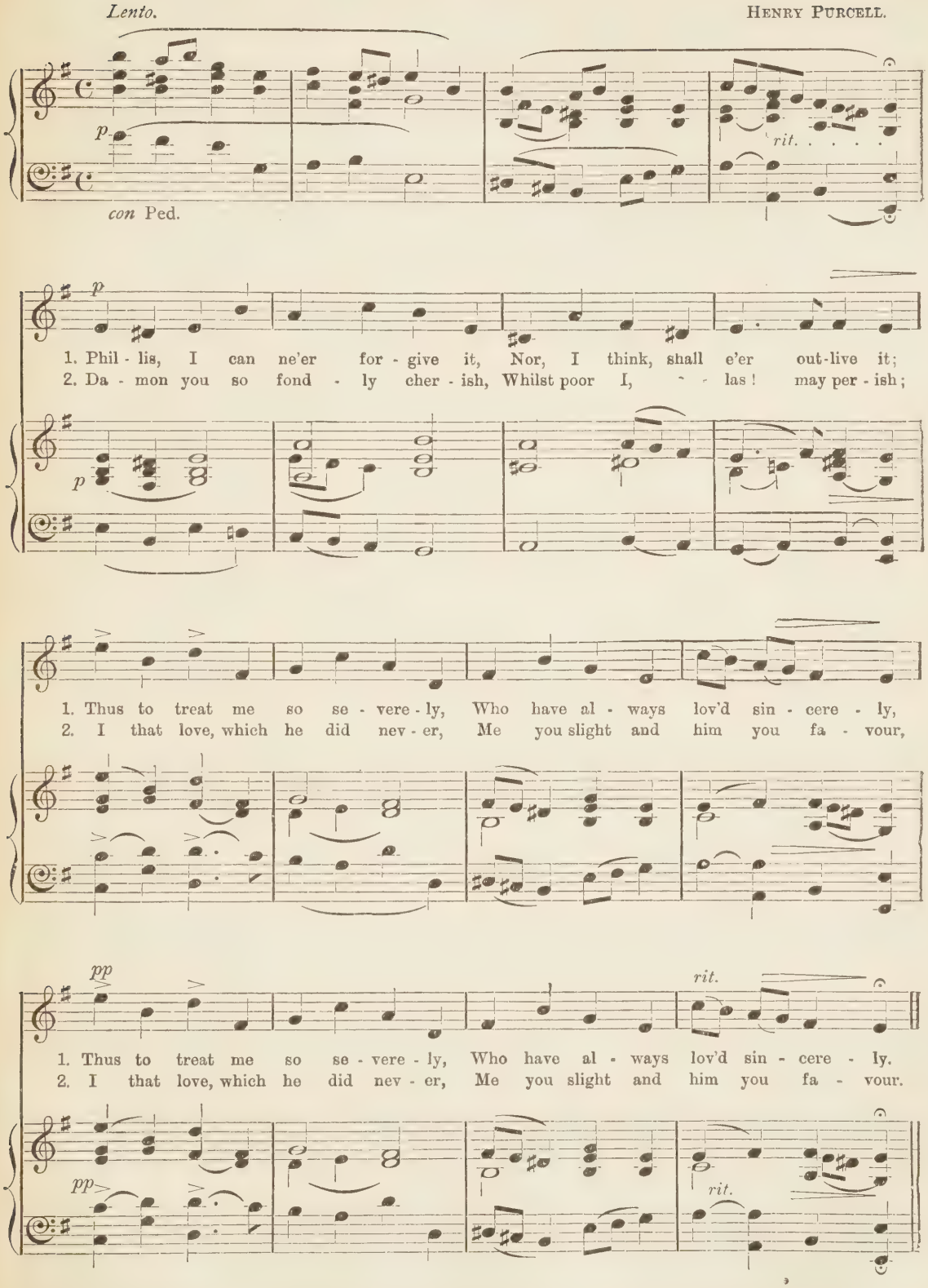
The air is of sterling merit, and is by that clever musician, Richard Leveridge, a singer and actor at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in the early years of the 18th century. The song is supposed to be by Henry Fielding, who intended it for the air "The Queen's Old Courtier." In Fielding's play, *Don Quixote in England*, 1733, where it first appeared in print, the song is so directed to be sung. Leveridge's tune, printed in *The British Musical Miscellany*, vol. iii. (Walsh, 1734), soon quashed any other or earlier air to which it had been sung. Fielding's song consisted of only two verses, but the seven verses given in *The British Musical Miscellany* are headed, "A Song in Praise of Old English Roast Beef, the words and musick by Mr. Leveridge." and the two verses which are claimed for Fielding are there included. Late in the 18th century, a Scotch parody, entitled "The Kail Brose o' Auld Scotland," is to be found in print. The old tune was largely employed in the very early ballad operas, and, coming down to modern times, the air has been generally played at public banquets as the signal for dinner. At a vegetarian banquet in the north of England, when vegetarianism was of recent introduction, a hitch in the programme occurred, and it was gently hinted to a local singer that he might pleasantly fill in the hiatus with a song. Conscious by his own experience of the failure of vegetarianism, he appropriately and feelingly struck up "The Roast Beef of Old England!"

Broom, Green Broom.

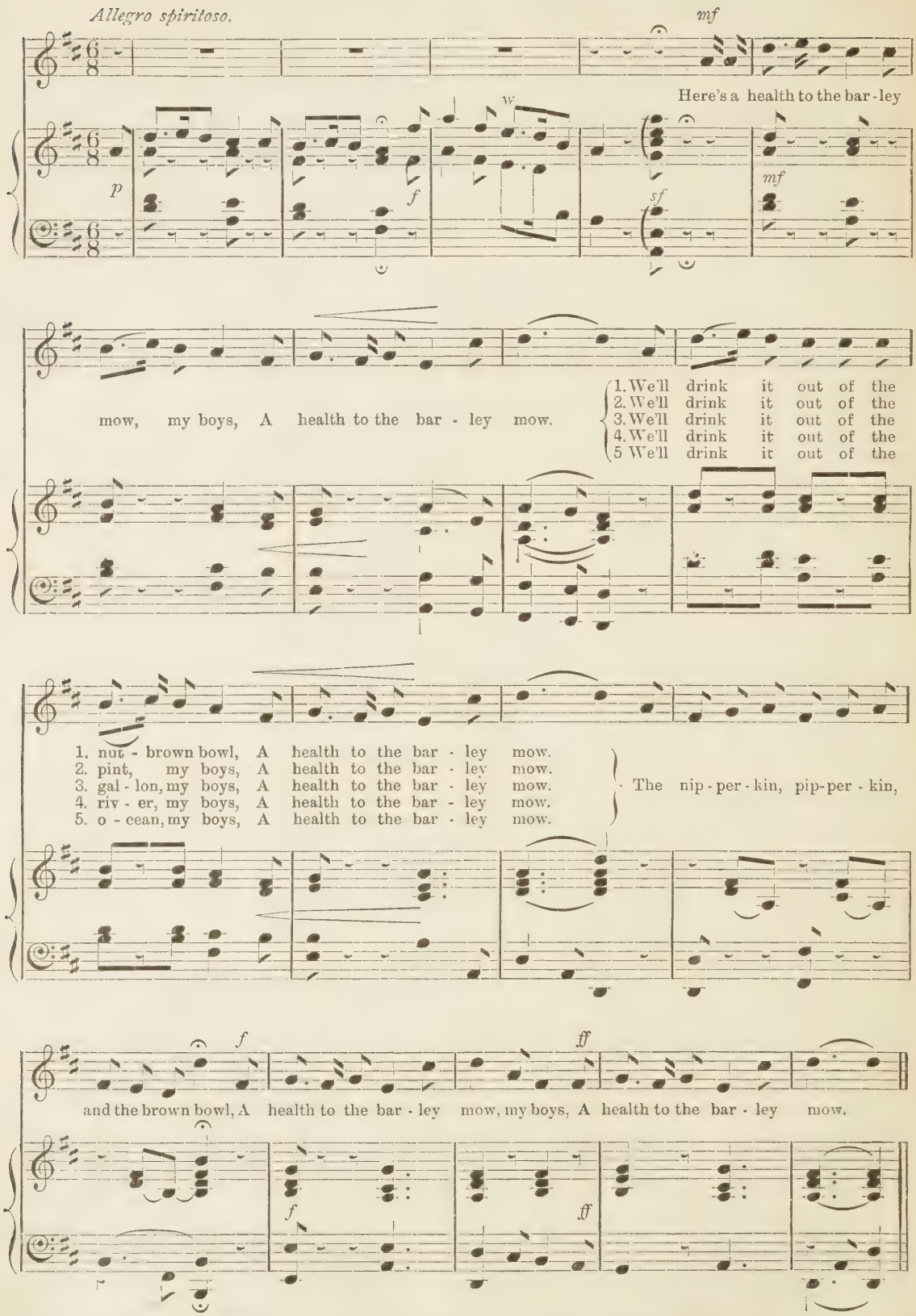
Con spirito.

p
p
1. There was an old man and he lived in a wood, And his trade it was making of
2. The fath-er was vext and sore-ly per-plext, With pas-sion he entered the
3. This wakened him straight be-fore it was late, As fear-ing the ter-ri-ble
4. Jack followed his trade and read-i-ly made His goods up for coun-try
5. The maid-en did call the steward of the hall, Who came in his silks and per-
p
1. broom, of broom; And he had a naughty boy, Jack, to his son, And he lay in
2. room, the room; Come, sir-rah, he cried, I'll li-quor your hide If you will not go
3. doom, the doom; Dear mother, quoth he, have pit-y on me, I'll fetch home a
4. grooms, for grooms; This done, hon-est Jack took them up on his back, And cried, Who will
5. fumes, per-fumes, He gave Jack his price, And thus in a trice He sold all his
1. bed till 'twas noon, 'twas noon, And he lay in bed till 'twas noon.
2. gath-er green broom, green broom, If you will not go gath-er green booom.
3. bun-dle of broom, green broom, I'll fetch home a bun-dle of broom.
4. buy an-y brooms, green brooms? And cried, Who will buy an-y brooms?
5. bun-dle of brooms, green brooms, He sold all his bun-dle of brooms.

This song, set to several different airs, has been picked up traditionally in Devonshire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Norfolk; these traditional versions are to be seen in the several recently published collections of folk melodies. The present version is taken from the sixth volume of *Pills*, 1720. Copies of the words are also to be found on old ballad sheets and in song garlands.

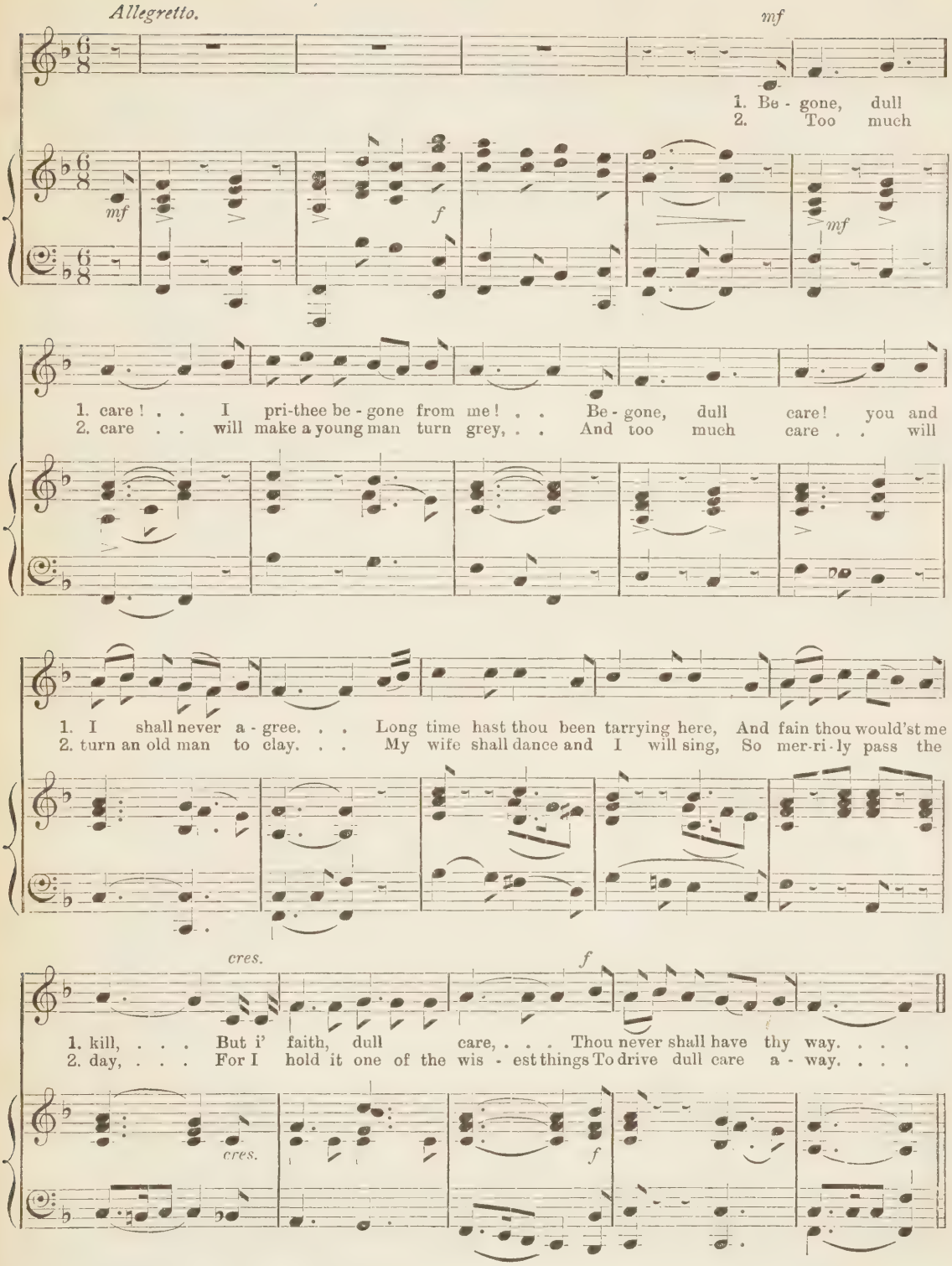
Phillis, I can ne'er forgive it.

Lento. HENRY PURCELL.

p
con Ped.
rit.
p
1. Phil - lis, I can ne'er for - give it, Nor, I think, shall e'er out-live it;
2. Da - mon you so fond - ly cher - ish, Whilst poor I, - - las! may per - ish;
p
1. Thus to treat me so se - vere - ly, Who have al - ways lov'd sin - cere - ly,
2. I that love, which he did nev - er, Me you slight and him you fa - vour,
pp
rit.
1. Thus to treat me so se - vere - ly, Who have al - ways lov'd sin - cere - ly.
2. I that love, which he did nev - er, Me you slight and him you fa - vour.
pp
rit.

The song, with the air stated to be by Henry Purcell, is given in *Pills*, vol. vi., 1720. In Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv., 1734, the same words are given with a different air, as a "song set by Mr. Sams."

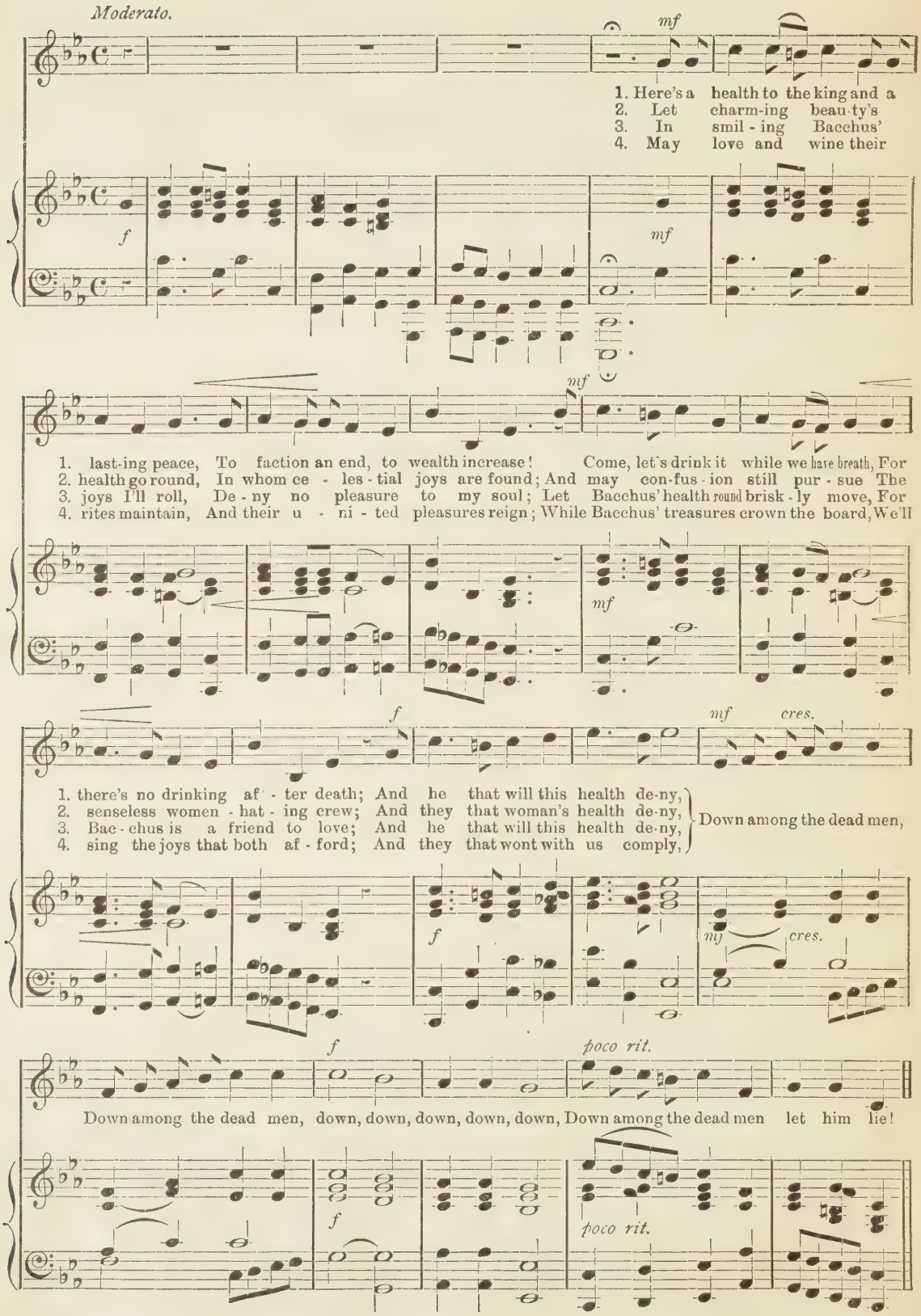
The Barley Mow.

Allegro spiritoso.
mf
Here's a health to the bar-ley
p
f
sf
mf
mow, my boys, A health to the bar - ley mow.
1. We'll drink it out of the
2. We'll drink it out of the
3. We'll drink it out of the
4. We'll drink it out of the
5 We'll drink it out of the
1. nut - brown bowl, A health to the bar - ley mow.
2. pint, my boys, A health to the bar - ley mow.
3. gal - lon, my boys, A health to the bar - ley mow.
4. riv - er, my boys, A health to the bar - ley mow.
5. o - cean, my boys, A health to the bar - ley mow.
The nip - per - kin, pip-per - kin,
f
ff
and the brown bowl, A health to the bar - ley mow, my boys, A health to the bar - ley mow.
f
ff

A traditional south and west country ditty, the tune of which was first published by Chappell in his *Popular Music*. J. H. Dixon prints two versions of the song in his *Songs and Ballads of the Peasantry of England*, and gives an account of its being sung on the completion of the carrying home of the barley crop.

Begone, dull Care!

Allegretto.
mf
1. Be - gone, dull
2. Too much
mf
f
mf
1. care! . . I pri-thee be - gone from me! . . Be - gone, dull care! you and
2. care . . will make a young man turn grey, . . And too much care . . will
1. I shall never a - gree. . . Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And fain thou would'st me
2. turn an old man to clay. . . My wife shall dance and I will sing, So mer-ri-ly pass the
cres.
f
1. kill, . . . But i' faith, dull care, . . . Thou never shall have thy way. . . .
2. day, . . . For I hold it one of the wis - est things To drive dull care a - way. . . .
cres.
f

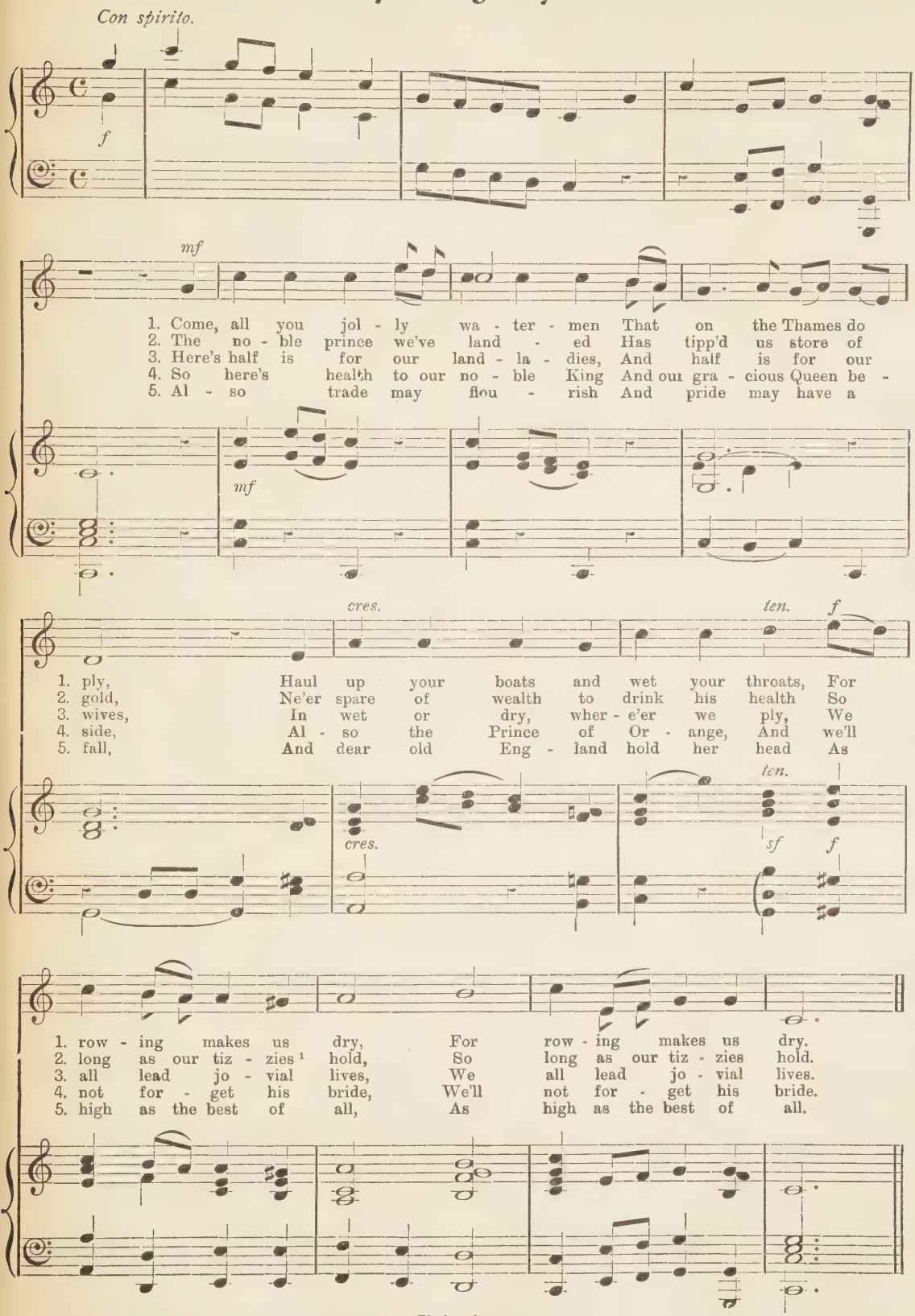
The original of this well-known favourite is a dance tune named "The Queen's Jigg," printed in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 11th edition, 1701, and in later ones, 1703-1716, etc. This old form is reproduced in the Appendix to the present volume. A single verse of the song appears in Playford's *Musical Companion*, part ii., 1687, commencing, "Begone, old care, I prithee begone from me." A similar version appears in *The Aviary*, *circa* 1735, and in several other collections of the same period. Towards the end of the 18th century the song was revived, and, with its present tune, began to be printed as "Begone, dull Care!" This was sung at Harrison and Knyvelt's concerts. The air alone was printed in Aird's *Fourth Selection of Scotch, English, Irish, and Foreign Airs* (*circa* 1794), in *Barford's Collection*, printed at Cambridge (*circa* 1798), and in other works. The song and air were published on sheet music, and in Sibbald's *Vocal Magazine*, vol. ii., Edinburgh, 1798.

J. H. Dixon says of the above that the popular old ditty cannot be traced beyond the reign of James II., but it is believed to be older. 'The origin is to be found in an early French chanson." No proof of this or further comment, however, is vouchsafed.

Down Among the Dead Men.

Moderato.
mf
1. Here's a health to the king and a
2. Let charm-ing beau-ty's
3. In smil - ing Bacchus'
4. May love and wine their
f
mf
mf
1. last-ing peace, To faction an end, to wealth increase! Come, let's drink it while we have breath, For
2. health go round, In whom ce - les - tial joys are found; And may con-fus - ion still pur - sue The
3. joys I'll roll, De - ny no pleasure to my soul; Let Bacchus' health round brisk - ly move, For
4. rites maintain, And their u - ni - ted pleasures reign; While Bacchus' treasures crown the board, We'll
mf
f
mf cres.
1. there's no drinking af - ter death; And he that will this health de-ny,
2. senseless women - hat - ing crew; And they that woman's health de-ny,
3. Bac - chus is a friend to love; And he that will this health de-ny,
4. sing the joys that both af - ford; And they that wont with us comply,
Down among the dead men,
f
mf cres.
f
poco rit.
Down among the dead men, down, down, down, down, down, Down among the dead men let him lie!
f
poco rit.

For note to this song see Appendix.

Come, all you Jolly Watermen.

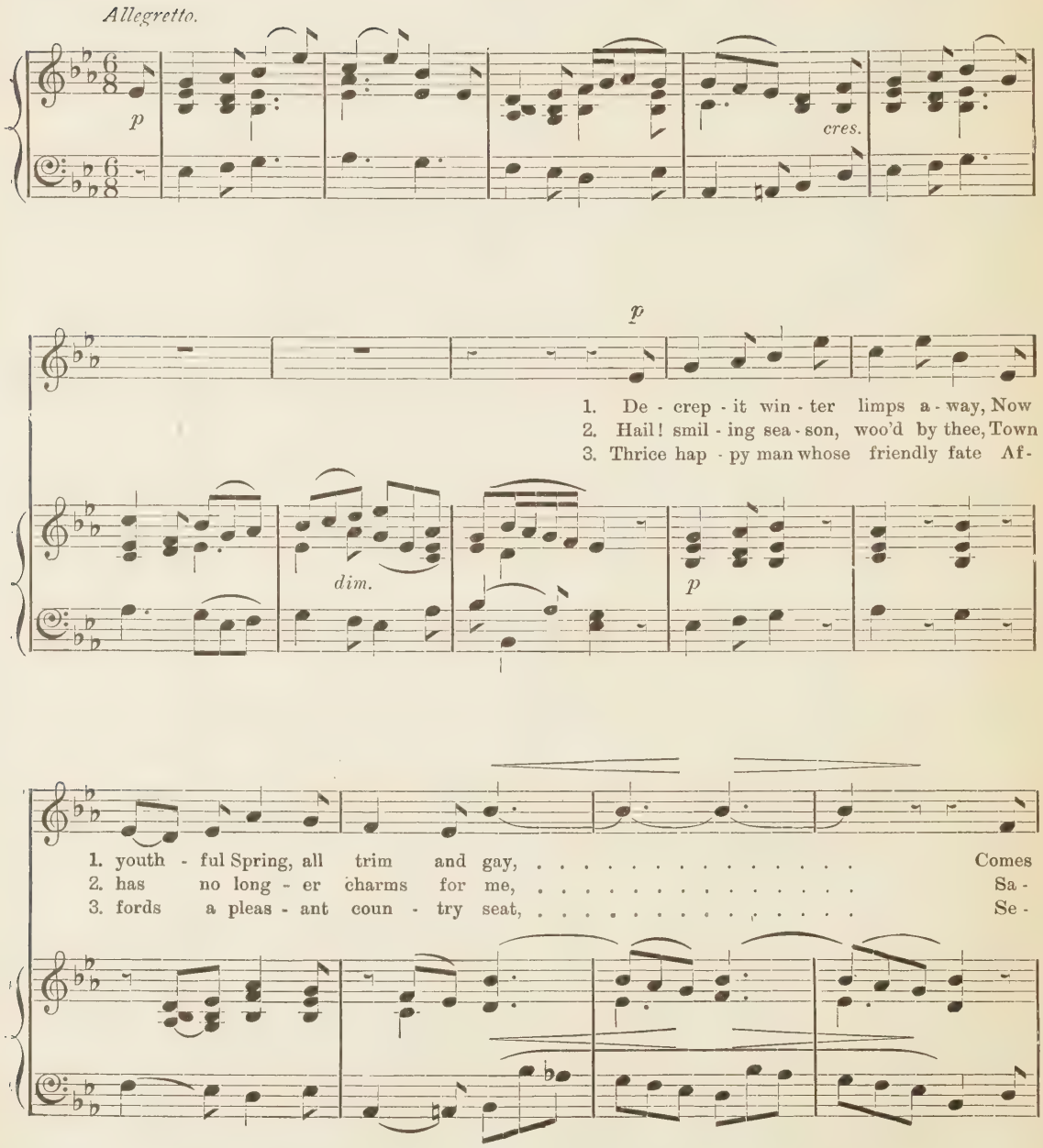
Con spirito.

f
mf
1. Come, all you jol - ly wa - ter - men That on the Thames do
2. The no - ble prince we've land - ed Has tipp'd us store of
3. Here's half is for our land - la - dies, And half is for our
4. So here's health to our no - ble King And our gra - cious Queen be -
5. Al - so trade may flou - rish And pride may have a
mf
cres.
ten.
f
1. ply, Haul up your boats and wet your throats, For
2. gold, Ne'er spare of wealth to drink his health So
3. wives, In wet or dry, wher - e'er we ply, We
4. side, Al - so the Prince of Or - ange, And we'll
5. fall, And dear old Eng - land hold her head As
cres.
ten.
sf
f
1. row - ing makes us dry, For row - ing makes us dry.
2. long as our tiz - zies[1] hold, So long as our tiz - zies hold.
3. all lead jo - vial lives, We all lead jo - vial lives.
4. not for - get his bride, We'll not for - get his bride.
5. high as the best of all, As high as the best of all.

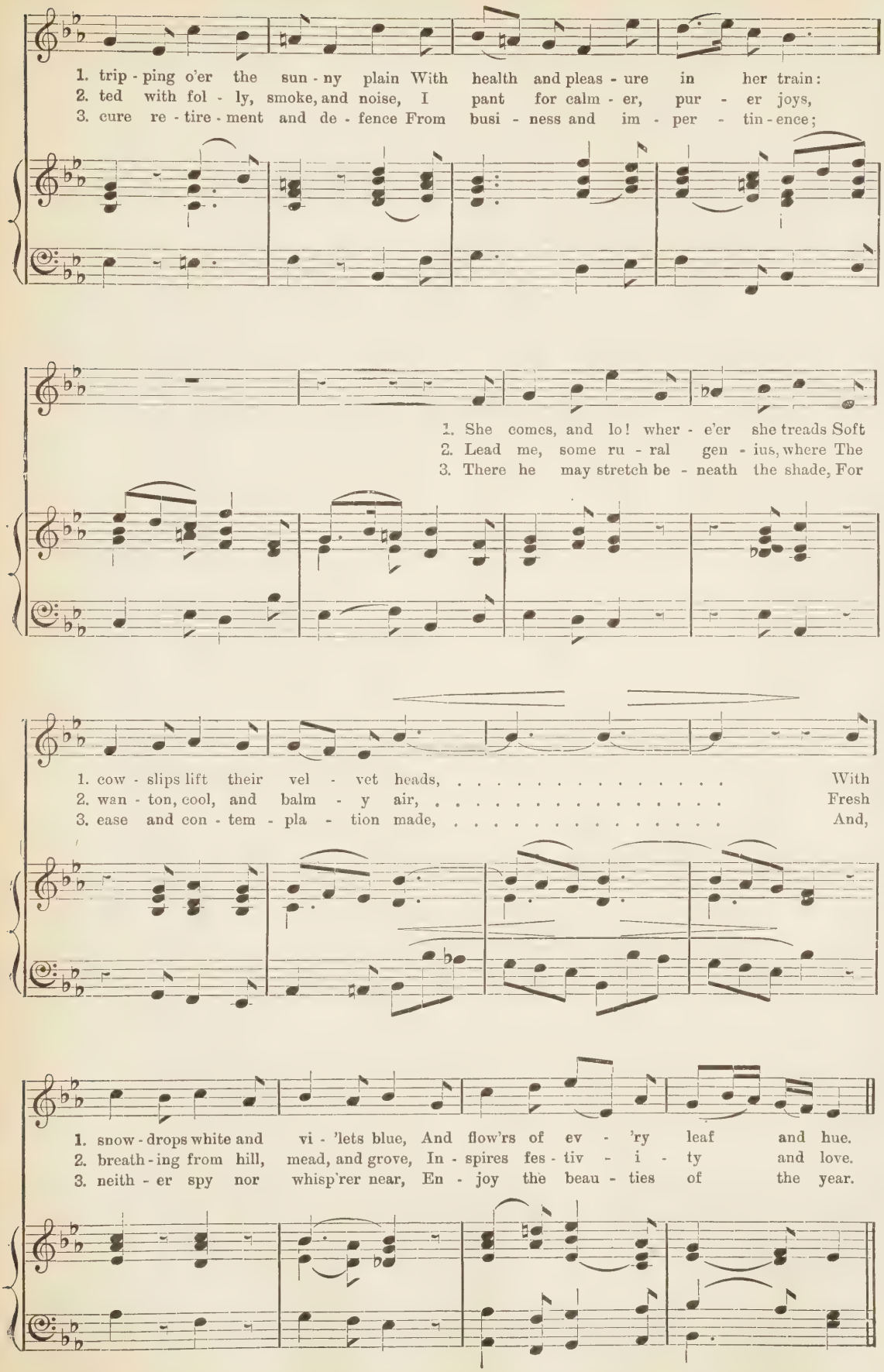
[1] Tizzie=sixpence.

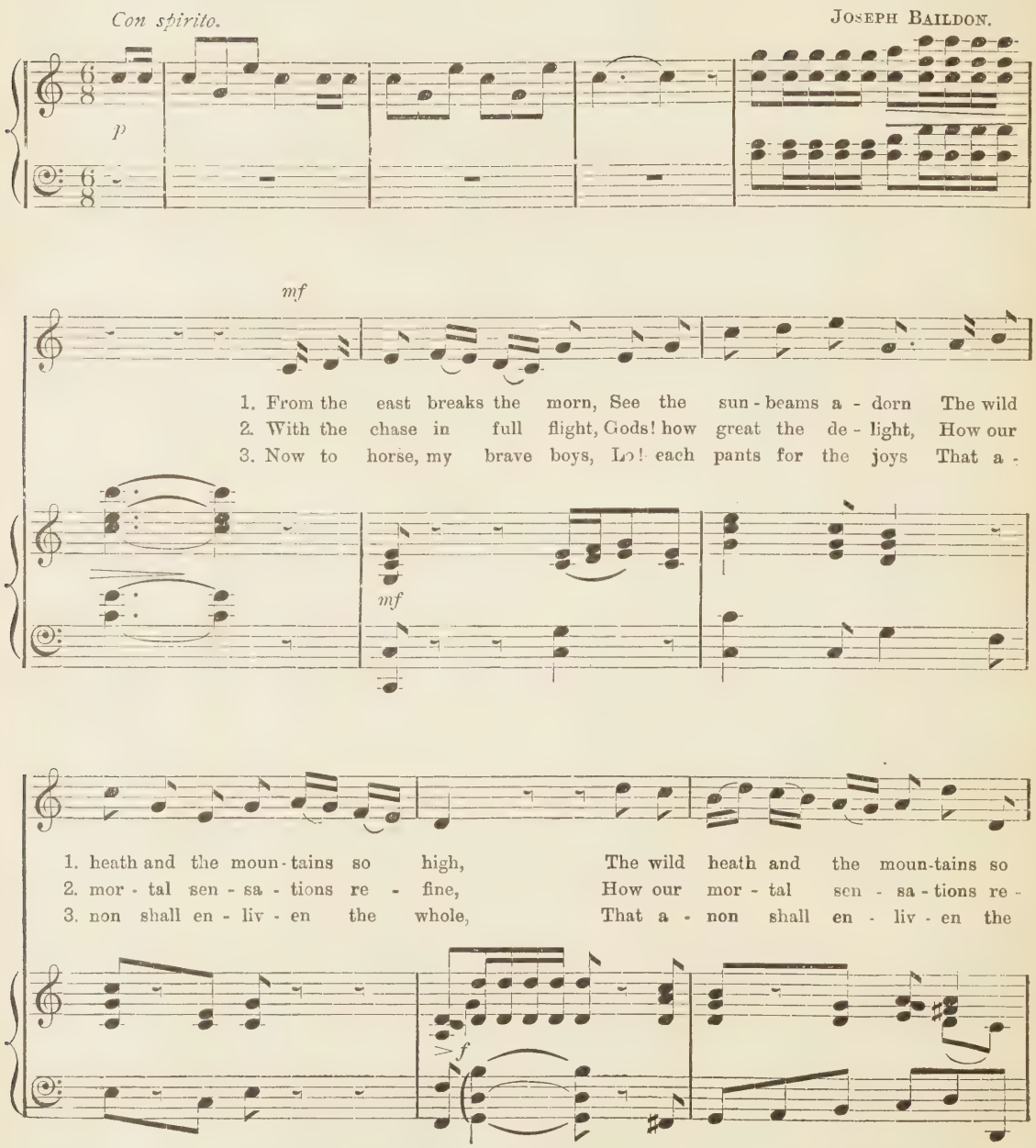
For note to this song see Appendix.

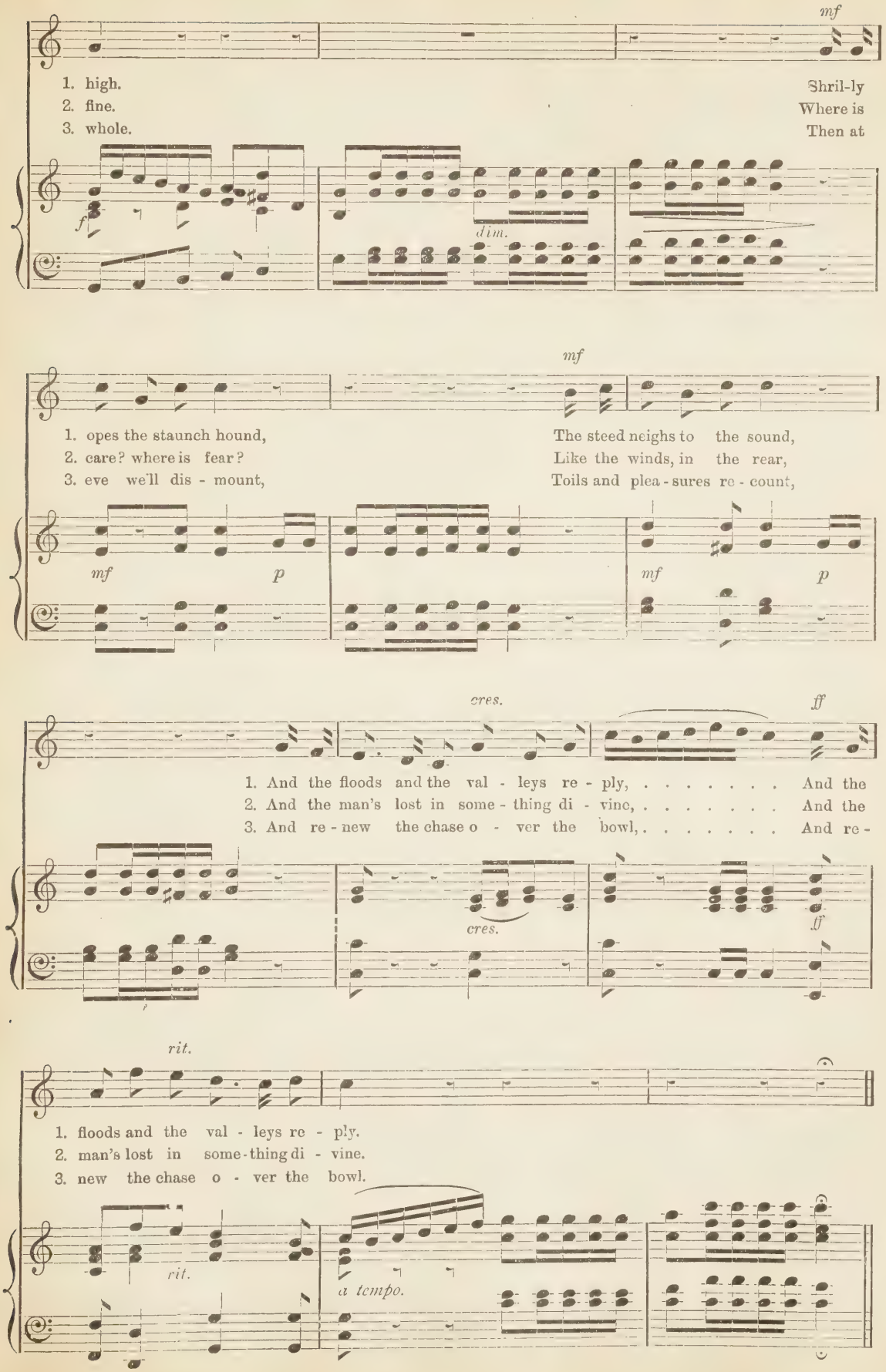
Decrepit Winter Limps Away.

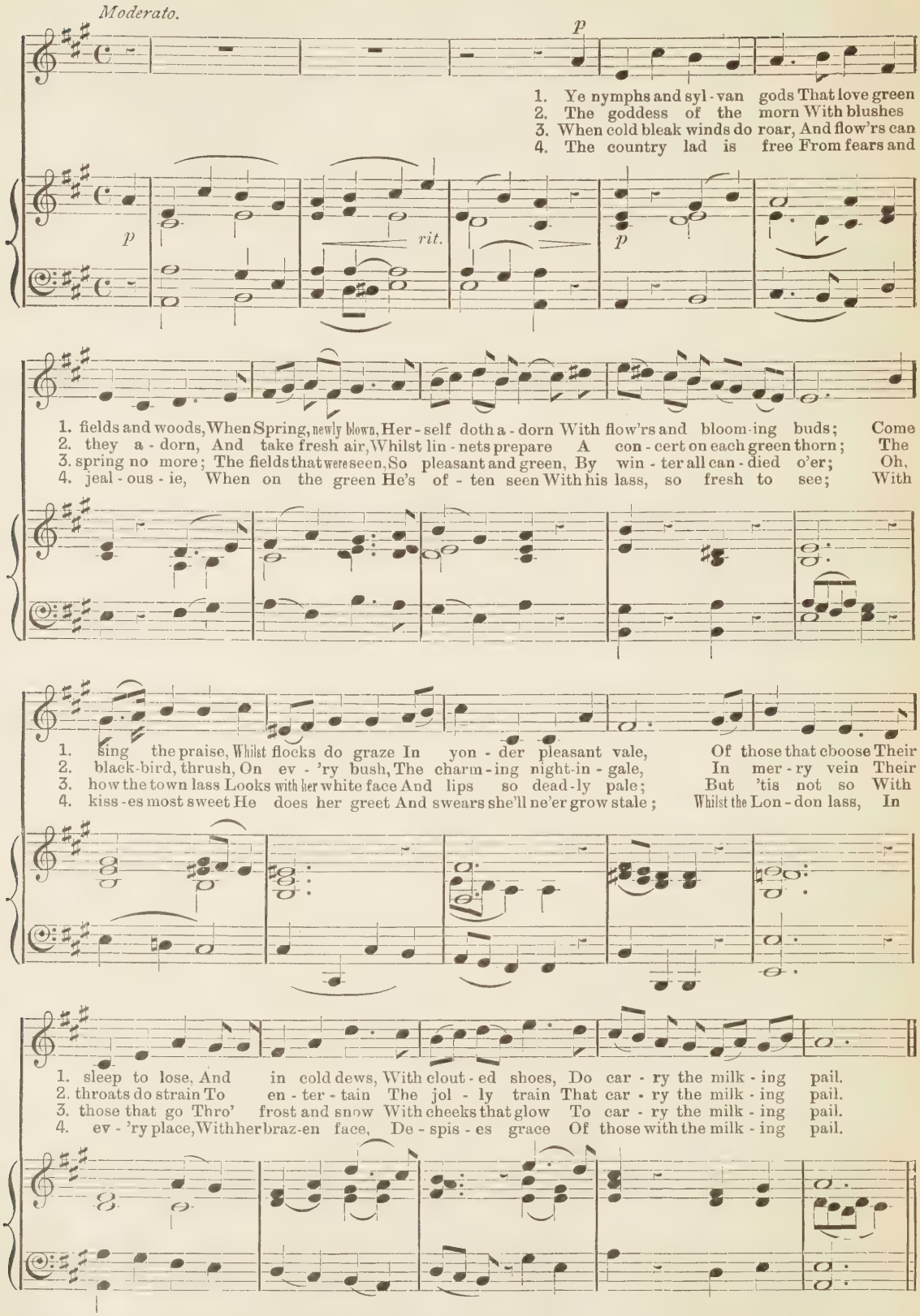
Ode to Spring.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

Allegretto.
p
cres.
p
1. De - crep - it win - ter limps a - way, Now
2. Hail! smil - ing sea - son, woo'd by thee, Town
3. Thrice hap - py man whose friendly fate Af-
dim.
p
1. youth - ful Spring, all trim and gay, ... Comes
2. has no long - er charms for me, ... Sa -
3. fords a pleas - ant coun - try seat, ... Se -

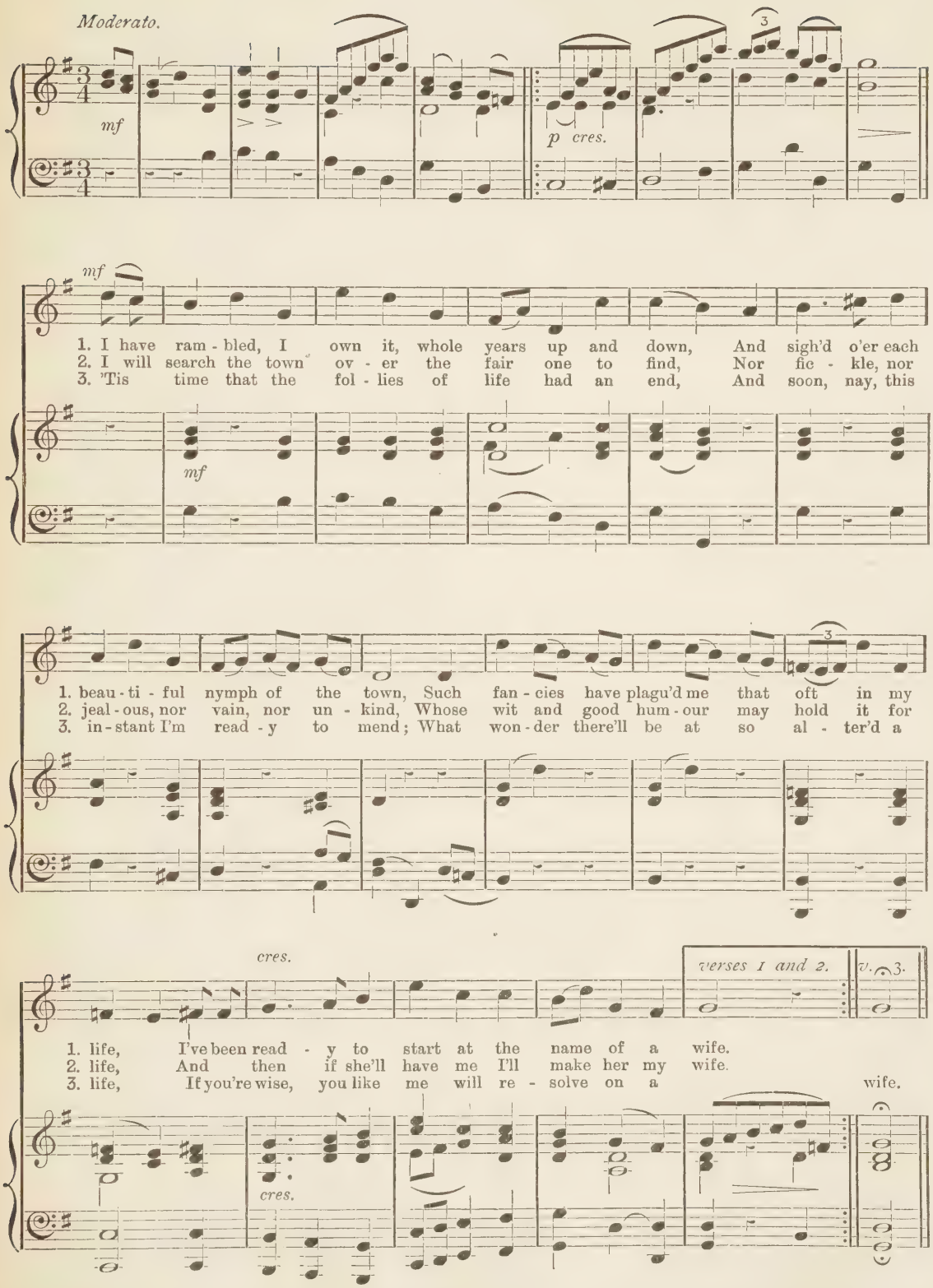
A charming melody, the composition of tuneful Dr. Arne. It probably appeared sometime about 1750 or 1760. The copy here used is from an engraved half-sheet with the heading, "Spring, an Ode." The words are in *The Masque*, 1767, and other song books of the period.

1. trip - ping o'er the sun - ny plain With health and pleas - ure in her train:
2. ted with fol - ly, smoke, and noise, I pant for calm - er, pur - er joys,
3. cure re - tire - ment and de - fence From busi - ness and im - per - tin - ence;
1. She comes, and lo! wher - e'er she treads Soft
2. Lead me, some ru - ral gen - ius, where The
3. There he may stretch be - neath the shade, For
1. cow - slips lift their vel - vet heads, ... With
2. wan - ton, cool, and balm - y air, ... Fresh
3. ease and con - tem - pla - tion made, ... And,
1. snow - drops white and vi - 'lets blue, And flow'rs of ev - 'ry leaf and hue.
2. breath - ing from hill, mead, and grove, In - spires fes - tiv - i - ty and love.
3. neith - er spy nor whisp'rer near, En - joy the beau - ties of the year.

From the East Breaks the Morn.

Con spirito.
JOSEPH BAILDON.
p
mf
1. From the east breaks the morn, See the sun - beams a - dorn The wild
2. With the chase in full flight, Gods! how great the de - light, How our
3. Now to horse, my brave boys, Lo! each pants for the joys That a -
mf
1. heath and the moun - tains so high, The wild heath and the moun-tains so
2. mor - tal sen - sa - tions re - fine, How our mor - tal sen - sa - tions re -
3. non shall en - liv - en the whole, That a - non shall en - liv - en the
f

The air is the composition of Joseph Baildon, and was printed in the second volume of *The Laurel*, a collection of Baildon's songs, published by John Walsh about 1750. From this time it attained great popularity as a hunting song, and is to be found in a great number of the 18th century song-books and on sheet music. Baildon was a noted glee writer, one of his most famous glees being, "Adieu to the Village Delights." He was born in 1727 and died 1774.

mf
1. high.
2. fine.
3. whole.
Shril-ly
Where is
Then at
f
dim.
mf
1. opes the staunch hound,
2. care? where is fear?
3. eve we'll dis - mount,
The steed neighs to the sound,
Like the winds, in the rear,
Toils and plea - sures re - count,
mf
p
mf
p
cres.
ff
1. And the floods and the val - leys re - ply, ... And the
2. And the man's lost in some - thing di - vine, ... And the
3. And re - new the chase o - ver the bowl, ... And re -
cres.
ff
rit.
1. floods and the val - leys re - ply.
2. man's lost in some - thing di - vine.
3. new the chase o - ver the bowl.
rit.
a tempo.

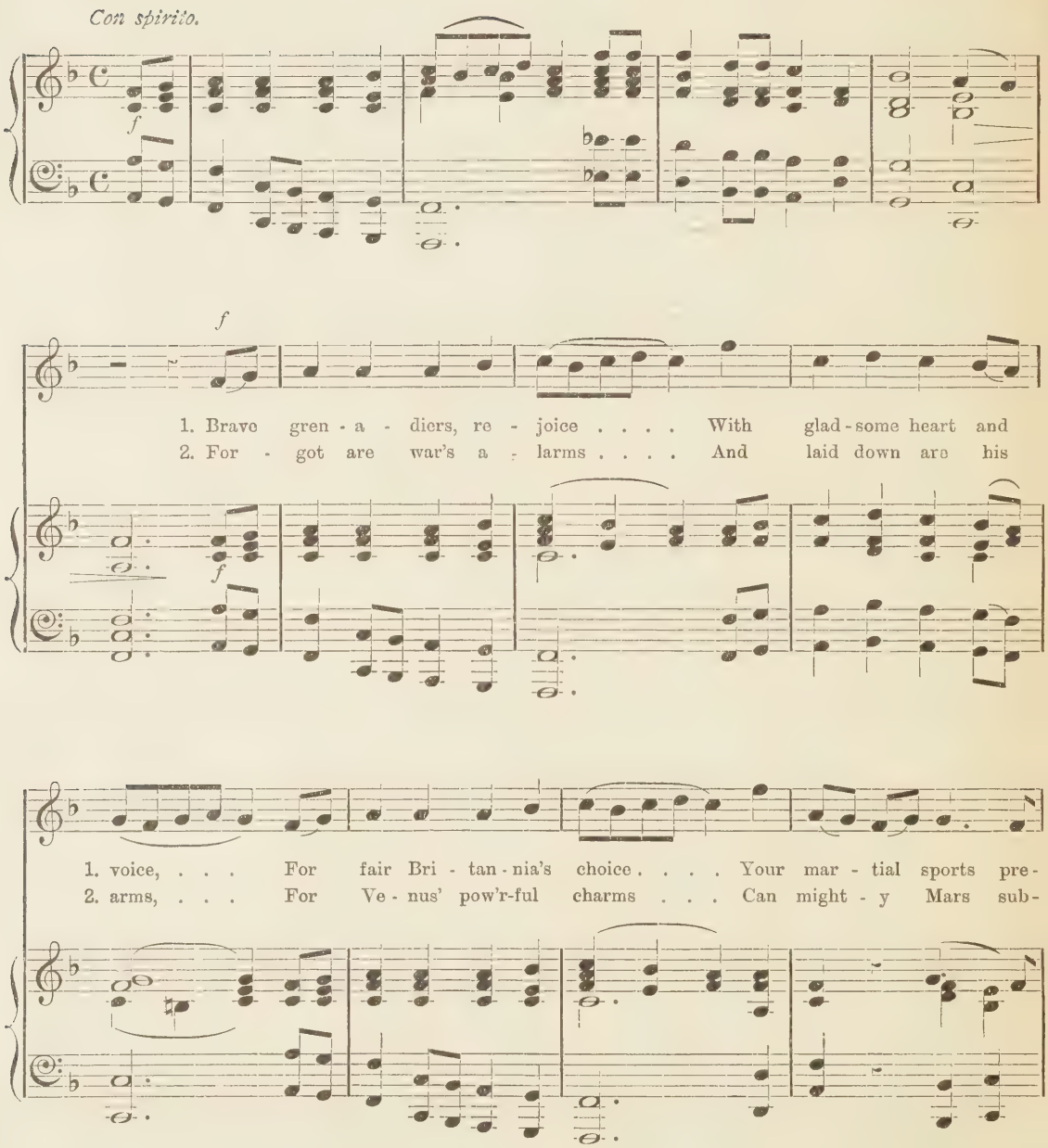
The Bonny Milkmaid.

Moderato.
p
1. Ye nymphs and syl - van gods That love green
2. The goddess of the morn With blushes
3. When cold bleak winds do roar, And flow'rs can
4. The country lad is free From fears and
p
rit.
p
1. fields and woods, When Spring, newly blown, Her - self doth a - dorn With flow'rs and bloom - ing buds; Come
2. they a - dorn, And take fresh air, Whilst lin - nets prepare A con - cert on each green thorn; The
3. spring no more; The fields that were seen, So pleasant and green, By win - ter all can - died o'er; Oh,
4. jeal - ous - ie, When on the green He's of - ten seen With his lass, so fresh to see; With
1. sing the praise, Whilst flocks do graze In yon - der pleasant vale, Of those that choose Their
2. black-bird, thrush, On ev - 'ry bush, The charm - ing night-in - gale, In mer - ry vein Their
3. how the town lass Looks with her white face And lips so dead - ly pale; But 'tis not so With
4. kiss - es most sweet He does her greet And swears she'll ne'er grow stale; Whilst the Lon - don lass, In
1. sleep to lose, And in cold dews, With clout - ed shoes, Do car - ry the milk - ing pail.
2. throats do strain To en - ter - tain The jol - ly train That car - ry the milk - ing pail.
3. those that go Thro' frost and snow With cheeks that glow To car - ry the milk - ing pail.
4. ev - 'ry place, With her braz-en face, De - spis - es grace Of those with the milk - ing pail.

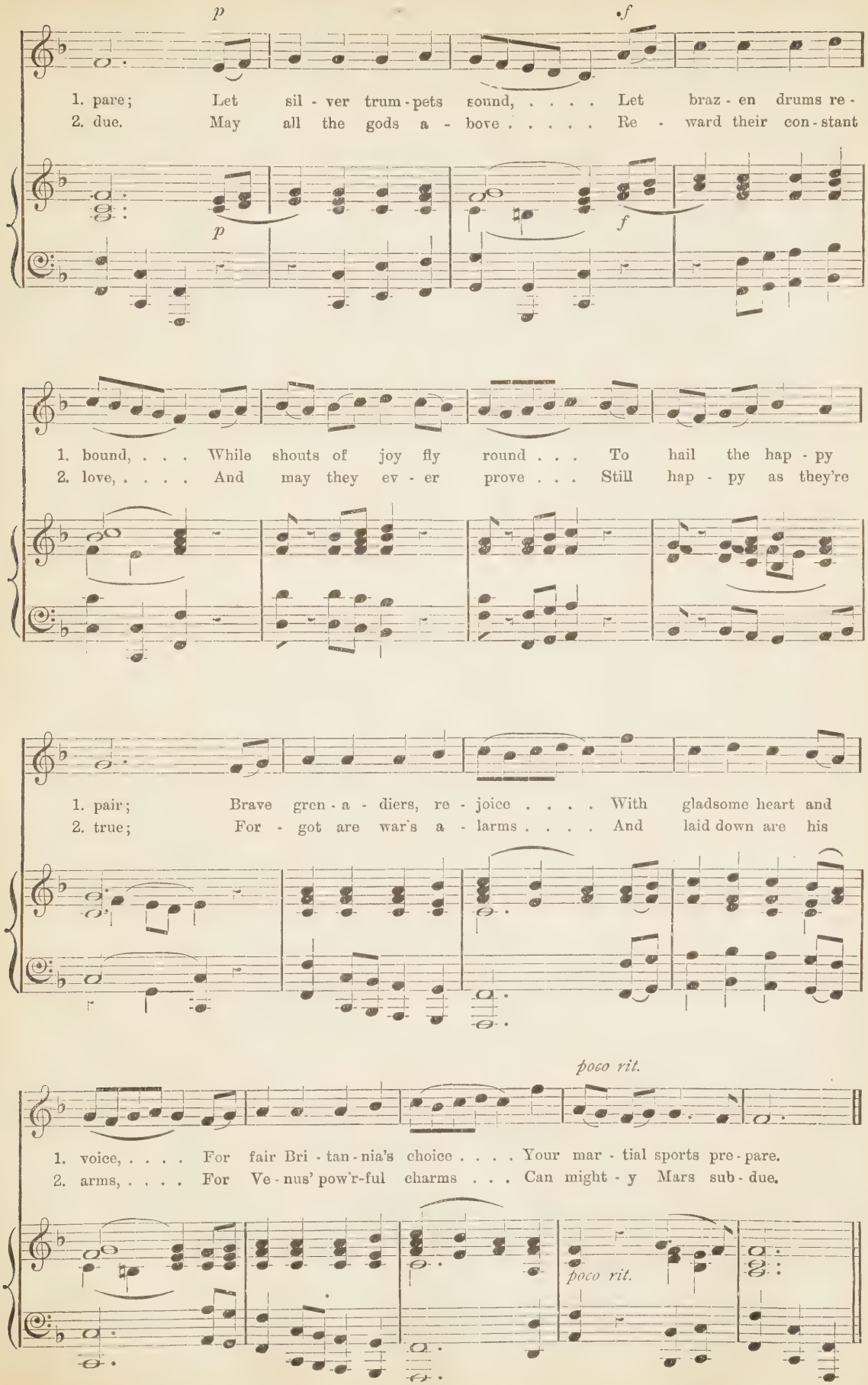
One of the many English songs in praise of the "Milking Pail." Some of the 17th century originals of these, having the general refrain, "To carry the milking pail," are among the Roxburgh ballads. The present song is by Thomas D'Urfey; it appears with a specially composed air in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1707 and 1719. It was sung in the "Second part of Don Quixote," written by D'Urfey and acted in 1694.

In Search of a Wife.

Moderato.
mf
p cres.
mf
1. I have ram - bled, I own it, whole years up and down, And sigh'd o'er each
2. I will search the town ov - er the fair one to find, Nor fic - kle, nor
3. 'Tis time that the fol - lies of life had an end, And soon, nay, this
mf
1. beau - ti - ful nymph of the town, Such fan - cies have plagu'd me that oft in my
2. jeal - ous, nor vain, nor un - kind, Whose wit and good hum - our may hold it for
3. in - stant I'm read - y to mend; What won - der there'll be at so al - ter'd a
cres.
verses 1 and 2.
v. 3.
1. life, I've been read - y to start at the name of a wife.
2. life, And then if she'll have me I'll make her my wife.
3. life, If you're wise, you like me will re - solve on a wife.
cres.

The song was sung by Thomas Lowe, a tenor singer, at Vauxhall about the year 1759. It appears in the *Universal Magazine* for August of that year, set to a rather florid melody. Shortly after this date the air, as given above, was published on a half-sheet.
Lowe was a well-known singer at Vauxhall Gardens and on the stage from about 1745 to probably about 1775. He died in 1783.

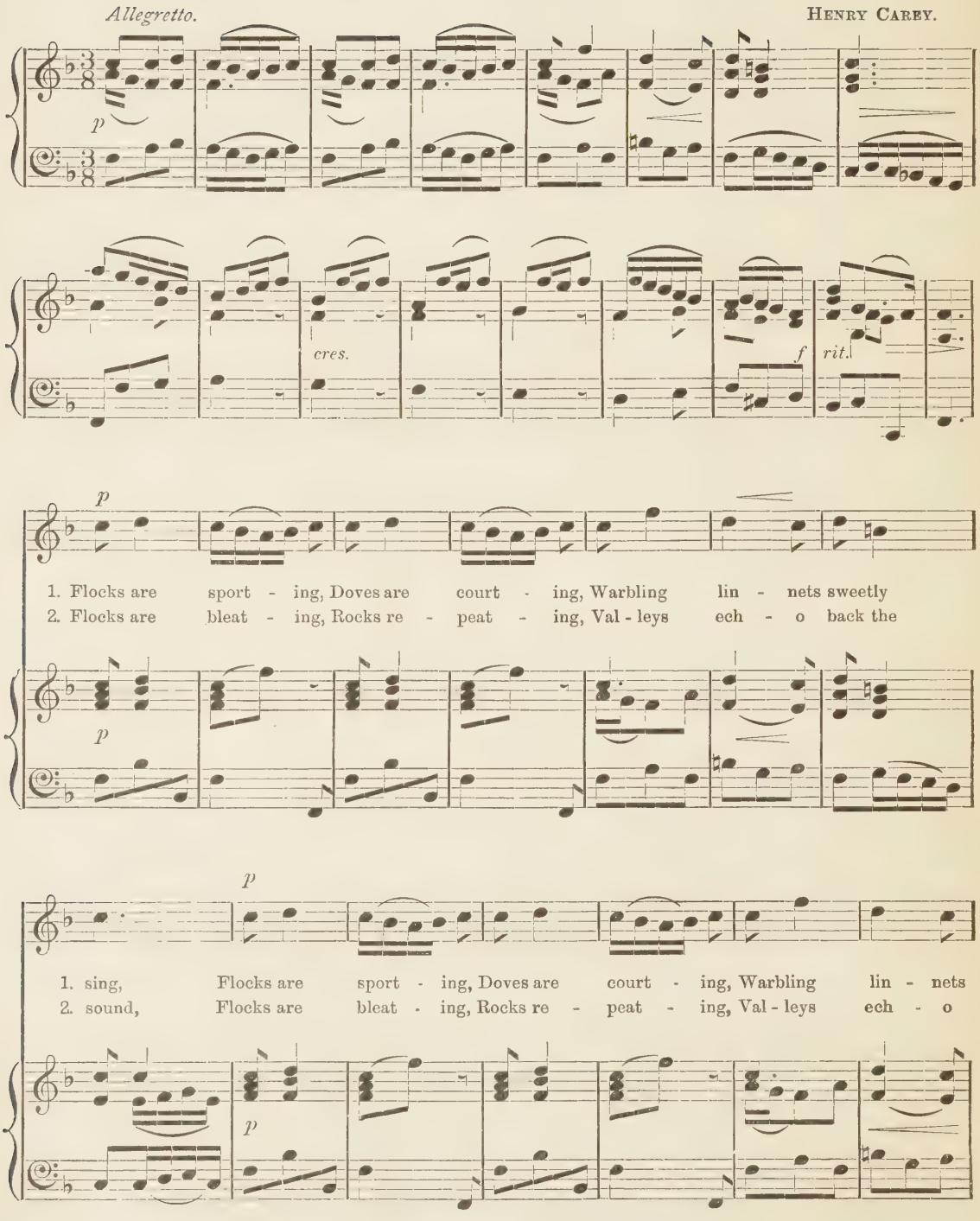
Brave Grenadiers, Rejoice!

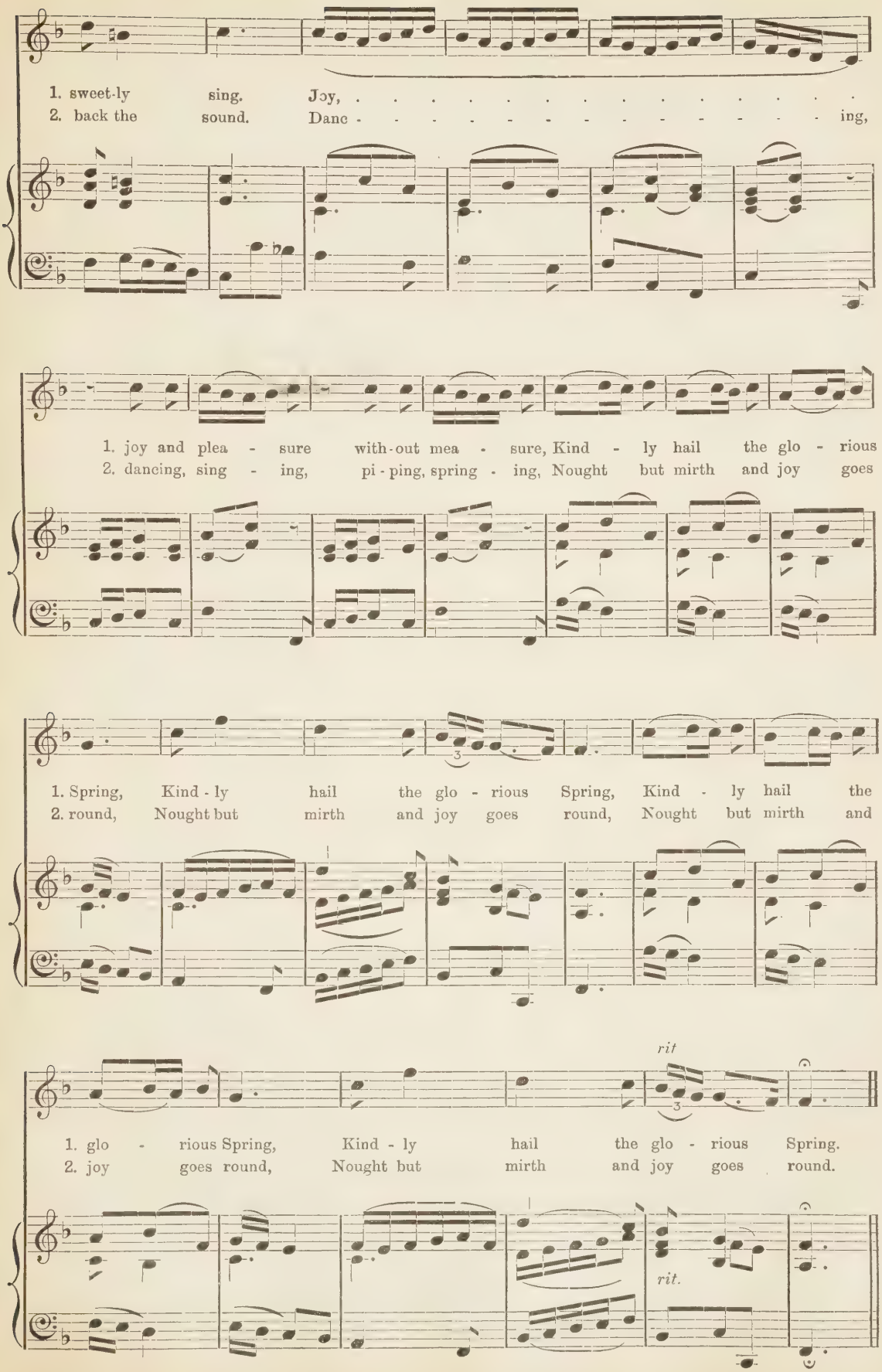
HENRY CAREY.

Con spirito.
f
1. Brave gren - a - diers, re - joice . . . . With glad - some heart and
2. For - got are war's a - larms . . . . And laid down are his
1. voice, . . . For fair Bri - tan - nia's choice . . . . Your mar - tial sports pre -
2. arms, . . . For Ve - nus' pow'r-ful charms . . . Can might - y Mars sub -

Under the title "The Prince of Orange's March; sung by Mr. Hulett in *Britannia*," the words and music are given in Henry Carey's *Musical Century*, 1740. Carey may be author of the words as well as of the air. *Britannia; or, the Royal Lovers* was an entertainment produced to celebrate the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the then Princess Royal of England, in March, 1734. It was published with other works in 1736. Another piece named *Britannia and Batavia*, a masque by George Lillo upon the same theme, was printed in 1740. It is probable that Carey was the composer of the music of both these entertainments. The song was reprinted in Dr. Kitchiner's *Loyal and National Songs of England*, 1823.

p
f
1. pare; Let sil - ver trum - pets sound, ... Let braz - en drums re -
2. due. May all the gods a - bove . . . . . Re - ward their con - stant
p
f
1. bound, . . . While shouts of joy fly round . . . To hail the hap - py
2. love, ... And may they ev - er prove . . . Still hap - py as they're
1. pair; Brave gren - a - diers, re - joice . . . . With gladsome heart and
2. true; For - got are war's a - larms . . . . And laid down are his
poco rit.
1. voice, ... For fair Bri - tan - nia's choice . . . . Your mar - tial sports pre - pare.
2. arms, ... For Ve - nus' pow'r-ful charms . . . Can might - y Mars sub - due.
poco rit.

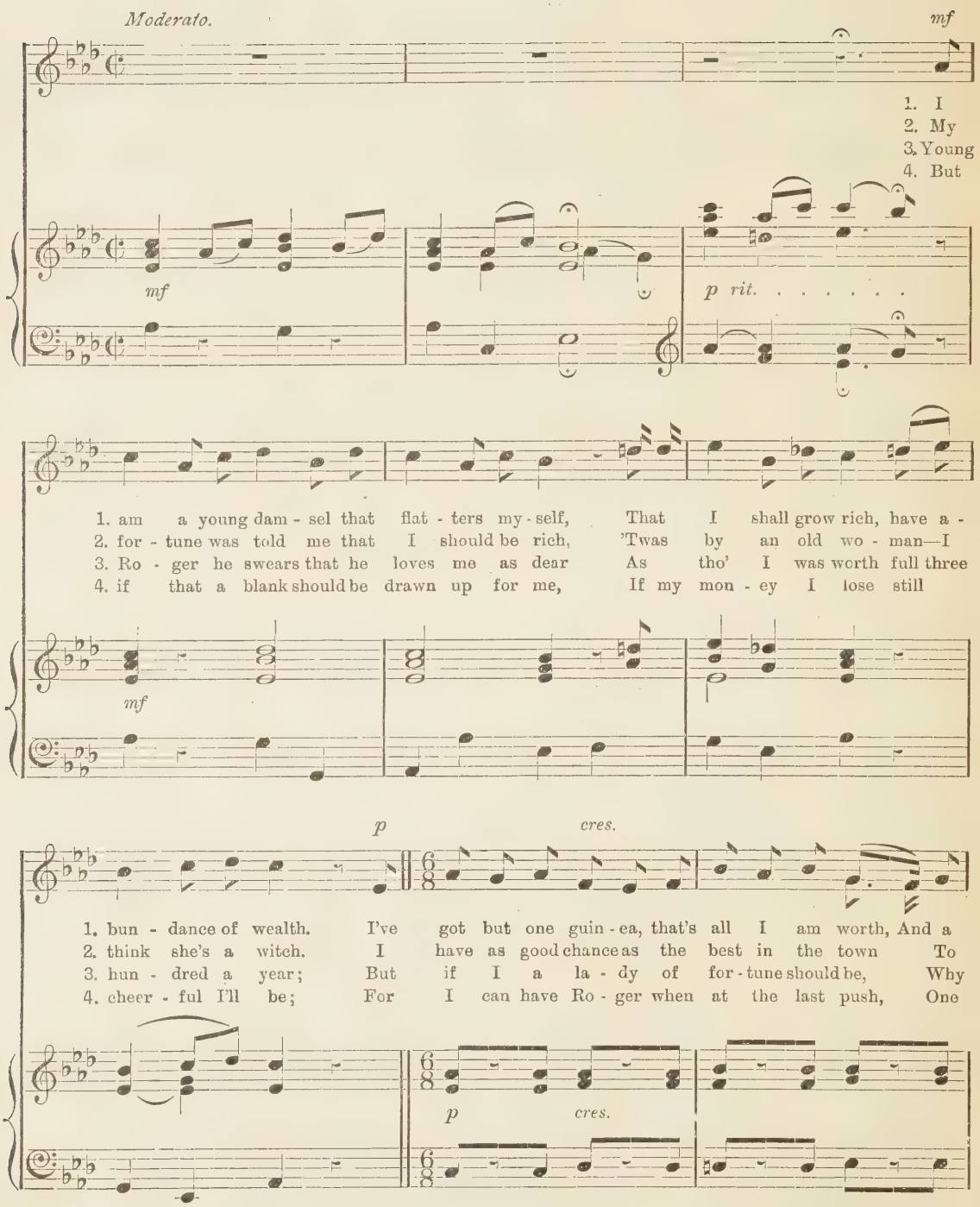
Spring.

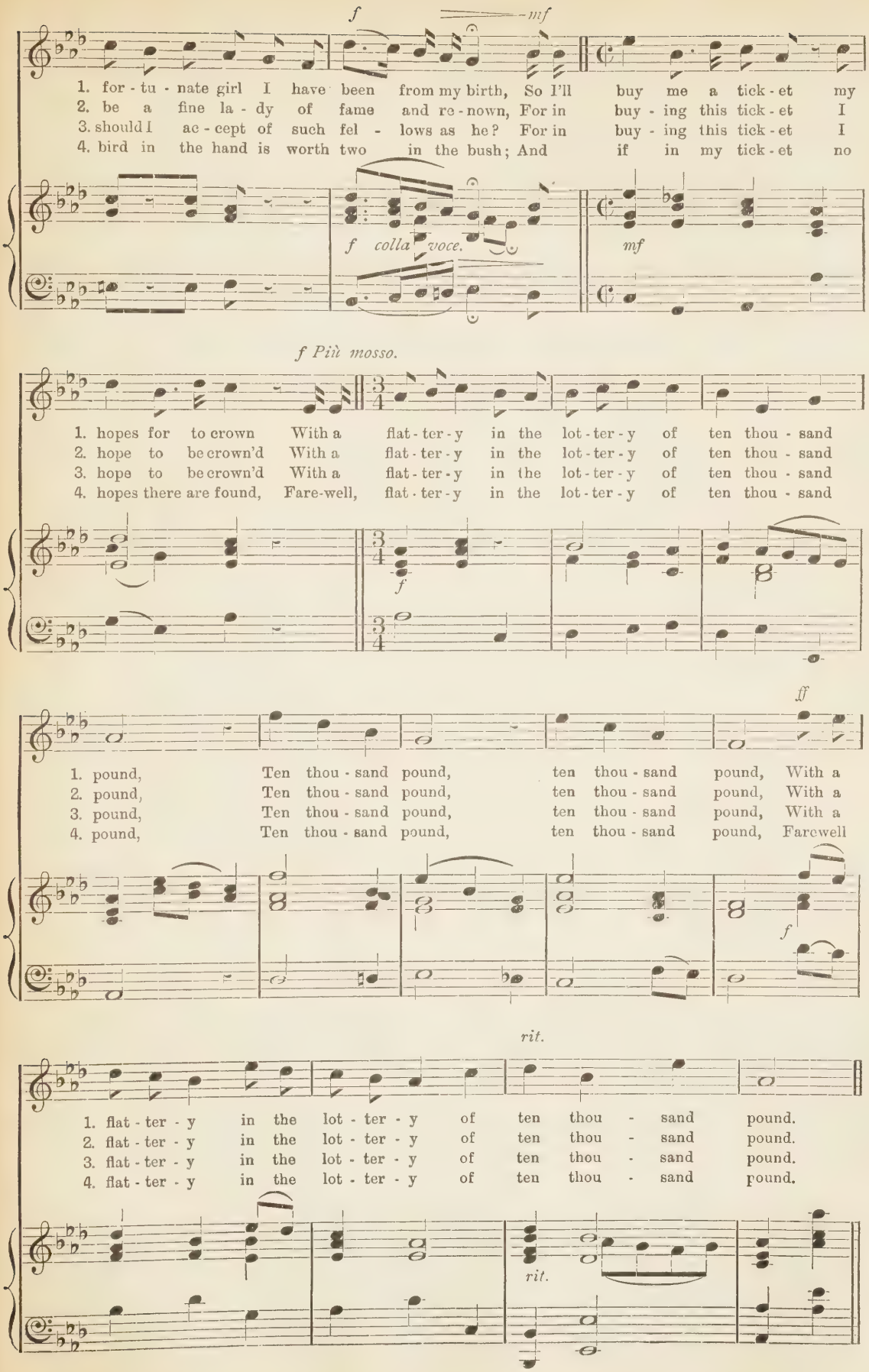
A Pastoral.

Allegretto. HENRY CAREY.

p
cres.
f
rit.
p
1. Flocks are sport - ing, Doves are court - ing, Warbling lin - nets sweetly
2. Flocks are bleat - ing, Rocks re - peat - ing, Val - leys ech - o back the
p
p
1. sing, Flocks are sport - ing, Doves are court - ing, Warbling lin - nets
2. sound, Flocks are bleat - ing, Rocks re - peat - ing, Val - leys ech - o
p

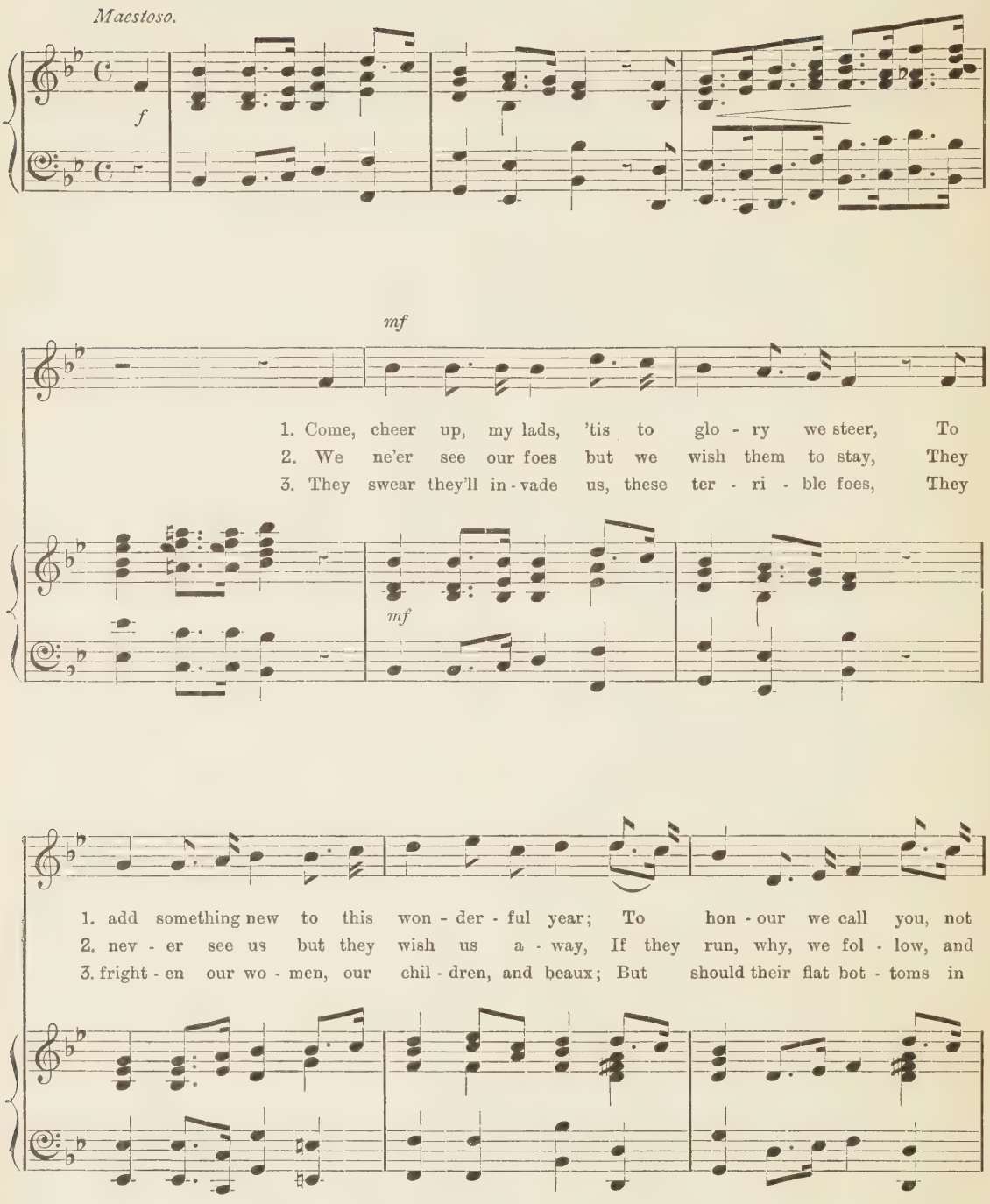
The melody and (possibly) also the words are by Henry Carey, who heads the piece in his *Musical Century*, 1740, "'Pastoral,' made in the year 1715." The song and air are also inserted in Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol. iii., 1730; *Calliope; or, English Harmony*, vol. i., 1739; and the tune is also used in the ballad operas, *Silvia*, 1731, and *The Village Opera*, 1729.

1. sweet-ly sing. Joy, ...
2. back the sound. Danc - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ing,
1. joy and plea - sure with-out mea - sure, Kind - ly hail the glo - rious
2. dancing, sing - ing, pi-ping, spring - ing, Nought but mirth and joy goes
1. Spring, Kind - ly hail the glo - rious Spring, Kind - ly hail the
2. round, Nought but mirth and joy goes round, Nought but mirth and
rit
1. glo - rious Spring, Kind - ly hail the glo - rious Spring.
2. joy goes round, Nought but mirth and joy goes round.
rit.

The Lottery.

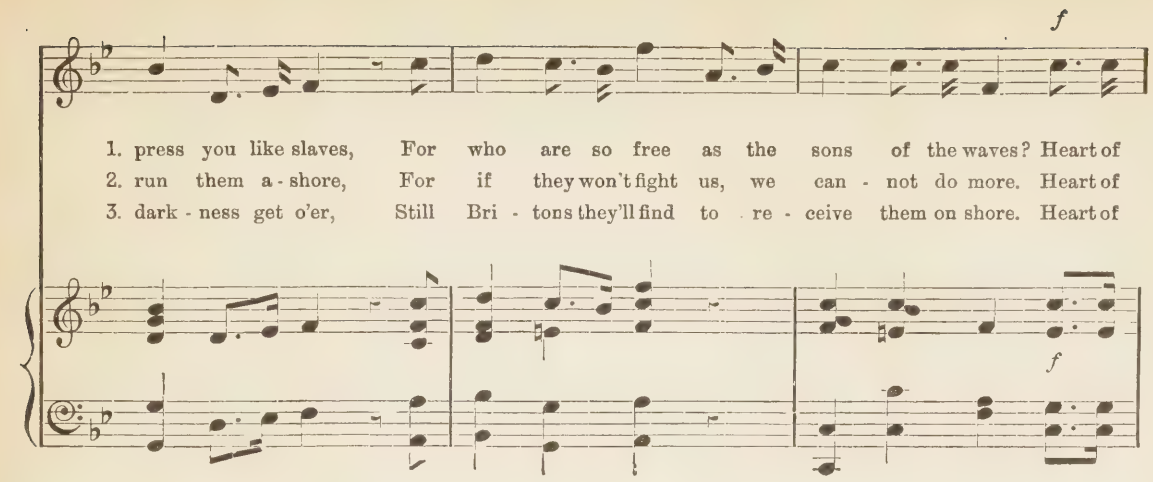
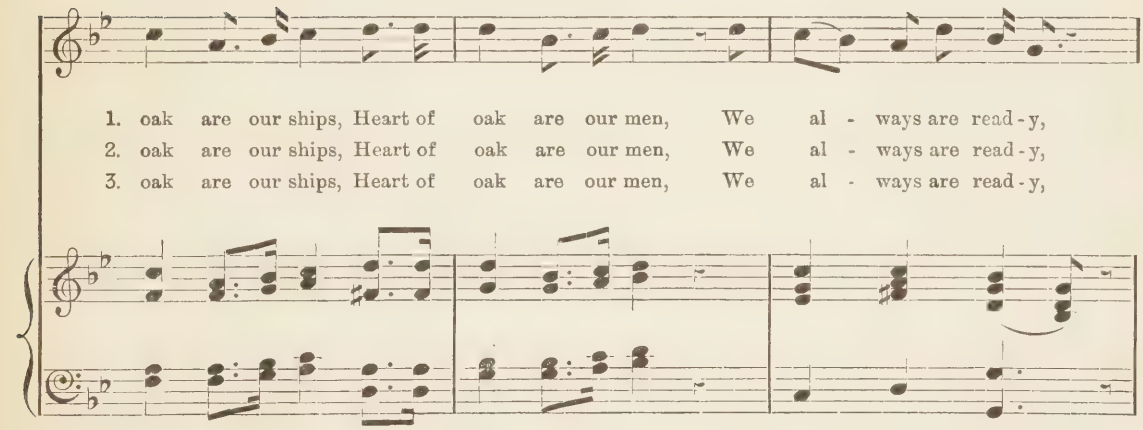
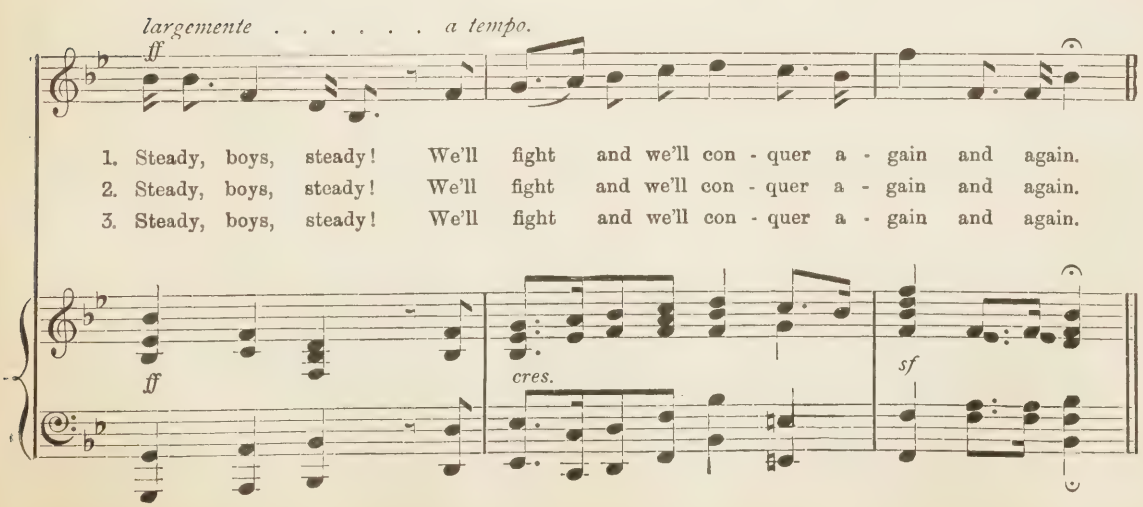

Moderato.
mf
1. I
2. My
3. Young
4. But
mf
p rit.
1. am a young dam - sel that flat - ters my - self, That I shall grow rich, have a -
2. for - tune was told me that I should be rich, 'Twas by an old wo - man—I
3. Ro - ger he swears that he loves me as dear As tho' I was worth full three
4. if that a blank should be drawn up for me, If my mon - ey I lose still
mf
p
cres.
1. bun - dance of wealth. I've got but one guin - ea, that's all I am worth, And a
2. think she's a witch. I have as good chance as the best in the town To
3. hun - dred a year; But if I a la - dy of for - tune should be, Why
4. cheer - ful I'll be; For I can have Ro - ger when at the last push, One
p
cres.

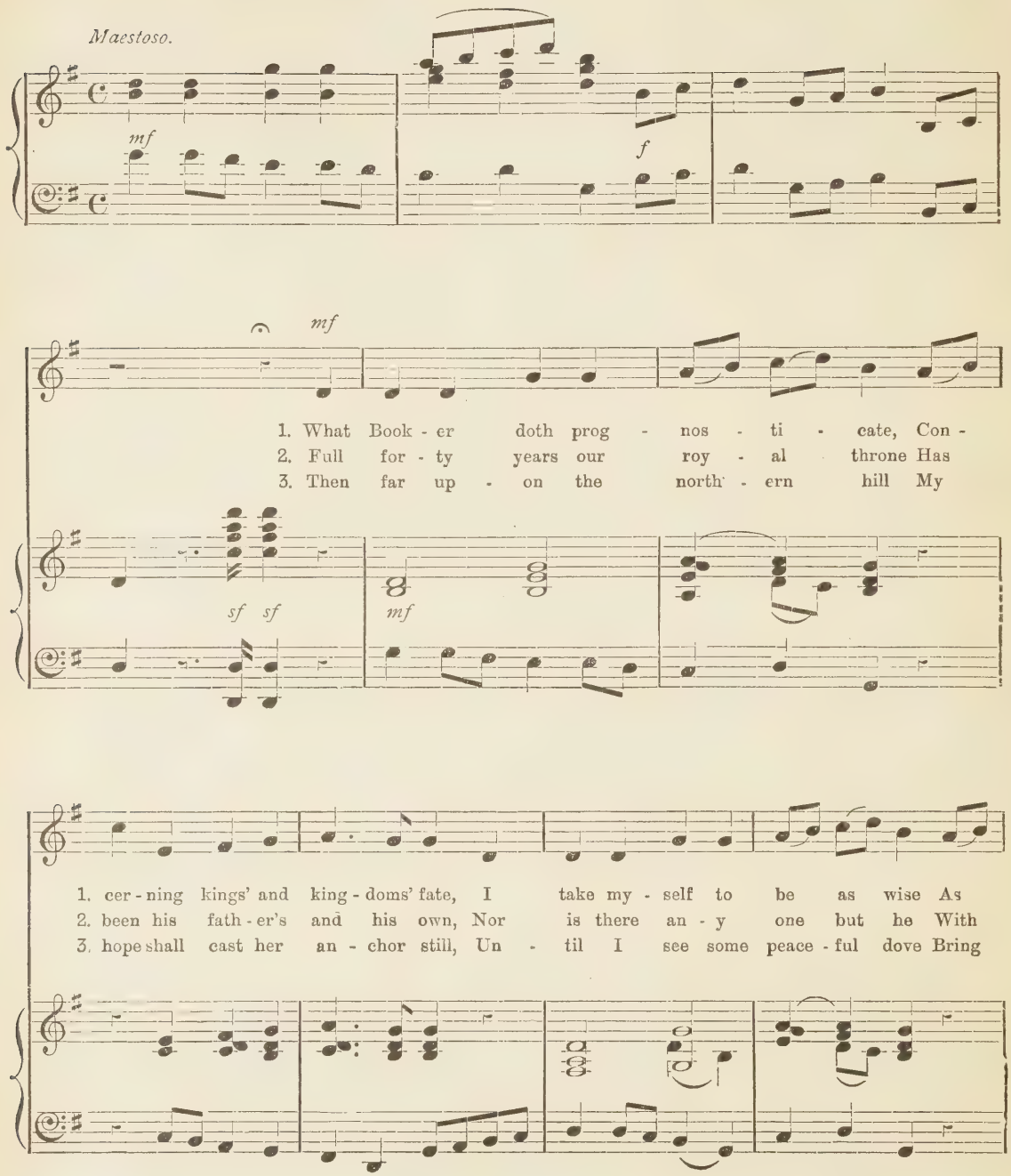
From an engraved half-sheet song, with the music, in date about 1760; it is headed, "'The Lottery,' sung at Sadler's Wells." The song has every appearance of having been sung in a play, probably in a revival of Fielding's ballad opera *The Lottery*, which was first acted in 1731. The song in the half-sheet does not occur in the opera as originally printed. The song with the air, "The Lottery," is also included in *Vocal Music; or, the Songster's Companion*, printed by Robert Horsfield, *circa* 1770-72. It is noticeable that the tune opens with the first strain of the "Keel Row."

f
mf
1. for - tu - nate girl I have been from my birth, So I'll buy me a tick - et my
2. be a fine la - dy of fame and re - nown, For in buy - ing this tick - et I
3. should I ac - cept of such fel - lows as he? For in buy - ing this tick - et I
4. bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; And if in my tick - et no
f colla voce.
mf
f Più mosso.
1. hopes for to crown With a flat - ter - y in the lot - ter - y of ten thou - sand
2. hope to be crown'd With a flat - ter - y in the lot - ter - y of ten thou - sand
3. hope to be crown'd With a flat - ter - y in the lot - ter - y of ten thou - sand
4. hopes there are found, Fare-well, flat - ter - y in the lot - ter - y of ten thou - sand
f
ff
1. pound, Ten thou - sand pound, ten thou - sand pound, With a
2. pound, Ten thou - sand pound, ten thou - sand pound, With a
3. pound, Ten thou - sand pound, ten thou - sand pound, With a
4. pound, Ten thou - sand pound, ten thou - sand pound, Farewell
f
rit.
1. flat - ter - y in the lot - ter - y of ten thou - sand pound.
2. flat - ter - y in the lot - ter - y of ten thou - sand pound.
3. flat - ter - y in the lot - ter - y of ten thou - sand pound.
4. flat - ter - y in the lot - ter - y of ten thou - sand pound.
rit.

Heart of Oak.

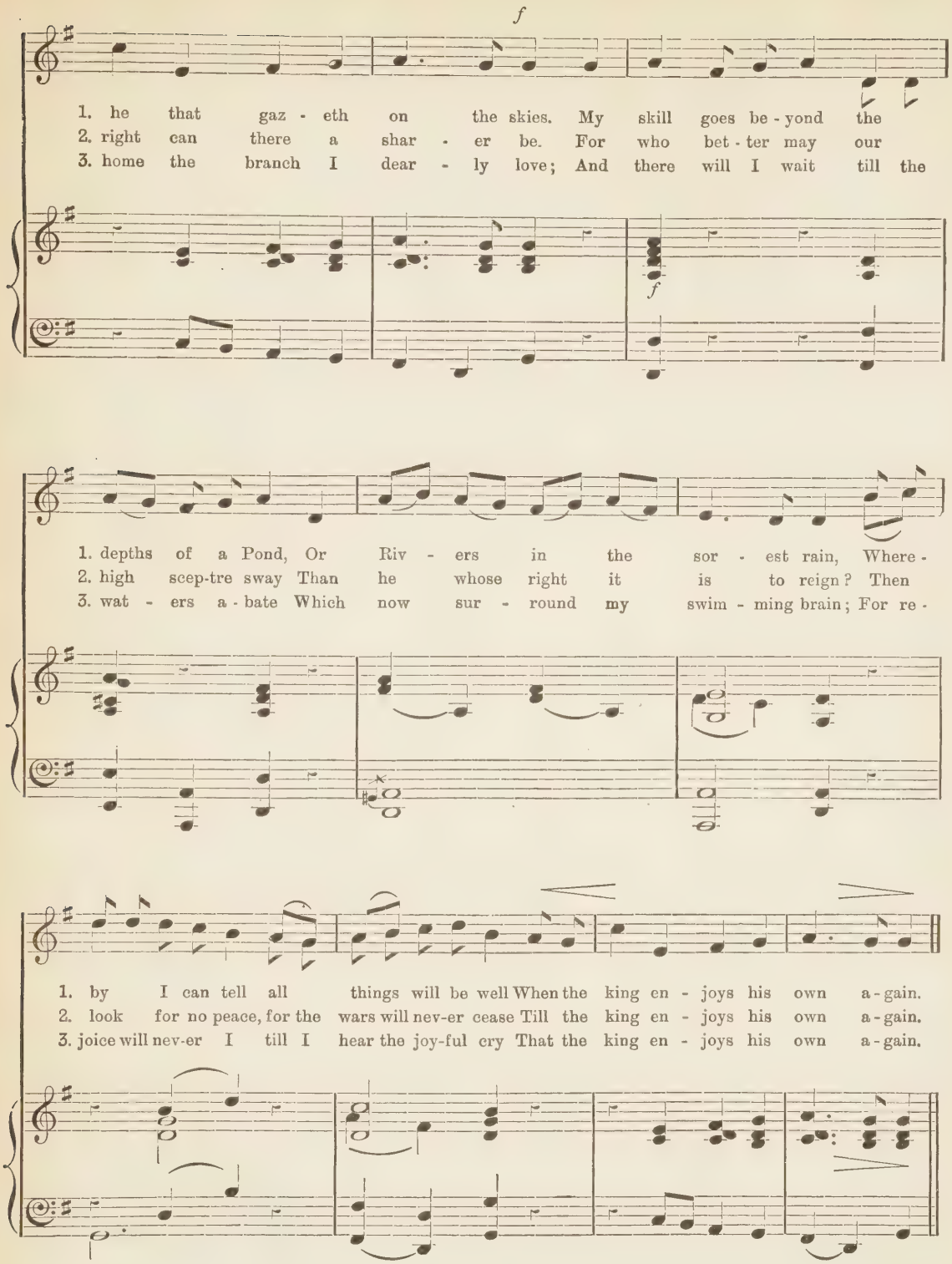
WILLIAM BOYCE.

Maestoso.
f
mf
1. Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To
2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay, They
3. They swear they'll in - vade us, these ter - ri - ble foes, They
mf
1. add something new to this won - der - ful year; To hon - our we call you, not
2. nev - er see us but they wish us a - way, If they run, why, we fol - low, and
3. fright - en our wo - men, our chil - dren, and beaux; But should their flat bot - toms in

The music of this famous lyric is by Dr. Wm. Boyce, and the words are generally considered to be by David Garrick. It was first sung in a pantomime called *Harlequin Invasion, a Christmas Gambol*, acted in 1759. *Biographia Dramatica*, 1782, describes this piece as being on the plan of a supposed invasion made by Harlequin and his train on the domain of Shakespeare, and of the restoration of King Shakespeare; the dialogue was by Garrick. How far this is correct I am not aware, but certainly the different songs printed at the period as from *Harlequin Invasion* do not seem to bear upon such a plot. The song we are dealing with was printed with the music in the *Universal Magazine* for March, 1760, as "A new song, sung by Mr. Champness in *Harlequin Invasion*, also in the *Lady's Magazine* for August of that year. The expression used in the original version of the song, "Heart of Oak" has been carelessly corrupted into "Hearts of Oak"; the first correctly expresses the author's simile, the other makes more or less nonsense of it.


f
1. press you like slaves, For who are so free as the sons of the waves? Heart of
2. run them a - shore, For if they won't fight us, we can - not do more. Heart of
3. dark - ness get o'er, Still Bri - tons they'll find to re - ceive them on shore. Heart of
f

1. oak are our ships, Heart of oak are our men, We al - ways are read - y,
2. oak are our ships, Heart of oak are our men, We al - ways are read - y,
3. oak are our ships, Heart of oak are our men, We al - ways are read - y,

largemente . . . . . a tempo.
ff
1. Steady, boys, steady! We'll fight and we'll con - quer a - gain and again.
2. Steady, boys, steady! We'll fight and we'll con - quer a - gain and again.
3. Steady, boys, steady! We'll fight and we'll con - quer a - gain and again.
ff
cres.
sf

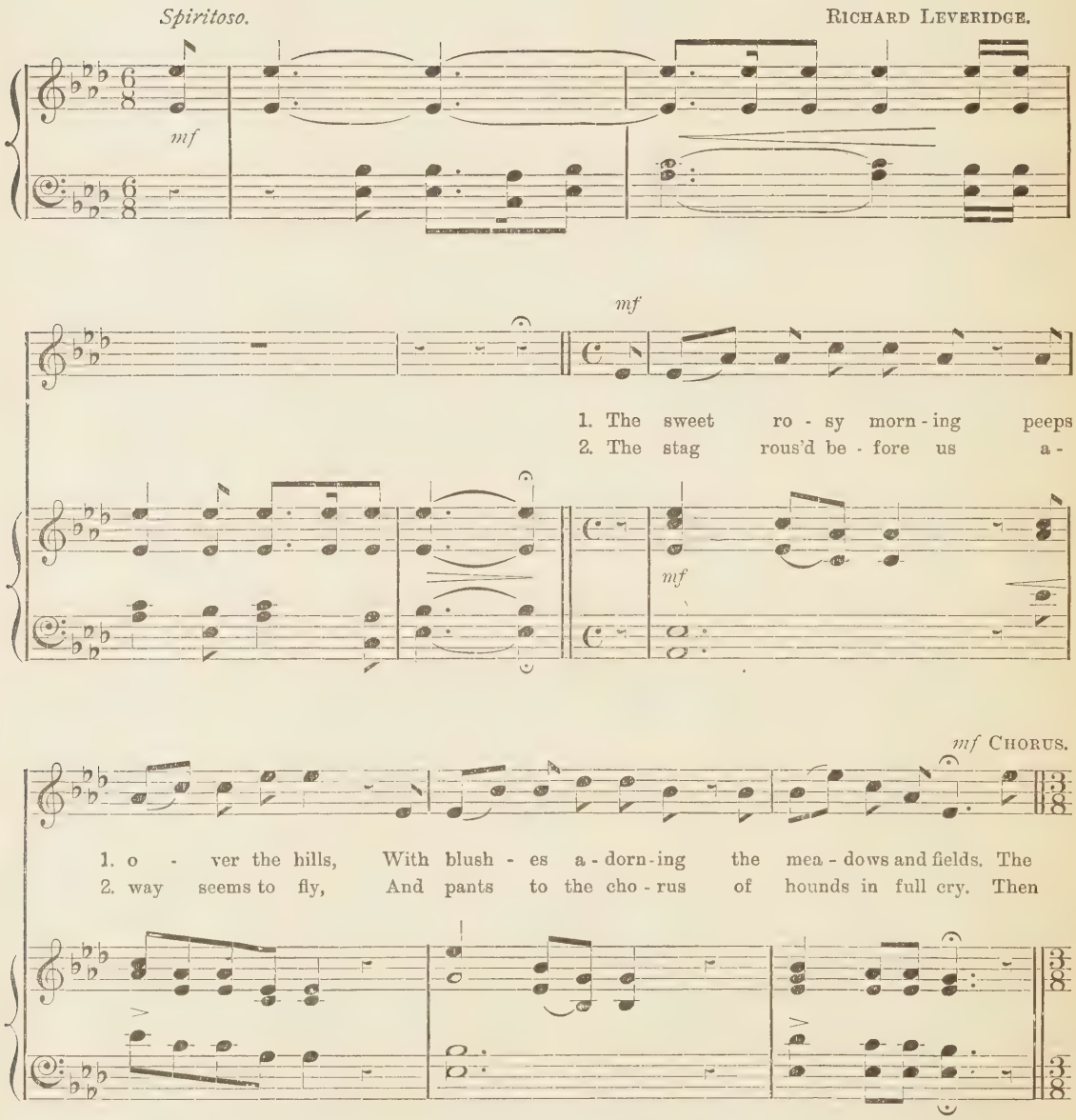
When the King Enjoys his Own again.

Maestoso.
mf
f
mf
1. What Book - er doth prog - nos - ti - cate, Con -
2. Full for - ty years our roy - al throne Has
3. Then far up - on the north - ern hill My
sf sf
mf
1. cer - ning kings' and king - doms' fate, I take my - self to be as wise As
2. been his fath - er's and his own, Nor is there an - y one but he With
3. hope shall cast her an - chor still, Un - til I see some peace - ful dove Bring

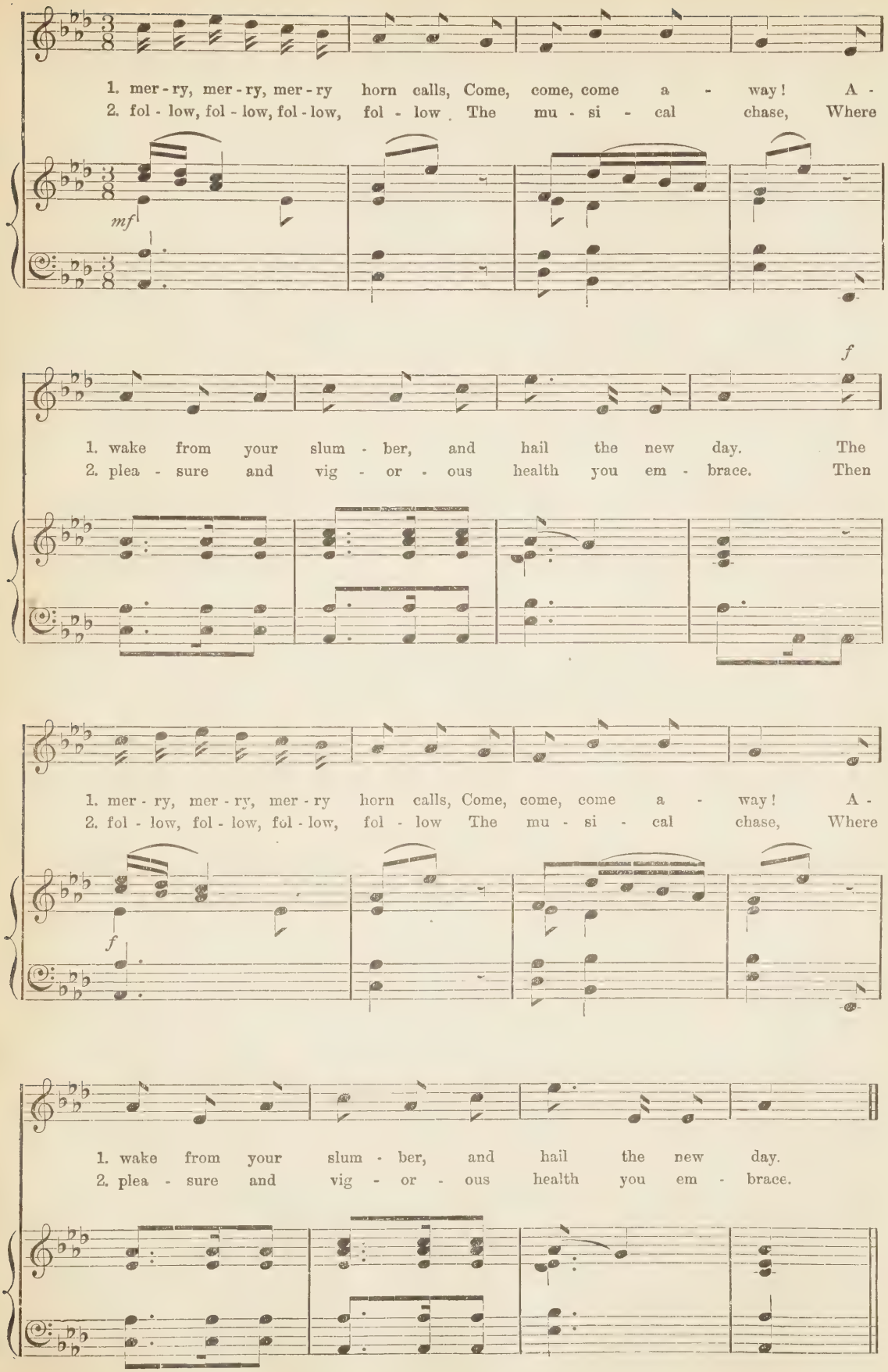
Of the many ballads which have helped to "make history" few have had greater effect than this. To use a well-worn quotation from Ritson, "It is the most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country. Invented to support the declining interests of Charles I., it served afterwards with more success to keep up the spirits of the cavaliers and promote the restoration of his son. . . . At the Revolution [1688] it of course became an adherent of the exiled family whose cause it never deserted. It is believed to be a fact that nothing fed the enthusiasm of the Jacobites down to almost the present reign [George III.] in every corner of Great Britain more than 'The King shall enjoy his own again.'"

Perhaps the earliest known reference to the song is in a play named *The Gossips' Feast*, printed in 1647, and where, strangely enough, is a clue to the author of the words. One gossip says:—"By my faith, Martin Parker never got a fairer brat, no, not even when he penned 'When the King enjoyes his own again.'" The tune was printed in Playford's *Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viola*, 1652,

f
1. he that gaz - eth on the skies. My skill goes be - yond the
2. right can there a shar - er be. For who bet - ter may our
3. home the branch I dear - ly love; And there will I wait till the
f
1. depths of a Pond, Or Riv - ers in the sor - est rain, Where -
2. high scep-tre sway Than he whose right it is to reign? Then
3. wat - ers a - bate Which now sur - round my swim - ming brain; For re -
1. by I can tell all things will be well When the king en - joys his own a - gain.
2. look for no peace, for the wars will nev-er cease Till the king en - joys his own a - gain.
3. joice will nev-er I till I hear the joy-ful cry That the king en - joys his own a - gain.

and in *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666, besides being in many later 17th century publications as well as in the Leyden MS. (*circa*, 1690-1700). There is very little difference in all these copies or even in ones printed at much later dates. The ballad by Martin Parker, the most famous of all ballad writers, is in the Roxburgh and other collections of black letter broadsides, and there are, of course, numerous parodies of all dates. The political allusions to Booker, Swallow, Rivers, etc., are fully explained in a small pamphlet, printed in 1711, entitled *The Ballad of the King shall enjoy his own again, with a learned comment there upon.* This was in part reprinted by Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*, 1792, and by other writers. The individuals referred to were professional astrologers and almanac makers who prophesied events according to the side they were on.

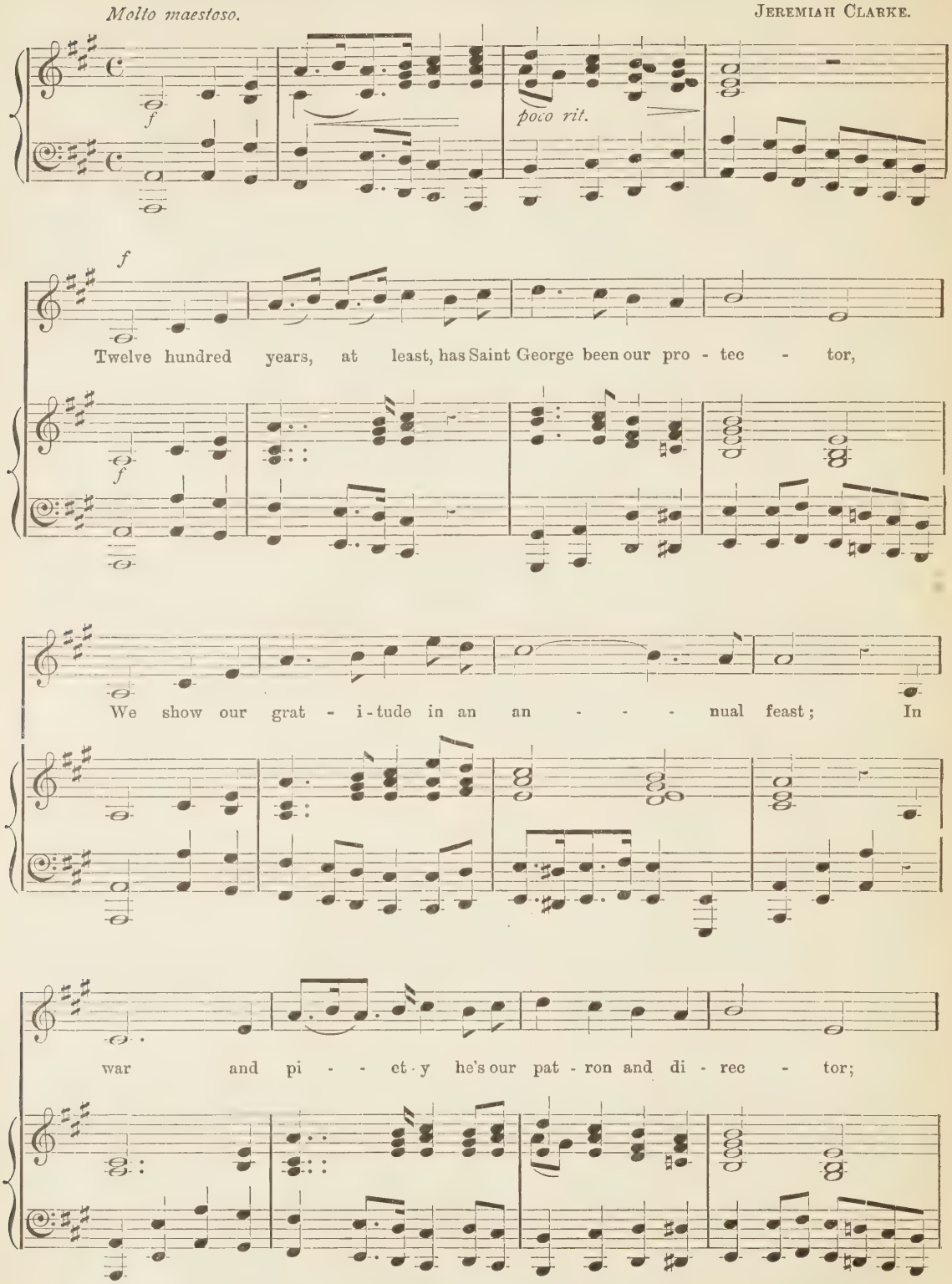
In the third volume of the *Dancing Master*, *circa* 1726, the air is called "The Restoration of King Charles," and in Wright's *Country Dances*, vol. i., *circa* 1730, it has the name, "Trusty Dick." There are many more verses than we have printed here.

The Sweet Rosy Morn.

Spiritoso.
RICHARD LEVERIDGE.
mf
mf
1. The sweet ro - sy morn - ing peeps
2. The stag rous'd be - fore us a -
mf
mf CHORUS.
1. o - ver the hills, With blush - es a - dorn - ing the mea - dows and fields. The
2. way seems to fly, And pants to the cho - rus of hounds in full cry. Then

Melody by Richard Leveridge, whose music still pleases to-day, as it did a couple of centuries ago. In Bickham's *Musical Entertainer*, vol. i., 1737, the song is headed with a quaint engraved illustration, showing the huntsman carrying the large circular hunting horn which in those days seemed an essential, if cumbersome, item of the chase. With somewhat similar pictorial embellishment, the song is found in *Ca'liope*, vol. ii., 1739; *Universal Harmony*, 1745; *New Universal Magazine*, 1752; and, unadorned, in numerous other works. In *The Muse's Delight*, 1754, it is marked as sung in *Apollo and Daphne* (first acted 1734). A traditional survival of the words, united to another tune, were published by the Rev. John Broadwood, in his *Sussex Songs*, in 1843.

1. mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry horn calls, Come, come, come a - way! A -
2. fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low The mu - si - cal chase, Where
mf
1. wake from your slum - ber, and hail the new day. The
2. plea - sure and vig - or - ous health you em - brace. Then
f
1. mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry horn calls, Come, come, come a - way! A -
2. fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low The mu - si - cal chase, Where
f
1. wake from your slum - ber, and hail the new day.
2. plea - sure and vig - or - ous health you em - brace.

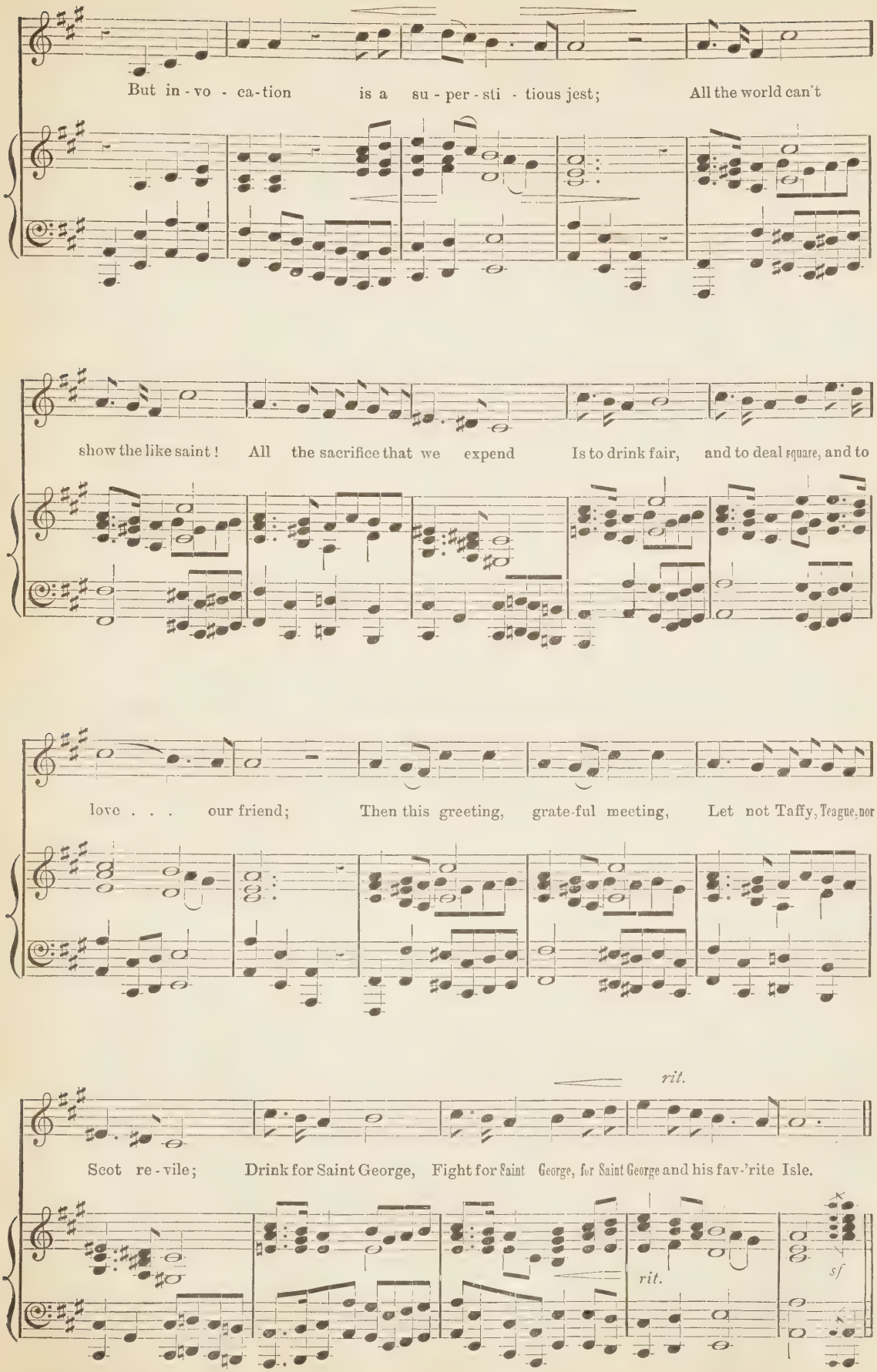
St. George, our Protector.

Molto maestoso. JEREMIAH CLARKE.

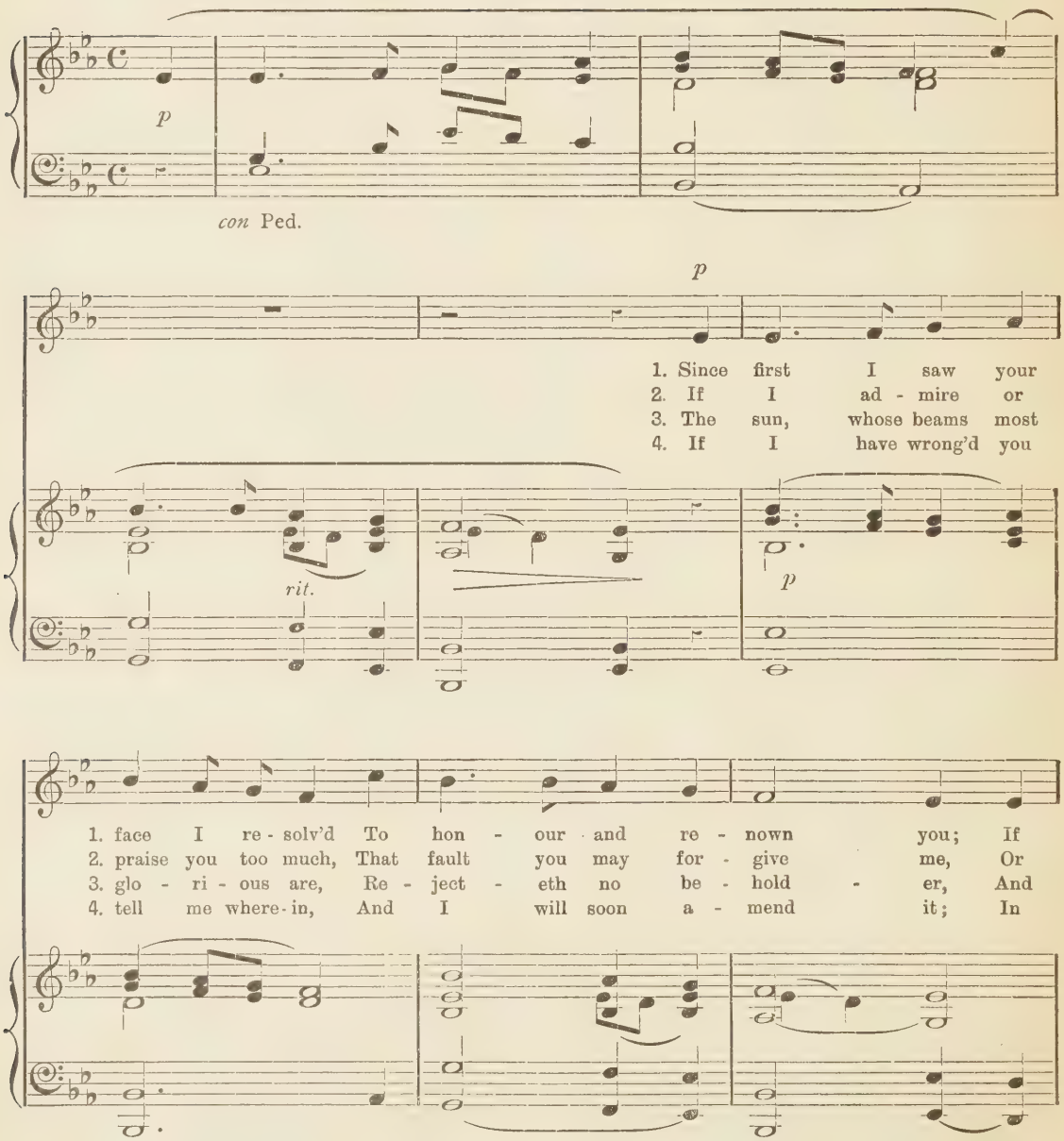

f
poco rit.
f
Twelve hundred years, at least, has Saint George been our pro - tec - tor,
f
We show our grat - i - tude in an an - - - - nual feast; In
war and pi - - - ct - y he's our pat - ron and di - rec - tor;

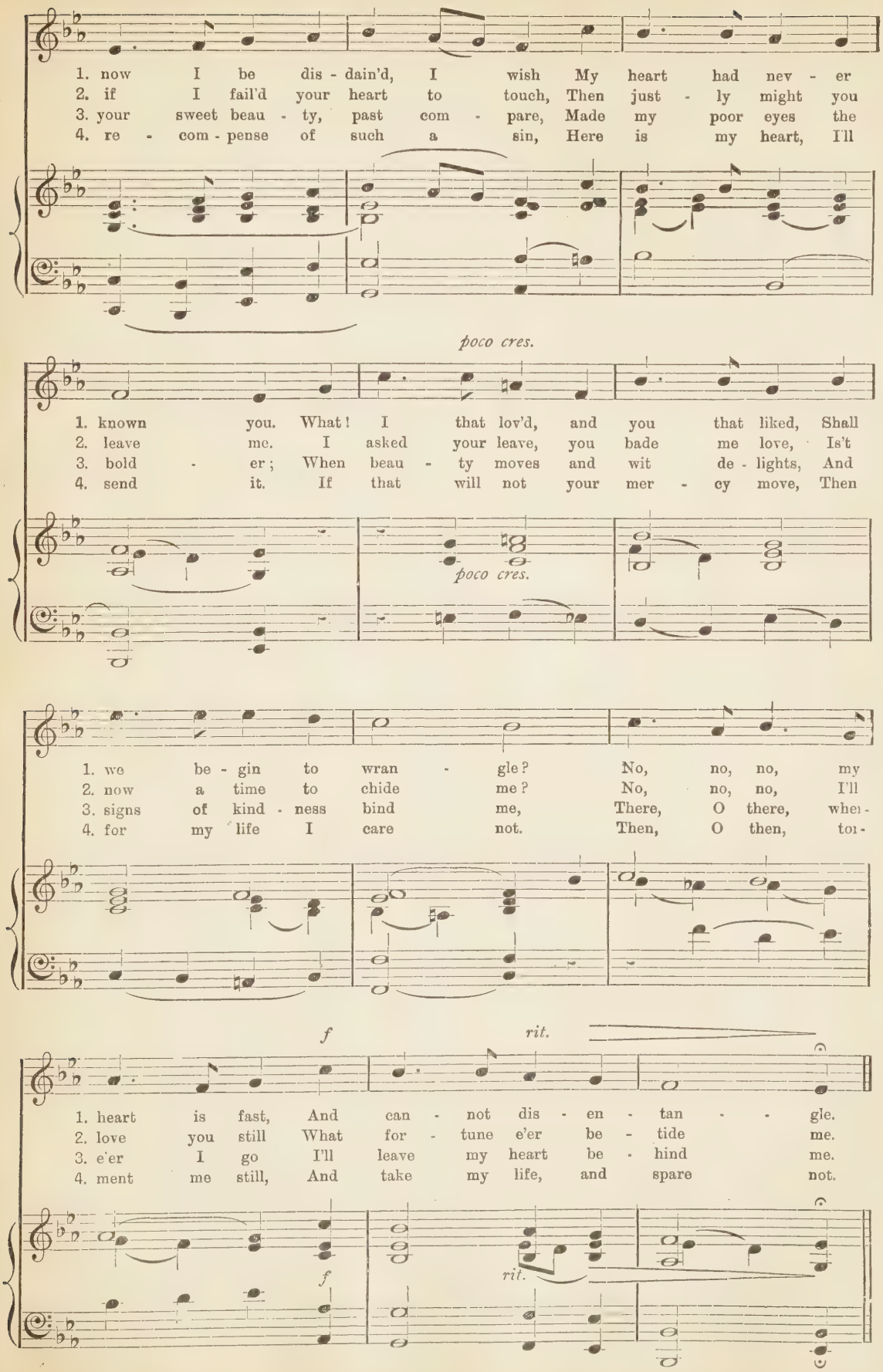
The air is by Dr. Jeremiah Clarke (born about or before 1669, died by his own hand in 1707). We have taken the above copy from Dr. Kitchiner's *Loyal and National Songs*, 1823, where it has the following note appended :—

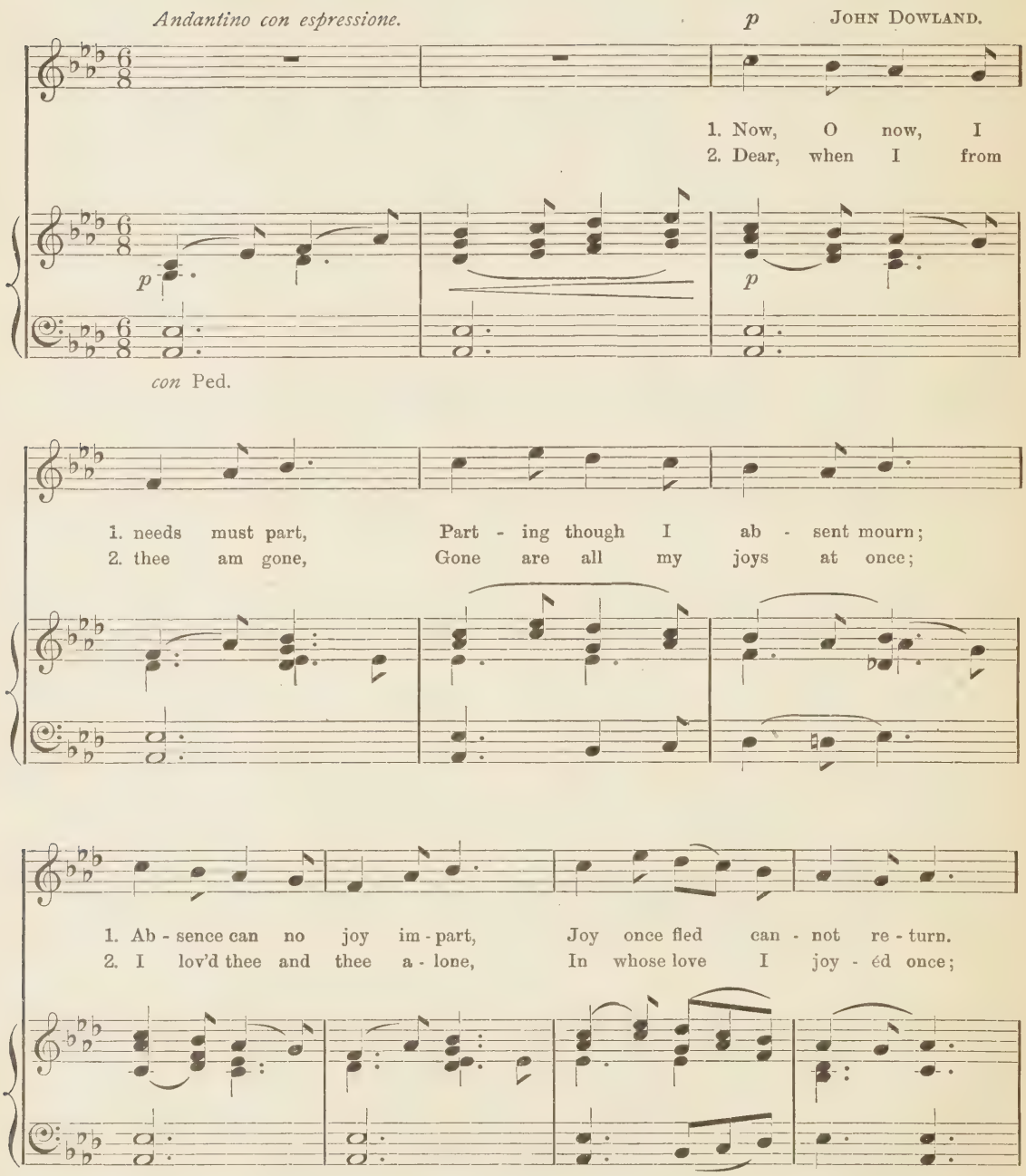
"A song for the annual feast of St. George. This noble composition is newly adapted to the words, and arranged by Dr. Kitchiner and Mr. Watson, who have endeavoured carefully to preserve all the character of the original melody."

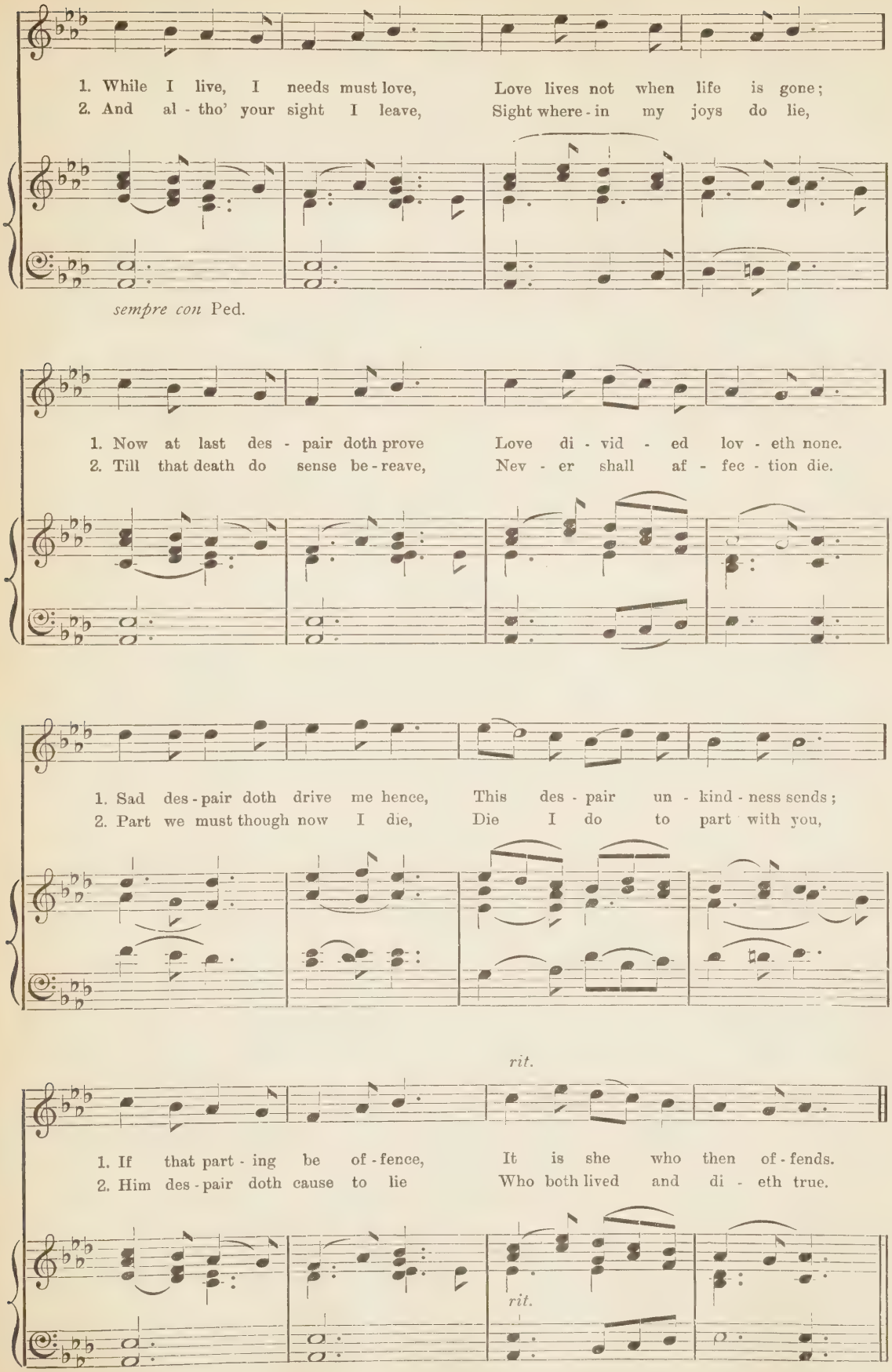

But in - vo - ca-tion is a su - per - sti - tious jest; All the world can't
show the like saint! All the sacrifice that we expend Is to drink fair, and to deal square, and to
love . . . our friend; Then this greeting, grate-ful meeting, Let not Taffy, Teague, nor
rit.
Scot re - vile; Drink for Saint George, Fight for Saint George, for Saint George and his fav-'rite Isle.
rit.
sf

Since first I saw your Face.

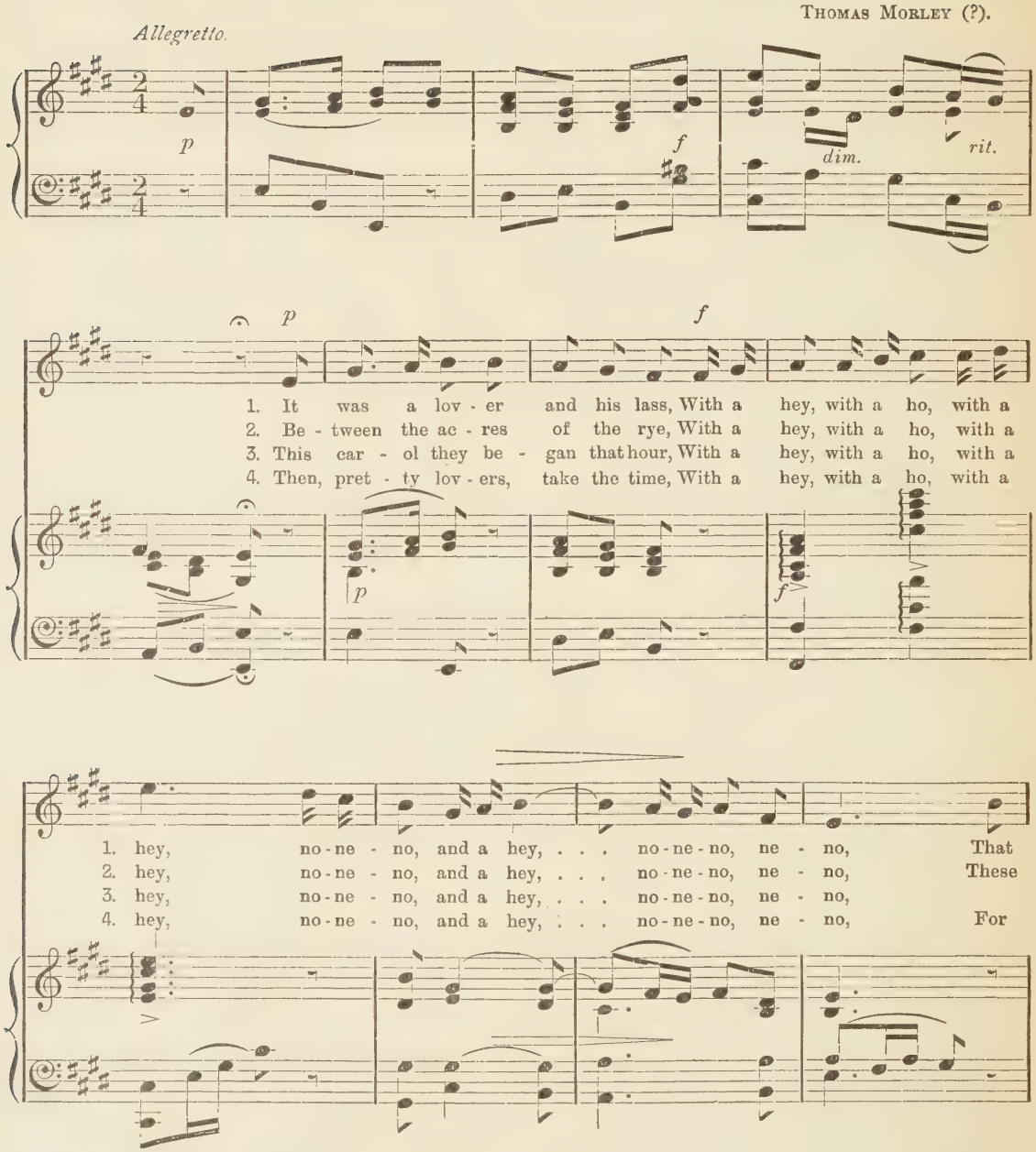
Andante con espressione. THOMAS FORD.

p
con Ped.
p
1. Since first I saw your
2. If I ad - mire or
3. The sun, whose beams most
4. If I have wrong'd you
rit.
p
1. face I re - solv'd To hon - our and re - nown you; If
2. praise you too much, That fault you may for - give me, Or
3. glo - ri - ous are, Re - ject - eth no be - hold - er, And
4. tell me where - in, And I will soon a - mend it; In

Probably at the present day the greatest favourite among airs belonging to the madrigal period. It is the composition of Thomas Ford, a Court musician in the train of Prince Henry (son of James I.), where his yearly stipend appears to have been £30. Ford was the author of several canons and rounds, printed in *Catch that Catch Can*, 1652. The song, "Since first I saw your Face," is in *Music of Sundrie Kindes, set forth in two bookes. . . . Composed by Thomas Ford. London · Printed by J. Windet, 1607*, folio. Ford is said to have been born about 1580, and to have died in 1648.

1. now I be dis - dain'd, I wish My heart had nev - er
2. if I fail'd your heart to touch, Then just - ly might you
3. your sweet beau - ty, past com - pare, Made my poor eyes the
4. re - com - pense of such a sin, Here is my heart, I'll
poco cres.
1. known you. What! I that lov'd, and you that liked, Shall
2. leave me. I asked your leave, you bade me love, Is't
3. bold - er; When beau - ty moves and wit de - lights, And
4. send it. If that will not your mer - cy move, Then
poco cres.
1. we be - gin to wran - gle? No, no, no, my
2. now a time to chide me? No, no, no, I'll
3. signs of kind - ness bind me, There, O there, whe -
4. for my life I care not. Then, O then, to -
f
rit.
1. heart is fast, And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.
2. love you still What for - tune e'er be - tide me.
3. e'er I go I'll leave my heart be - hind me.
4. ment me still, And take my life, and spare not.
f
rit.

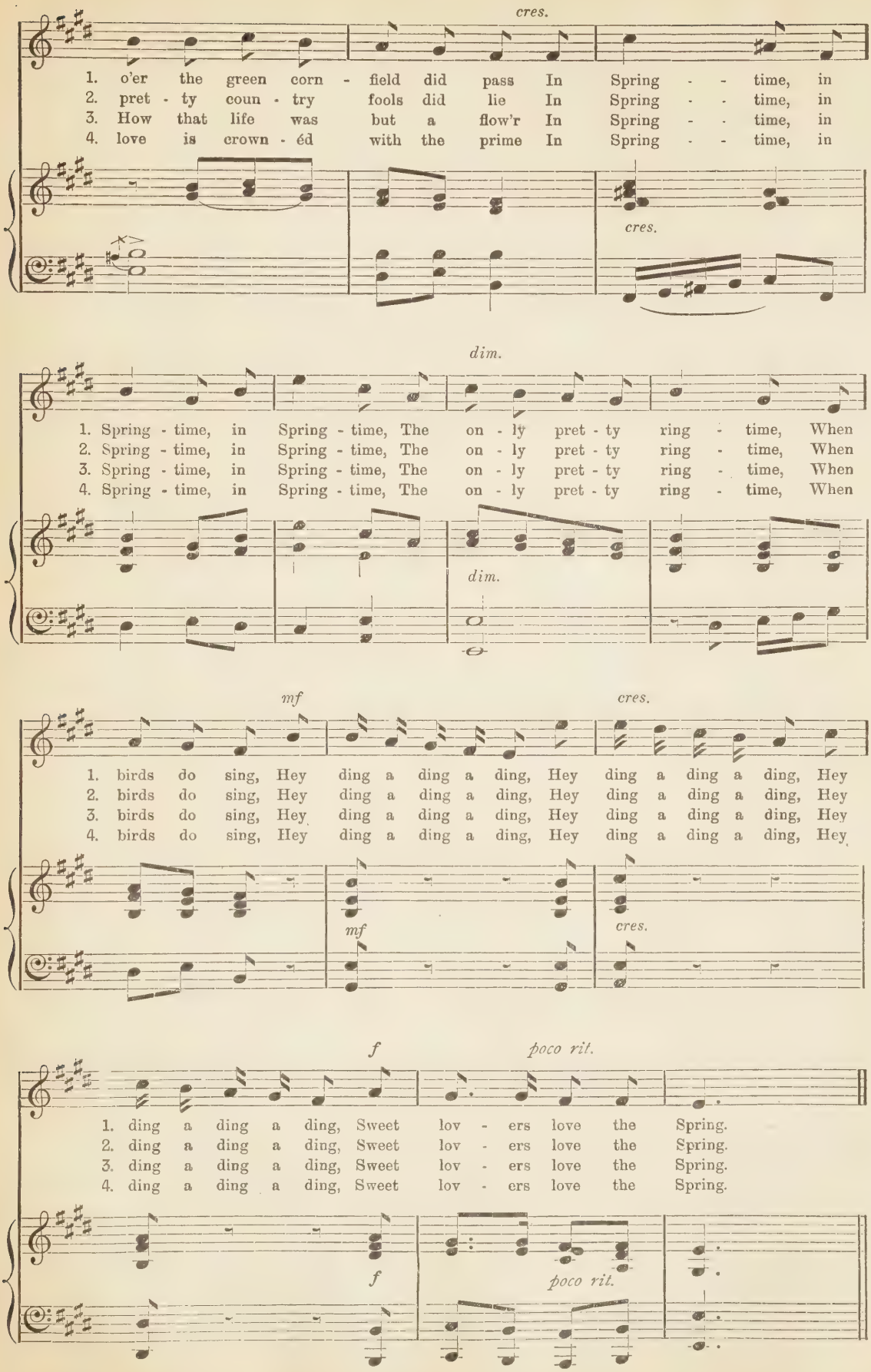
Now, O now, I needs must part!

Andantino con espressione.
p
JOHN DOWLAND.
1. Now, O now, I
2. Dear, when I from
p
p
con Ped.
1. needs must part, Part - ing though I ab - sent mourn;
2. thee am gone, Gone are all my joys at once;
1. Ab - sence can no joy im - part, Joy once fled can - not re - turn.
2. I lov'd thee and thee a - lone, In whose love I joy - éd once;

This is the composition of John Dowland (1562-1626), who was a lute player of note as well as a composer of many excellent works. Dowland travelled in Germany, Italy, and France, and ultimately became lutenist to the King of Denmark as well as to our own Charles I. He published three or four books of "Ayres," commencing with *The First Booke of Songes or Ayres of Four Parts*, printed by Peter Short in 1597. From this work the song, "Now, O now, I needs must part," is taken, where it is arranged for four voices. Dowland seems to have also arranged the air as a dance tune, under the title, "The Frog's Galliard." The melody in the Skene manuscript under the same name appears to have but little in common with Dowland's tune.

1. While I live, I needs must love, Love lives not when life is gone;
2. And al - tho' your sight I leave, Sight where - in my joys do lie,
sempre con Ped.
1. Now at last des - pair doth prove Love di - vid - ed lov - eth none.
2. Till that death do sense be - reave, Nev - er shall af - fec - tion die.
1. Sad des - pair doth drive me hence, This des - pair un - kind - ness sends;
2. Part we must though now I die, Die I do to part with you,
rit.
1. If that part - ing be of - fence, It is she who then of - fends.
2. Him des - pair doth cause to lie Who both lived and di - eth true.
rit.

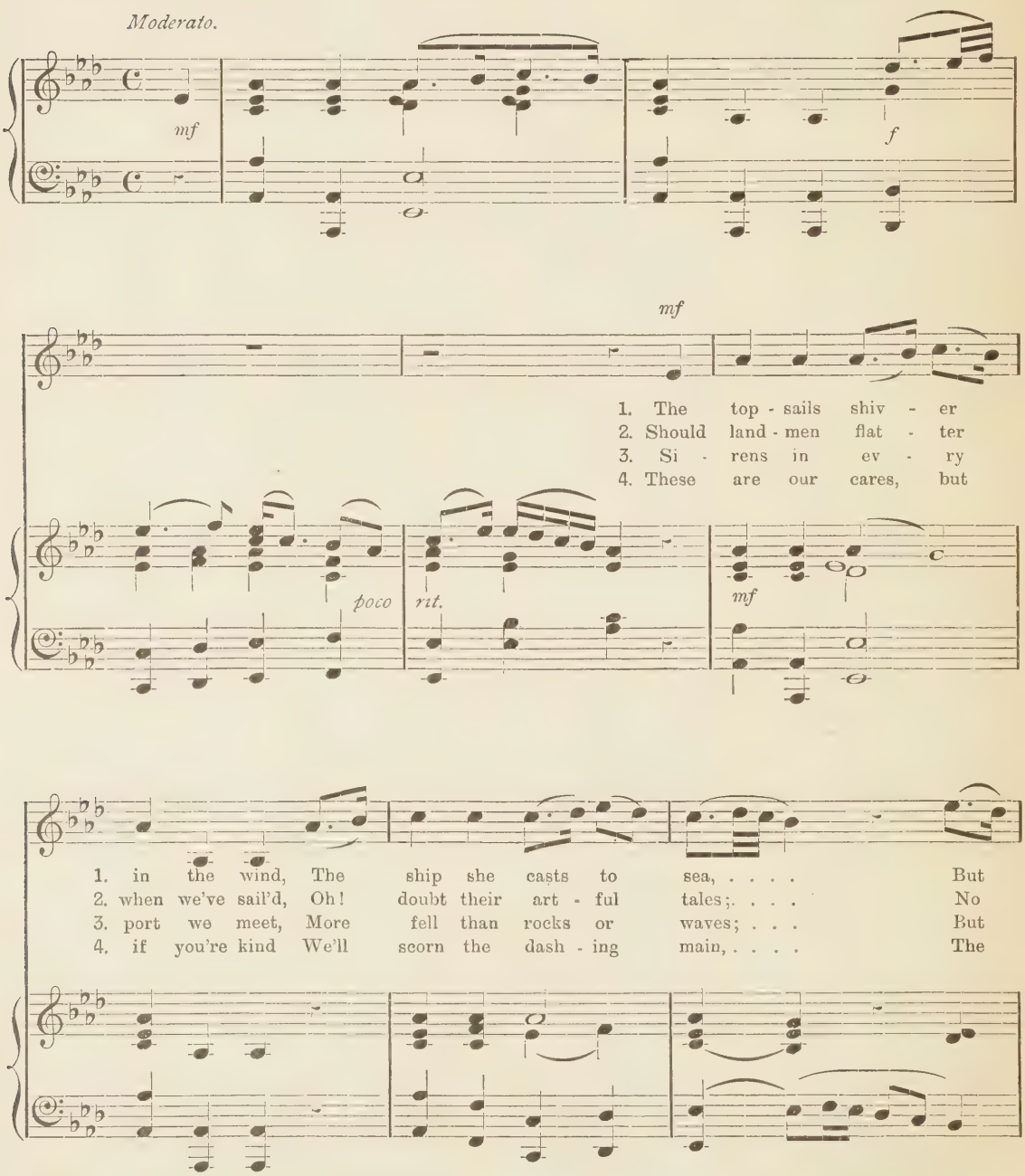
It was a Lover and his Lass.

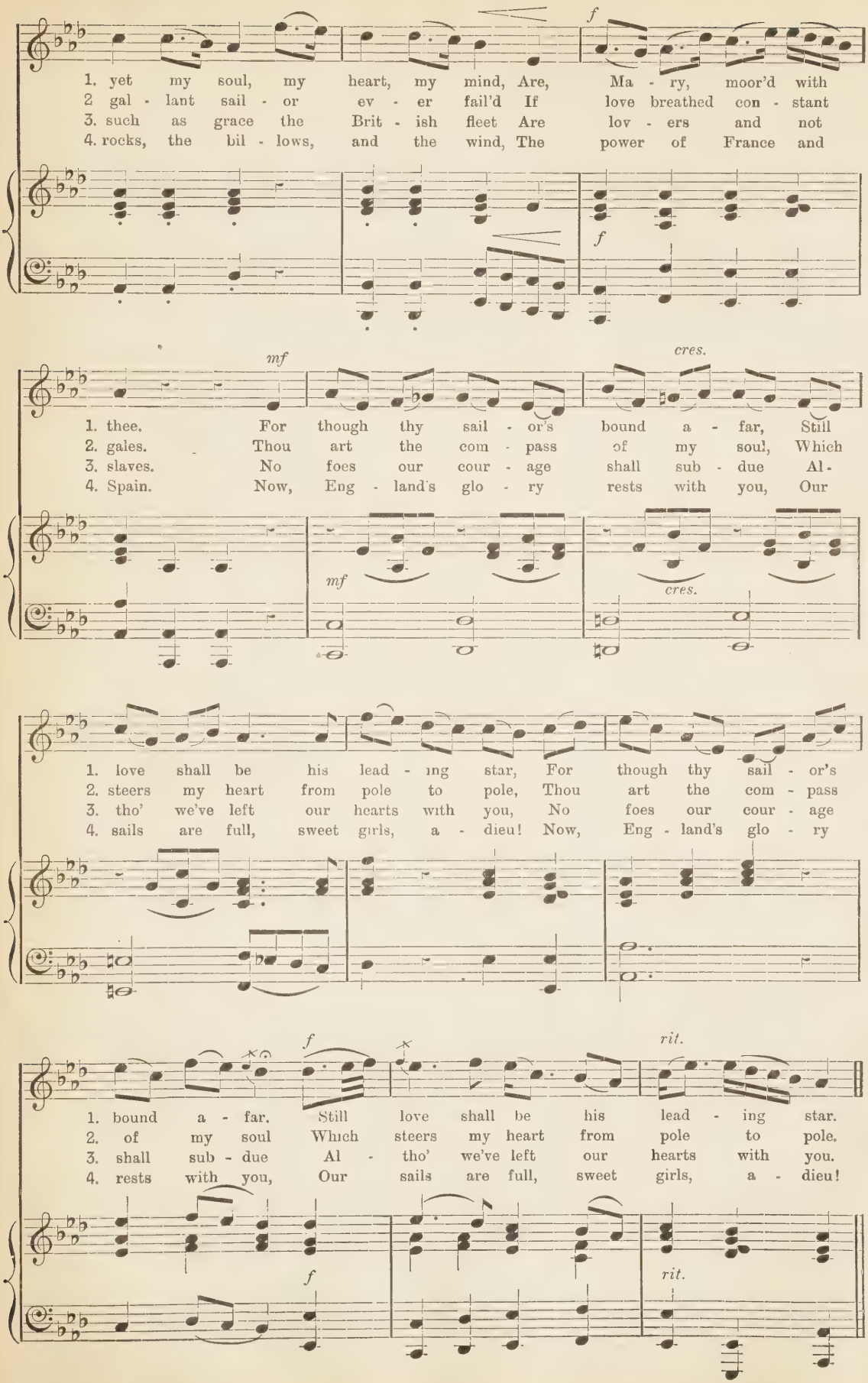
THOMAS MORLEY (?).

Allegretto.
p
f
dim.
rit.
1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a
2. Be - tween the ac - res of the rye, With a hey, with a ho, with a
3. This car - ol they be - gan that hour, With a hey, with a ho, with a
4. Then, pret - ty lov - ers, take the time, With a hey, with a ho, with a
1. hey, no - ne - no, and a hey, . . . no - ne - no, ne - no, That
2. hey, no - ne - no, and a hey, . . . no - ne - no, ne - no, These
3. hey, no - ne - no, and a hey, . . . no - ne - no, ne - no,
4. hey, no - ne - no, and a hey, . . . no - ne - no, ne - no, For

This dainty little song, sung by the two Pages in *As you like it*, act iv., is probably by Shakespeare himself, and the air is possibly the composition of Thomas Morley. The first record we have of the song and air is in a work issued in 1600: *The First Book of Aires; or, Little Short Songs to sing and play to the Lute with the Bass Viol; by Thomas Morley*, 1600. The first edition of the play, *As you like it*, was printed in 1623. Both words and music are to be found in a small manuscript volume bearing the date 1639, in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

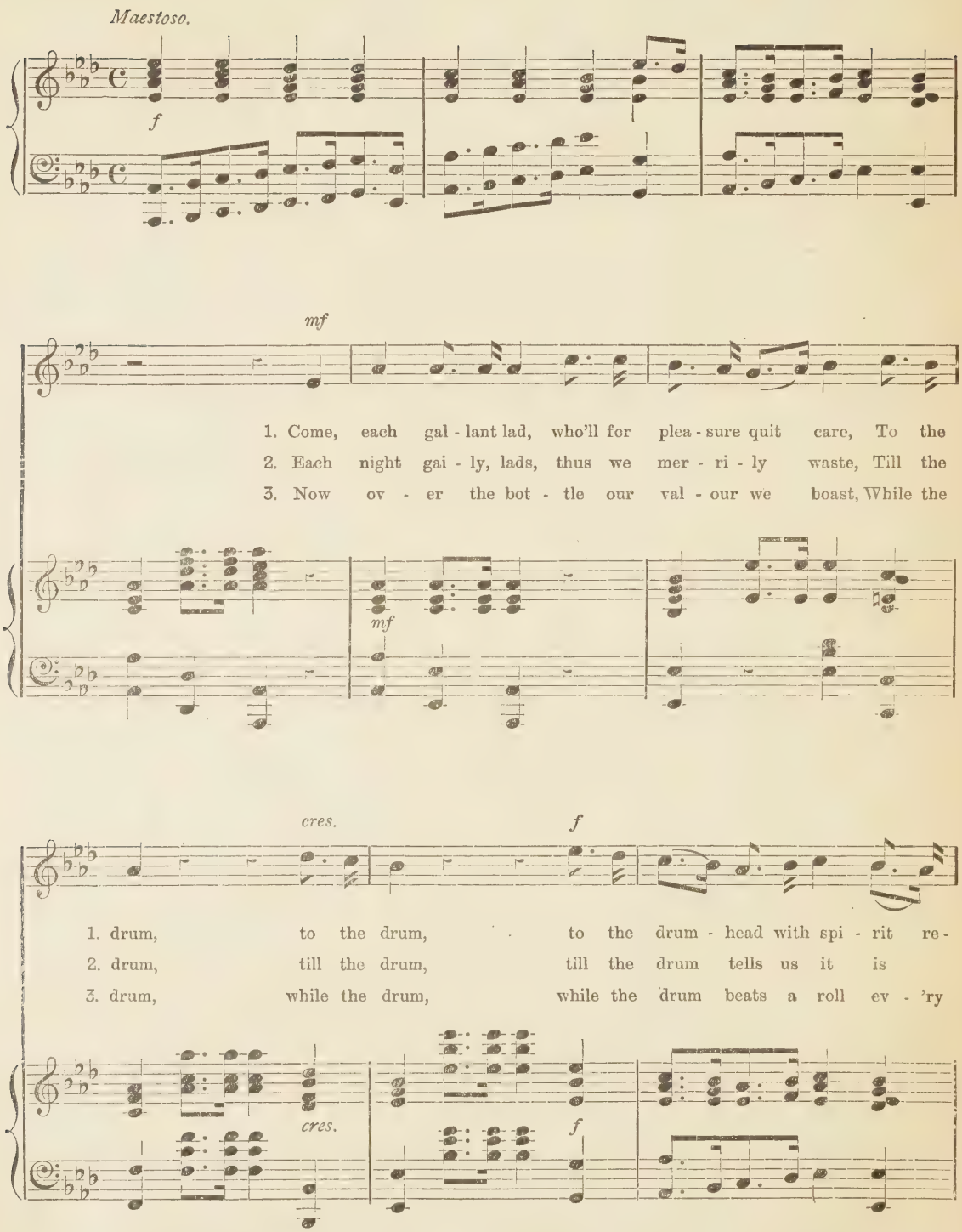
These early copies, like other Shakespearean music, do not appear to have been generally known until more recent times, and for the stage fresh tunes were composed by R. J. Stevens, the glee writer, William Linley, H. R. Bishop, and others. Bishop's setting was introduced by Miss M. Tree in the *Comedy of Errors*.

cres.
1. o'er the green corn - field did pass In Spring - - time, in
2. pret - ty coun - try fools did lie In Spring - - time, in
3. How that life was but a flow'r In Spring - - time, in
4. love is crown - éd with the prime In Spring - - time, in
cres.
dim.
1. Spring - time, in Spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When
2. Spring - time, in Spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When
3. Spring - time, in Spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When
4. Spring - time, in Spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When
dim.
mf
cres.
1. birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey
2. birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey
3. birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey
4. birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey
mf
cres.
f
poco rit.
1. ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the Spring.
2. ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the Spring.
3. ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the Spring.
4. ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the Spring.
f
poco rit.

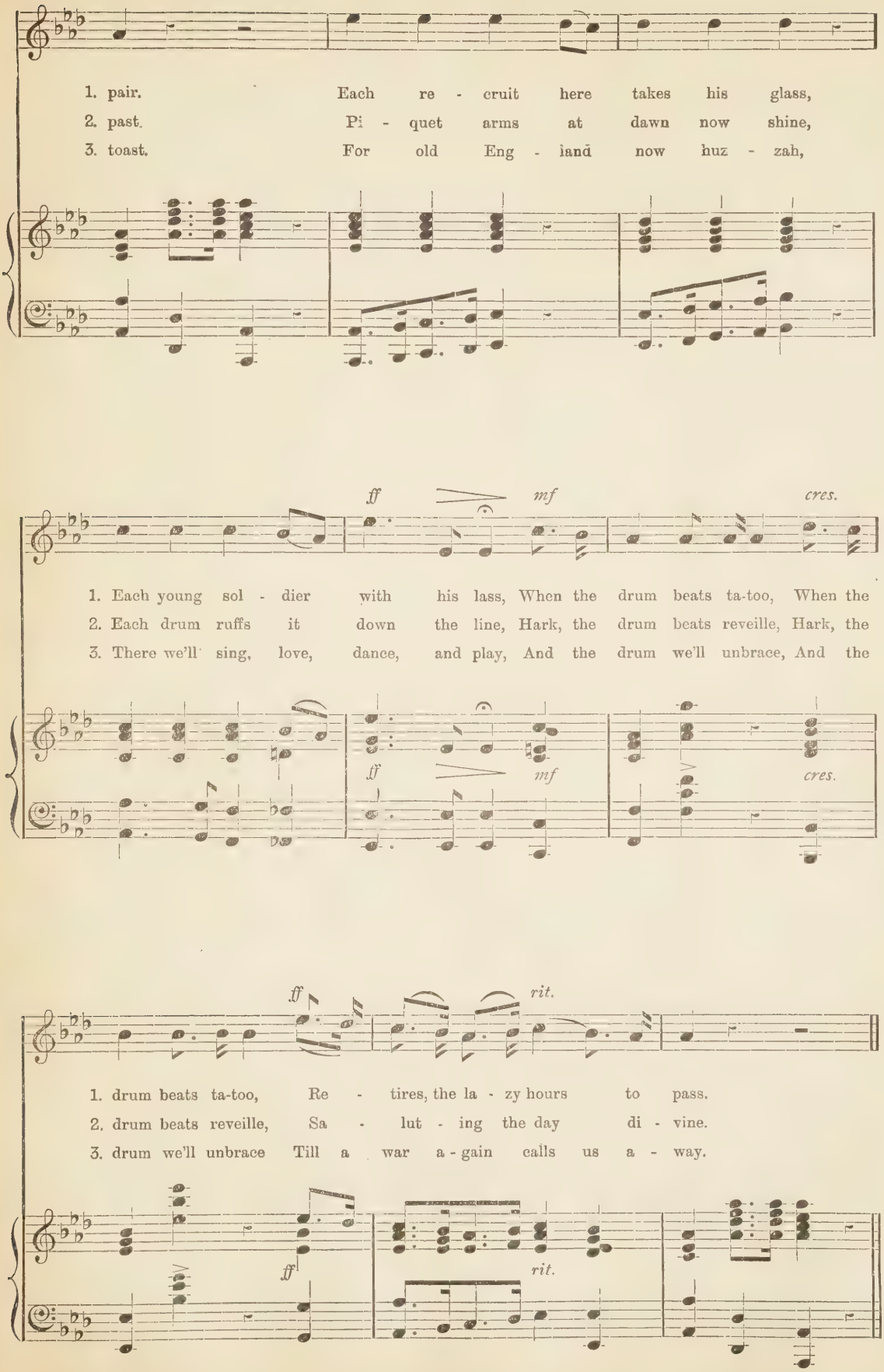
The Topsails Shiver in the Wind.

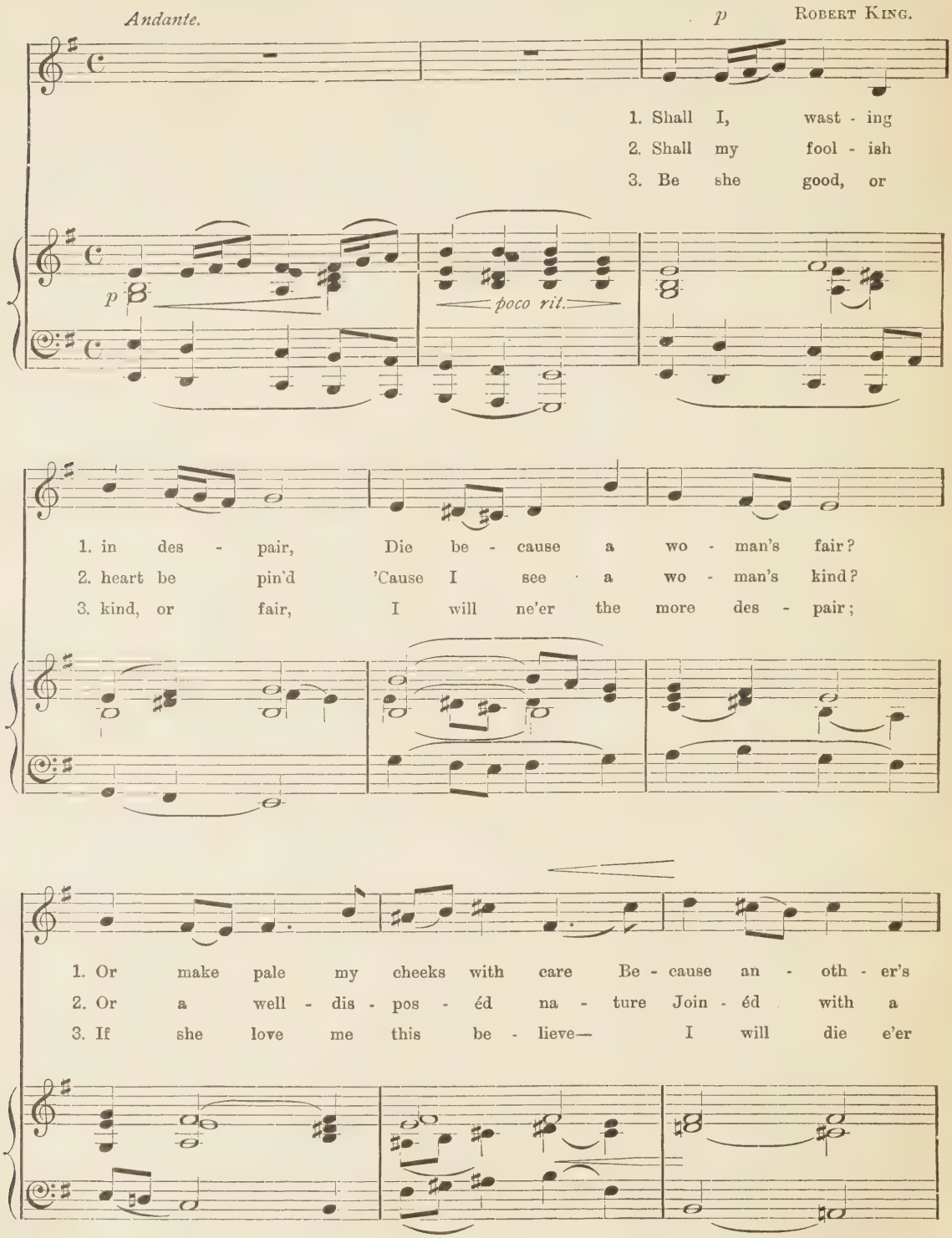
MICHAEL ARNE.

Moderato.
mf
f
mf
1. The top - sails shiv - er
2. Should land - men flat - ter
3. Si - rens in ev - ry
4. These are our cares, but
poco
rit.
mf
1. in the wind, The ship she casts to sea, ... But
2. when we've sail'd, Oh! doubt their art - ful tales; . . . . No
3. port we meet, More fell than rocks or waves; . . . But
4. if you're kind We'll scorn the dash - ing main, ... The

In the *Goldfinch*, a song-book published in Edinburgh with the date 1777, the song is entitled "The Sailor's Farewell, written by Capt. Thomson and set by Mr. Fisher." This is again repeated in the Glasgow and other editions of *The Goldfinch*. The song became immensely popular, and if a tune by Mr. Fisher is extant it certainly was soon superseded by the present one, composed by Michael Arne, and published in sheet form about 1780. Arne's air to the song was printed in *The Musical Miscellany*, Perth, 1786. *Calliope; or, the Vocal Enchantress*, 1788, *Dale's English Songs*, etc. It was sung at Vauxhall by Mr. Arrowsmith.

f
1. yet my soul, my heart, my mind, Are, Ma - ry, moor'd with
2 gal - lant sail - or ev - er fail'd If love breathed con - stant
3. such as grace the Brit - ish fleet Are lov - ers and not
4. rocks, the bil - lows, and the wind, The power of France and
f
mf
cres.
1. thee. For though thy sail - or's bound a - far, Still
2. gales. Thou art the com - pass of my soul, Which
3. slaves. No foes our cour - age shall sub - due Al -
4. Spain. Now, Eng - land's glo - ry rests with you, Our
mf
cres.
1. love shall be his lead - ing star, For though thy sail - or's
2. steers my heart from pole to pole, Thou art the com - pass
3. tho' we've left our hearts with you, No foes our cour - age
4. sails are full, sweet girls, a - dieu! Now, Eng - land's glo - ry
f
rit.
1. bound a - far. Still love shall be his lead - ing star.
2. of my soul Which steers my heart from pole to pole.
3. shall sub - due Al - tho' we've left our hearts with you.
4. rests with you, Our sails are full, sweet girls, a - dieu!
f
rit.

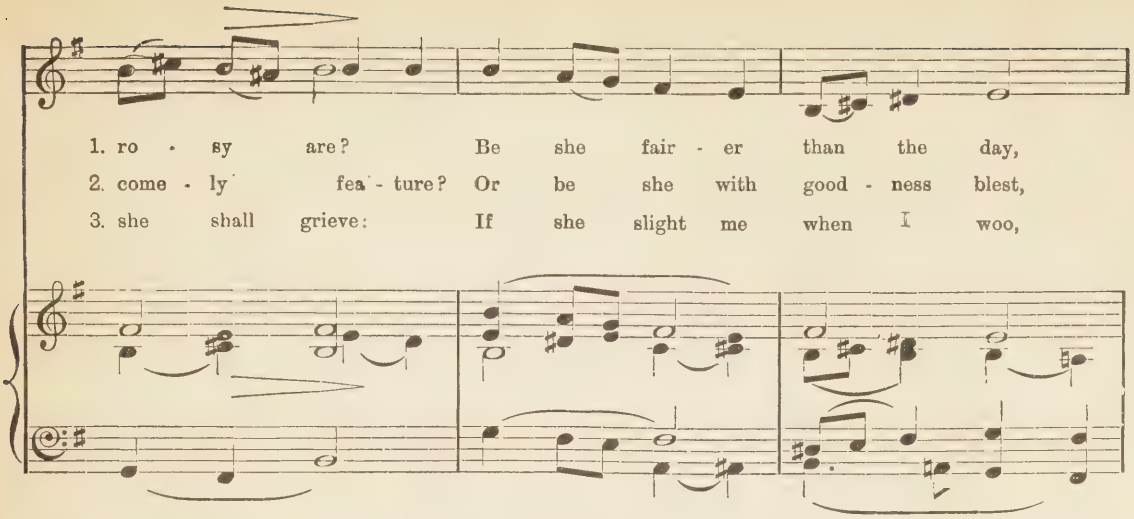
Come, each Gallant Lad.

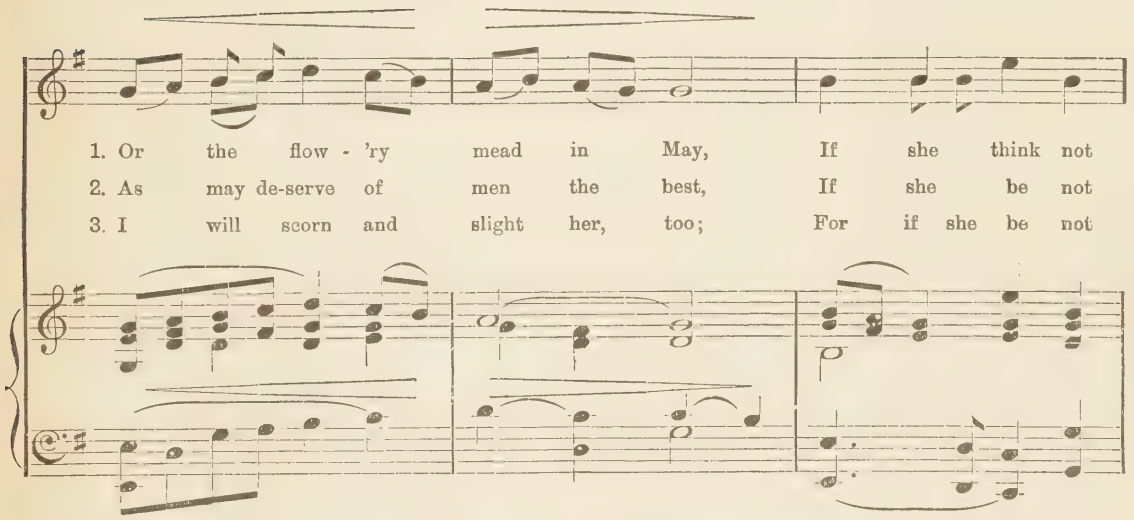

Maestoso.
f
mf
1. Come, each gal - lant lad, who'll for plea - sure quit care, To the
2. Each night gai - ly, lads, thus we mer - ri - ly waste, Till the
3. Now ov - er the bot - tle our val - our we boast, While the
mf
cres.
f
1. drum, to the drum, to the drum - head with spi - rit re -
2. drum, till the drum, till the drum tells us it is
3. drum, while the drum, while the drum beats a roll ev - 'ry
cres.
f

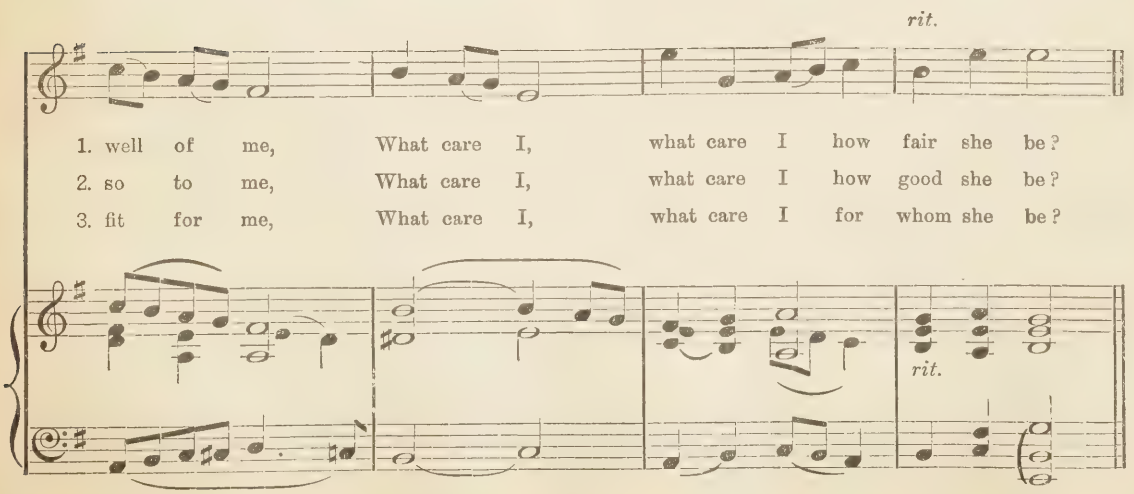
It is noticeable that among English national melody there are remarkably few military songs, while our naval wars during the 17th and 18th centuries produced countless numbers of sea songs. The present 18th century lyric was printed from an old copy in Dr. Kitchiner's *Sea Songs of England*, 1823. The name of the composer and author are alike forgotten.

1. pair. Each re - cruit here takes his glass,
2. past. Pi - quet arms at dawn now shine,
3. toast. For old Eng - land now huz - zah,
ff
mf
cres.
1. Each young sol - dier with his lass, When the drum beats ta-too, When the
2. Each drum ruffs it down the line, Hark, the drum beats reveille, Hark, the
3. There we'll sing, love, dance, and play, And the drum we'll unbrace, And the
ff
mf
cres.
ff
rit.
1. drum beats ta-too, Re - tires, the la - zy hours to pass.
2. drum beats reveille, Sa - lut - ing the day di - vine.
3. drum we'll unbrace Till a war a - gain calls us a - way.
ff
rit.

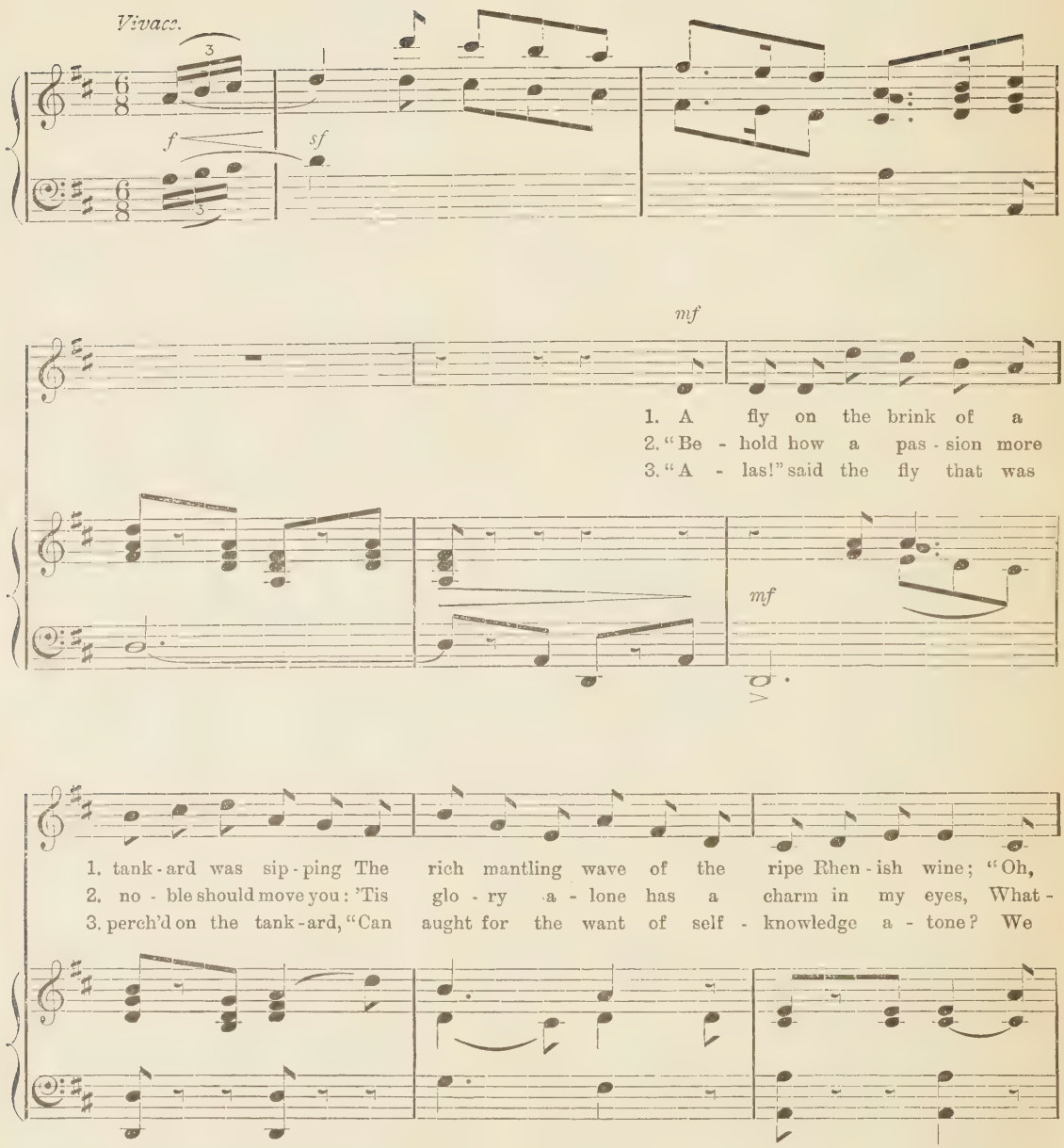
Shall I, Wasting in Despair?

Andante.
p
Robert King.
1. Shall I, wast - ing
2. Shall my fool - ish
3. Be she good, or
p
poco rit.
1. in des - pair, Die be - cause a wo - man's fair?
2. heart be pin'd 'Cause I see a wo - man's kind?
3. kind, or fair, I will ne'er the more des - pair;
1. Or make pale my cheeks with care Be - cause an - oth - er's
2. Or a well - dis - pos - éd na - ture Join - éd with a
3. If she love me this be - lieve— I will die e'er

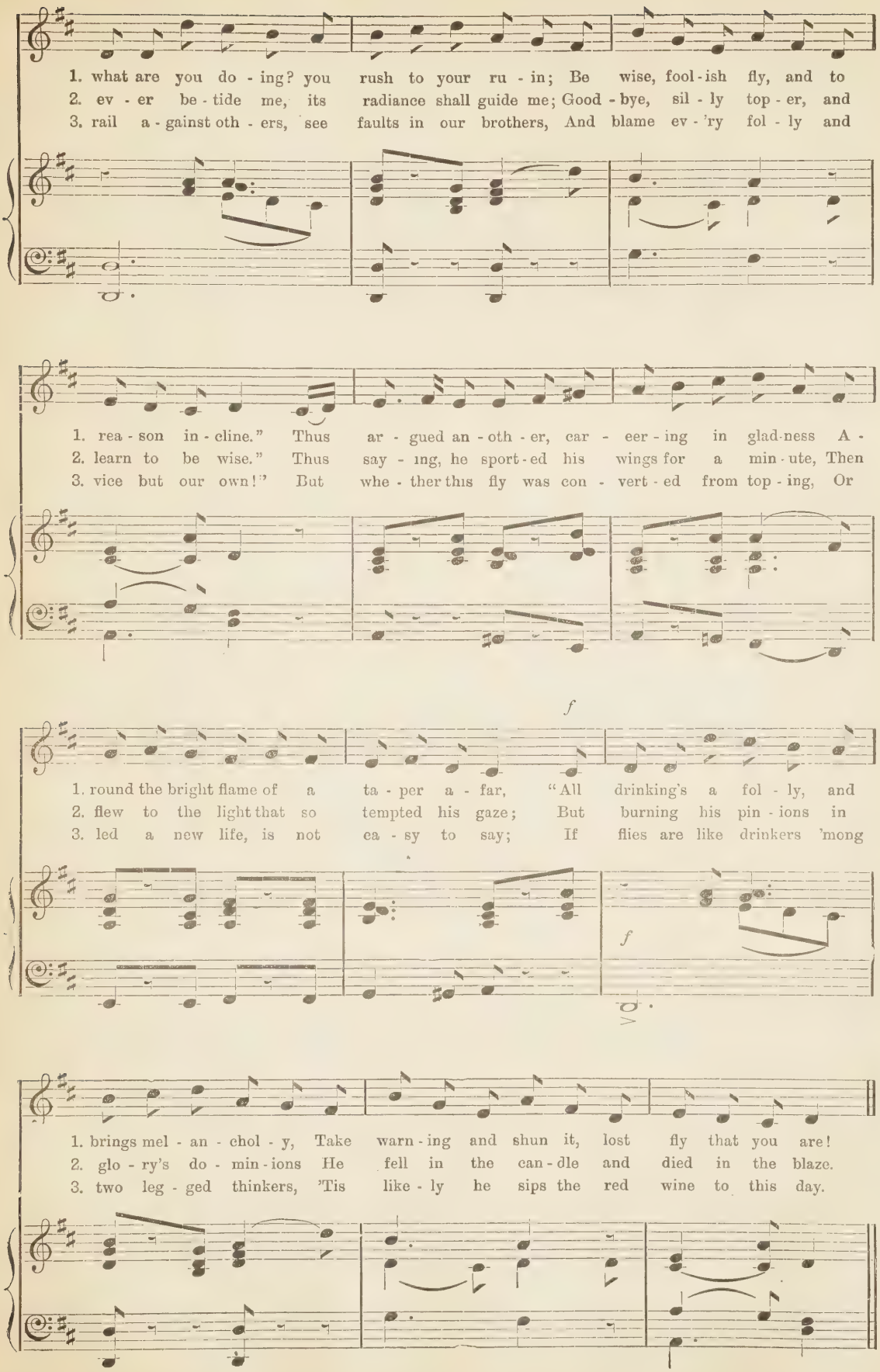
This celebrated poem by George Wither is from his *Mistresse of Philarte*, 1622. There are other versions of this type of poem, one beginning, "Shall I like a Hermit Dwell?" attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh. The song, or poem, has had several musical settings, the one we have selected being taken from *Pills*, vol. iv., p. 120, 1719, where, as "Love for Love," it is "set by Mr. King." Another and much later melody to the words is in *The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany*, 1792; the late Henry Phillips, the singer, rediscovered the song and made it a great success. The "Mr. King," who is the composer of the air we print, was probably Robert King, who died in 1711.


1. ro - sy are? Be she fair - er than the day,
2. come - ly fea - ture? Or be she with good - ness blest,
3. she shall grieve: If she slight me when I woo,

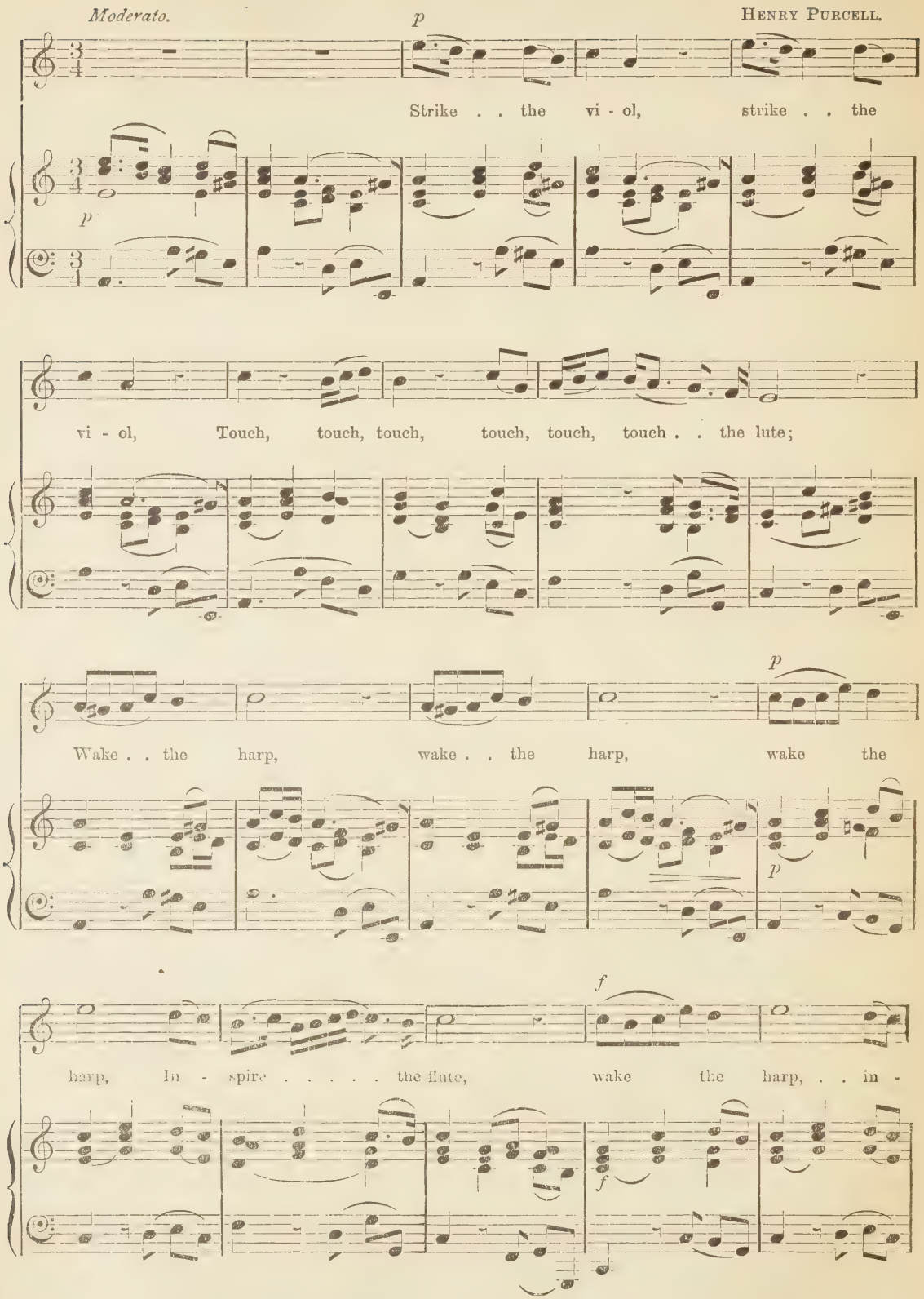

1. Or the flow - 'ry mead in May, If she think not
2. As may de-serve of men the best, If she be not
3. I will scorn and slight her, too; For if she be not


rit.
1. well of me, What care I, what care I how fair she be?
2. so to me, What care I, what care I how good she be?
3. fit for me, What care I, what care I for whom she be?
rit.

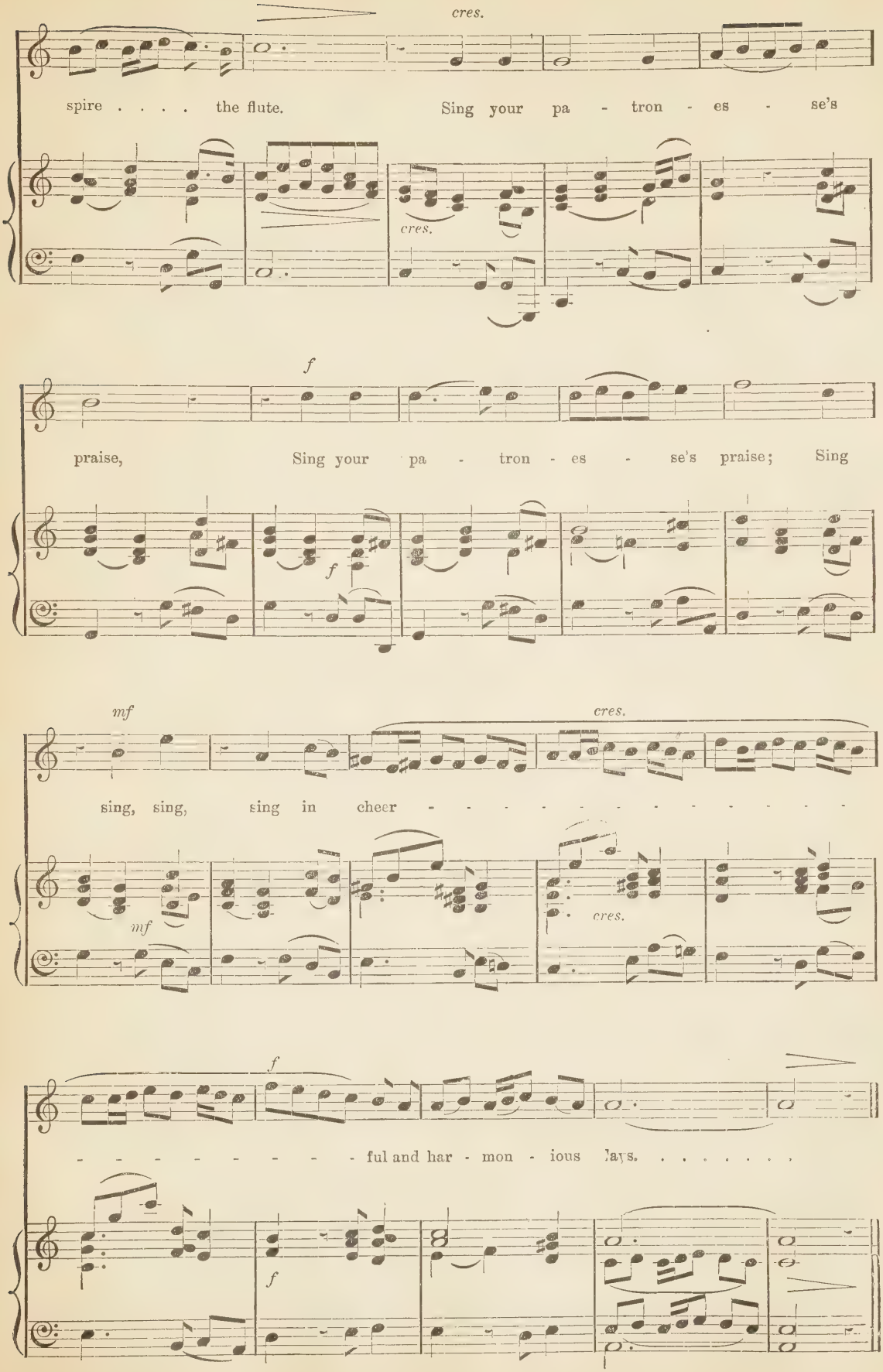
Wine and Glory.

Vivace.
f
sf
mf
1. A fly on the brink of a
2. "Be - hold how a pas - sion more
3. "A - las!" said the fly that was
mf
1. tank - ard was sip - ping The rich mantling wave of the ripe Rhen - ish wine; "Oh,
2. no - ble should move you: 'Tis glo - ry a - lone has a charm in my eyes, What -
3. perch'd on the tank - ard, "Can aught for the want of self - knowledge a - tone? We

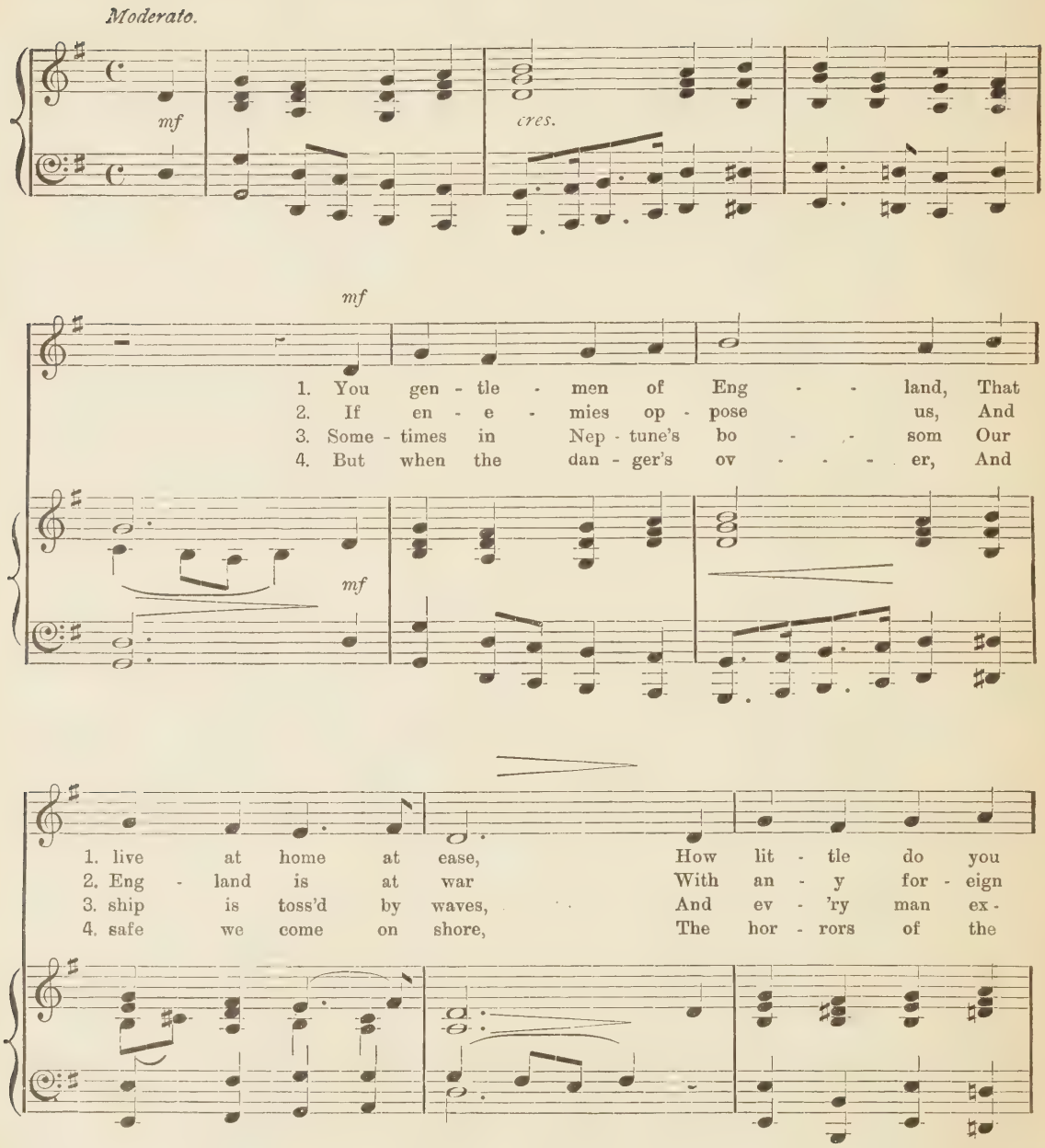
The old name of this tune is "The Bath Medley," from a song commencing:—"The Spring's a-coming, all Nature is blooming," written by Tony Aston, and included in Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol i., 1729. It is a clever but rather rambling description of fashionable life in the city of Bath at the period of the lyric. Another song set to the tune was "Young Virgins Love Pleasure," from the ballad opera, *The Beggar's Wedding;* it was also employed in numerous other ballad operas of the day. In the third volume of *The Dancing Master, circa* 1726, the air is named "Humours of the Bath." In place of the rather unvocal "Bath Medley," a fine song which the late Dr. Charles Mackay wrote to the melody and published nearly half a century ago is taken.

1. what are you do - ing? you rush to your ru - in; Be wise, fool - ish fly, and to
2. ev - er be - tide me, its radiance shall guide me; Good - bye, sil - ly top - er, and
3. rail a - gainst oth - ers, see faults in our brothers, And blame ev - 'ry fol - ly and
1. rea - son in - cline." Thus ar - gued an - oth - er, car - eer - ing in glad - ness A -
2. learn to be wise." Thus say - ing, he sport - ed his wings for a min - ute, Then
3. vice but our own!" But whe - ther this fly was con - vert - ed from top - ing, Or
f
1. round the bright flame of a ta - per a - far, "All drinking's a fol - ly, and
2. flew to the light that so tempted his gaze; But burning his pin - ions in
3. led a new life, is not ea - sy to say; If flies are like drinkers 'mong
f
1. brings mel - an - chol - y, Take warn - ing and shun it, lost fly that you are!
2. glo - ry's do - min - ions He fell in the can - dle and died in the blaze.
3. two leg - ged thinkers, 'Tis like - ly he sips the red wine to this day.

Strike the Viol.

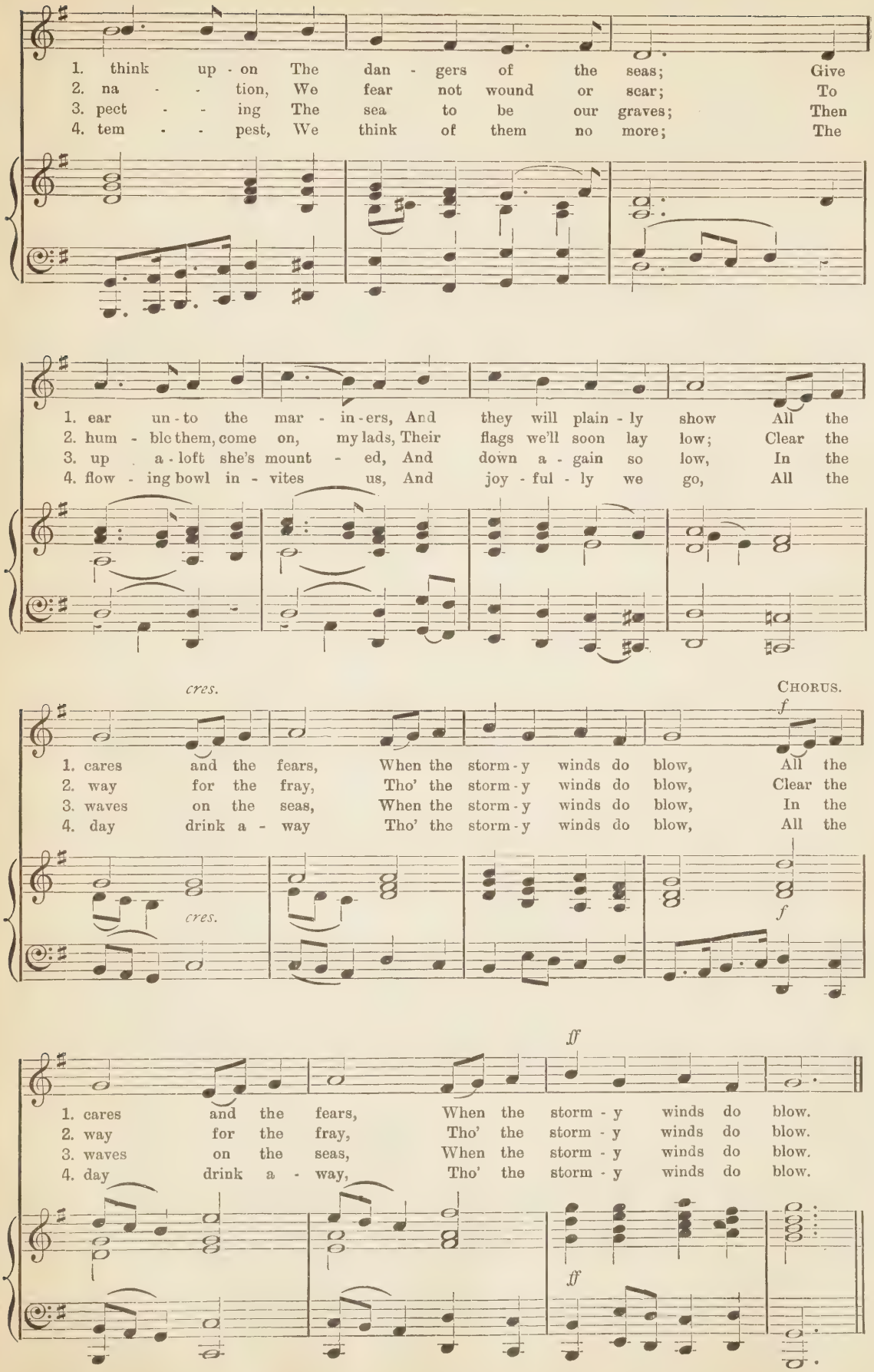

Moderato.
p
HENRY PURCELL.
Strike . . the vi - ol, strike . . the
vi - ol, Touch, touch, touch, touch, touch, touch . . the lute;
Wake . . the harp, wake . . the harp, wake the
harp, In - spire . . . . . the flute, wake the harp, . . in -

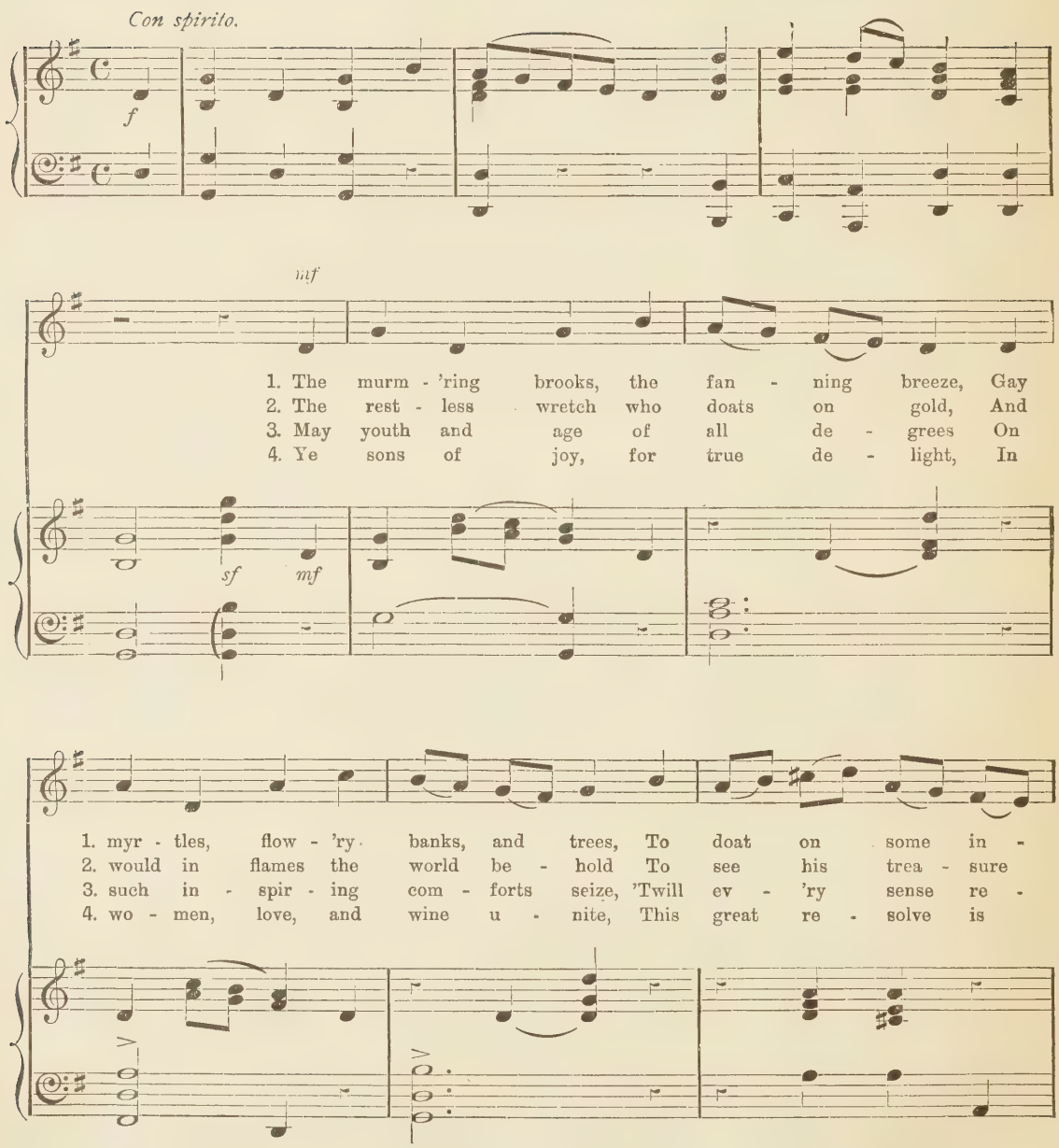
A fine and but little known specimen of Henry Purcell's music. The song and air were printed for the first time in the *Orpheus Britannicus*, vol. i., 1698. The fine work under this title is a collection of Henry Purcell's compositions, issued three years after the composer's death by Henry Playford, a second volume being printed in 1702. It is adorned with a portrait, and later editions were published in 1709-1711 and 1721. John Walsh, at a subsequent date, published an *Orpheus Britannicus*, made up of single half-sheet songs, the composition of Purcell, which he had issued from time to time. It contains, however, only a small selection compared with the original Playford edition.

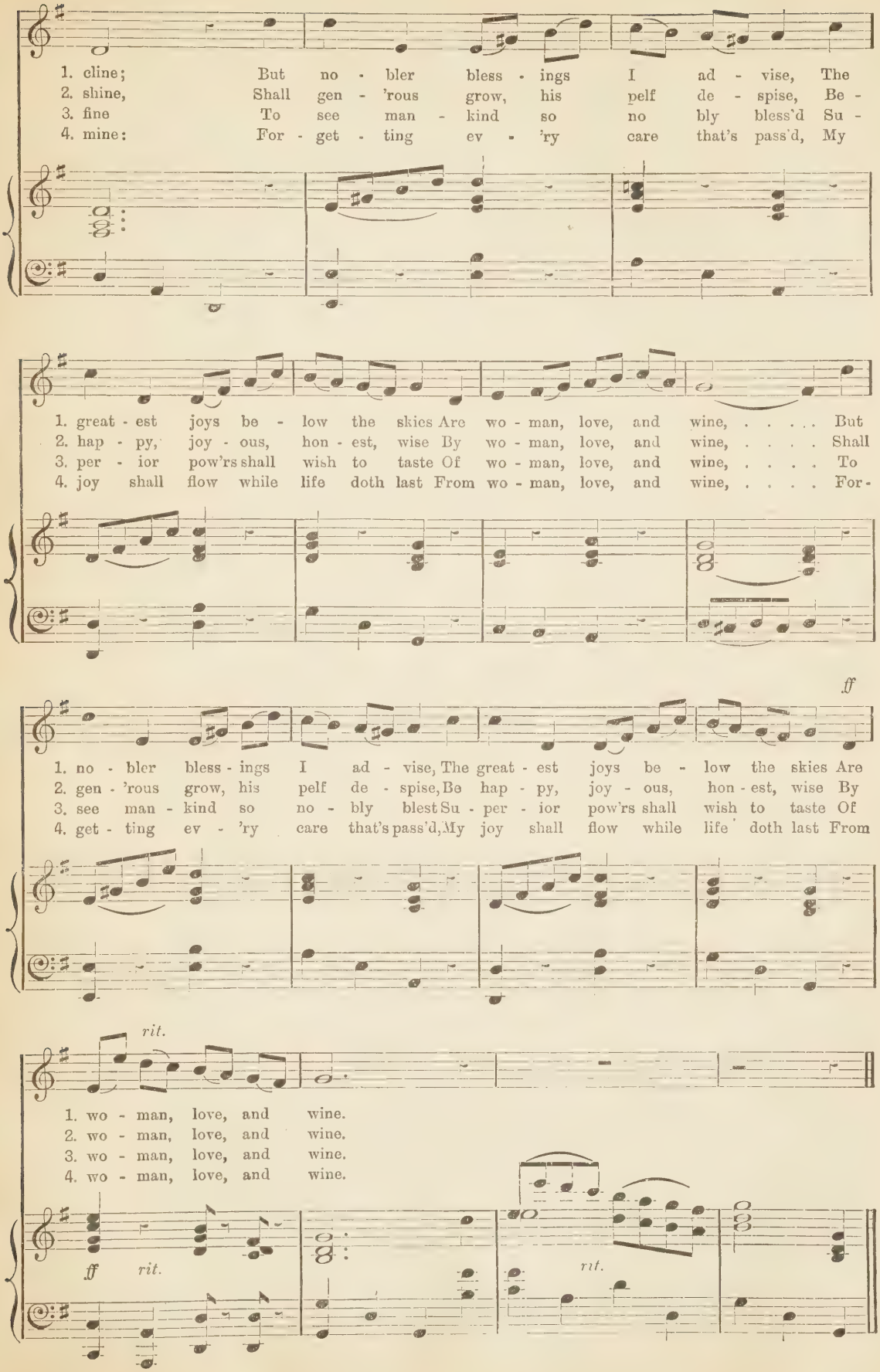

cres.
spire . . . . the flute. Sing your pa - tron - es - se's
cres.
f
praise, Sing your pa - tron - es - se's praise; Sing
f
mf
cres.
sing, sing, sing in cheer - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
mf
cres.
f
- - - - - - - - - ful and har - mon - ious lays. . . . . .
f

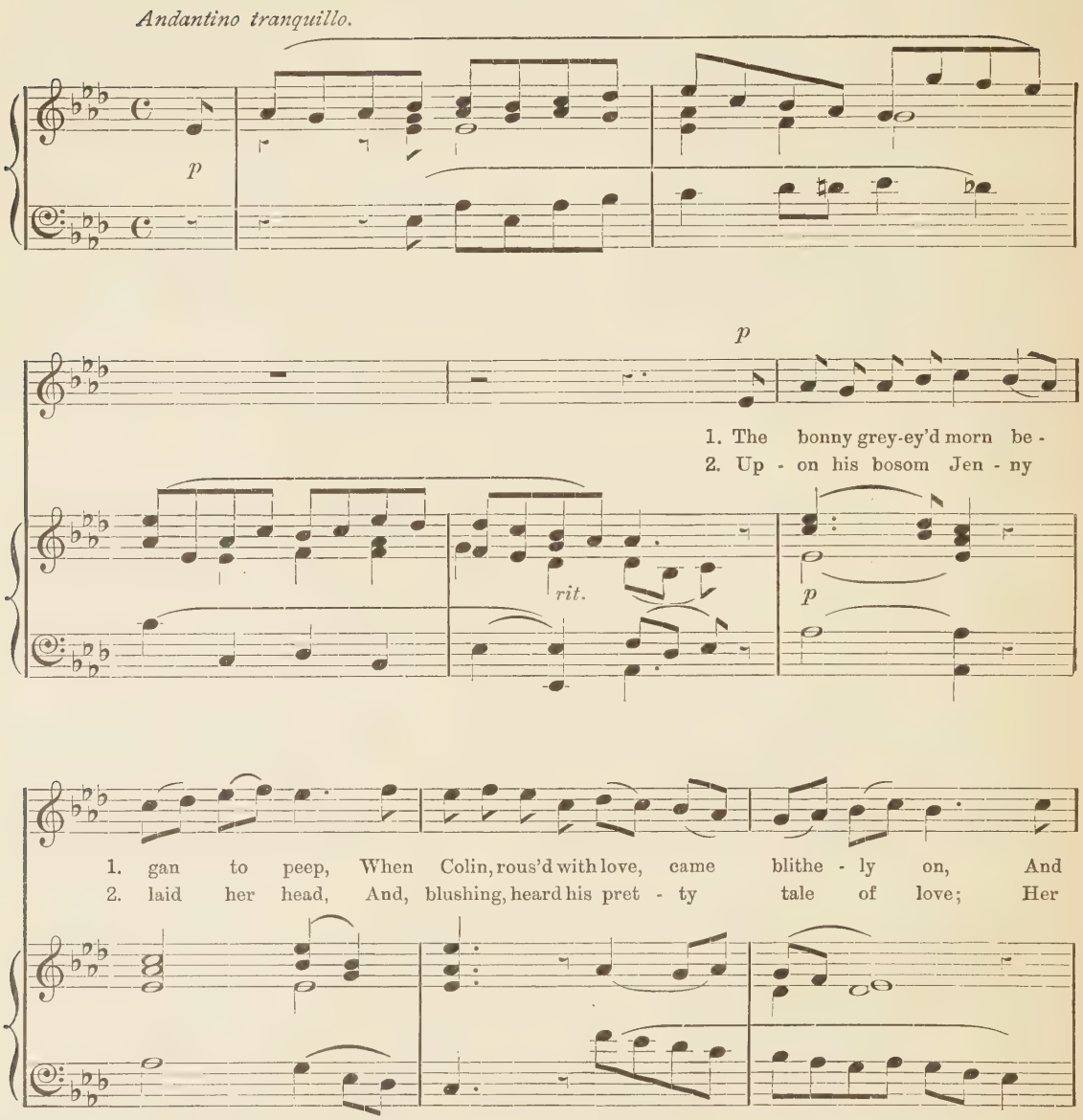
You Gentlemen of England.

Moderato.
mf
cres.
mf
1. You gen - tle - men of Eng - - land, That
2. If en - e - mies op - pose us, And
3. Some - times in Nep - tune's bo - - som Our
4. But when the dan - ger's ov - - - - er, And
mf
1. live at home at ease, How lit - tle do you
2. Eng - land is at war With an - y for - eign
3. ship is toss'd by waves, And ev - 'ry man ex -
4. safe we come on shore, The hor - rors of the

Dr. Callcott's well-known glee, under the title "The New Mariners," was written to the above words in the early part of the 19th century, and has, as far as popularity goes, superseded the fine old original air, a version of which is printed in two editions of *180 Loyal Songs*, 1686 and 1694. Another copy is given in Ritson's *English Songs*, 1783, and is the one employed above. The ballad itself is very long and varies a good deal in the several copies. One by Martin Parker, the 17th century ballad writer, is entitled, "Saylers for my Money," and the tune is frequently named from the refrain, "When the stormy winds do blow. This refrain is also used for a number of other sailor ballads.

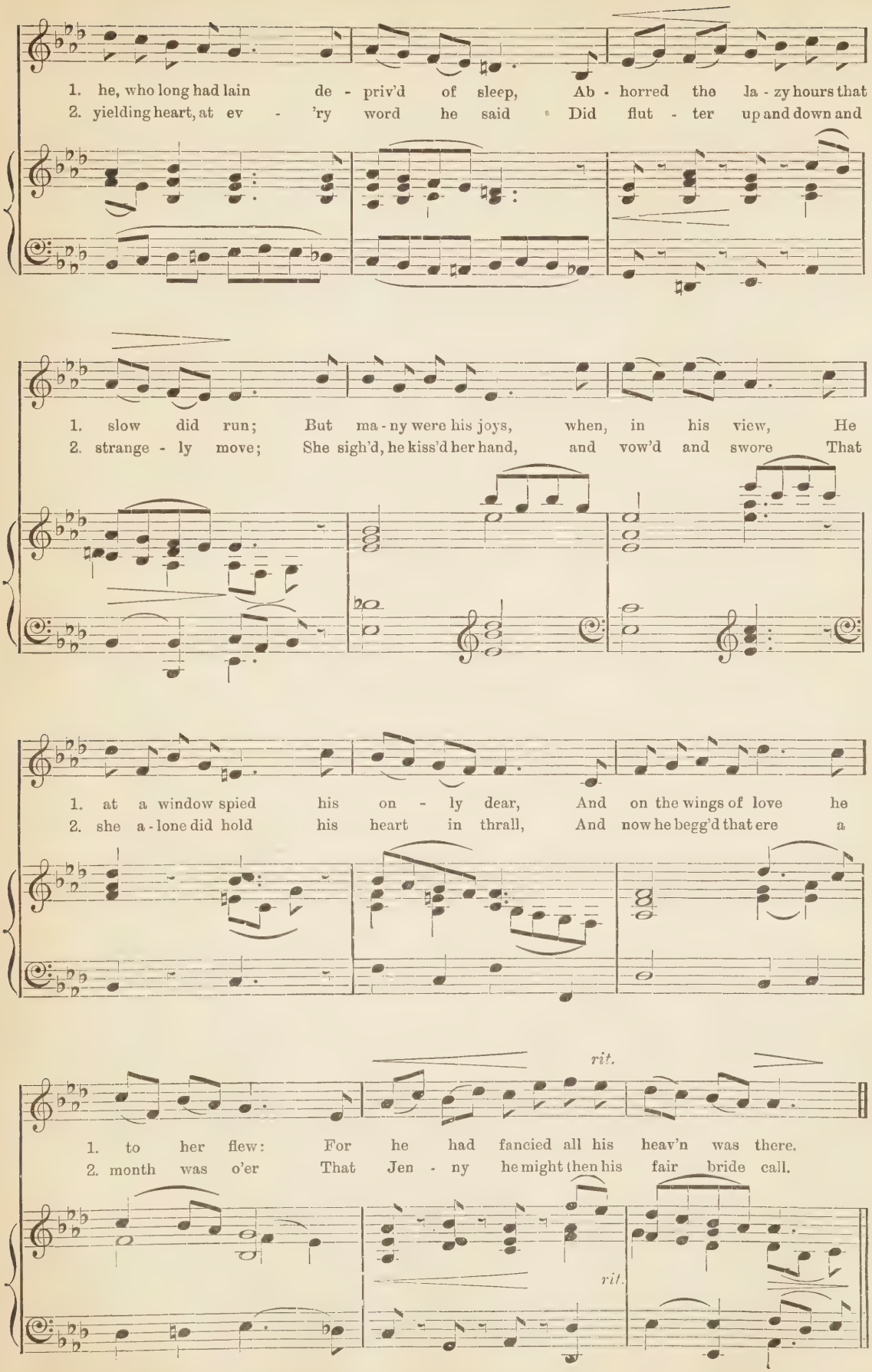
As in the case of Dr. Callcott's composition superseding the original air, so has Thomas Campbell's fine lyric, "Ye Mariners of England" now supplanted the old words.

1. think up - on The dan - gers of the seas; Give
2. na - - tion, We fear not wound or scar; To
3. pect - - ing The sea to be our graves; Then
4. tem - - pest, We think of them no more; The
1. ear un - to the mar - in - ers, And they will plain - ly show All the
2. hum - ble them, come on, my lads, Their flags we'll soon lay low; Clear the
3. up a - loft she's mount - ed, And down a - gain so low, In the
4. flow - ing bowl in - vites us, And joy - ful - ly we go, All the
cres.
CHORUS.
f
1. cares and the fears, When the storm - y winds do blow, All the
2. way for the fray, Tho' the storm - y winds do blow, Clear the
3. waves on the seas, When the storm - y winds do blow, In the
4. day drink a - way Tho' the storm - y winds do blow, All the
cres.
f
ff
1. cares and the fears, When the storm - y winds do blow.
2. way for the fray, Tho' the storm - y winds do blow.
3. waves on the seas, When the storm - y winds do blow.
4. day drink a - way, Tho' the storm - y winds do blow.
ff

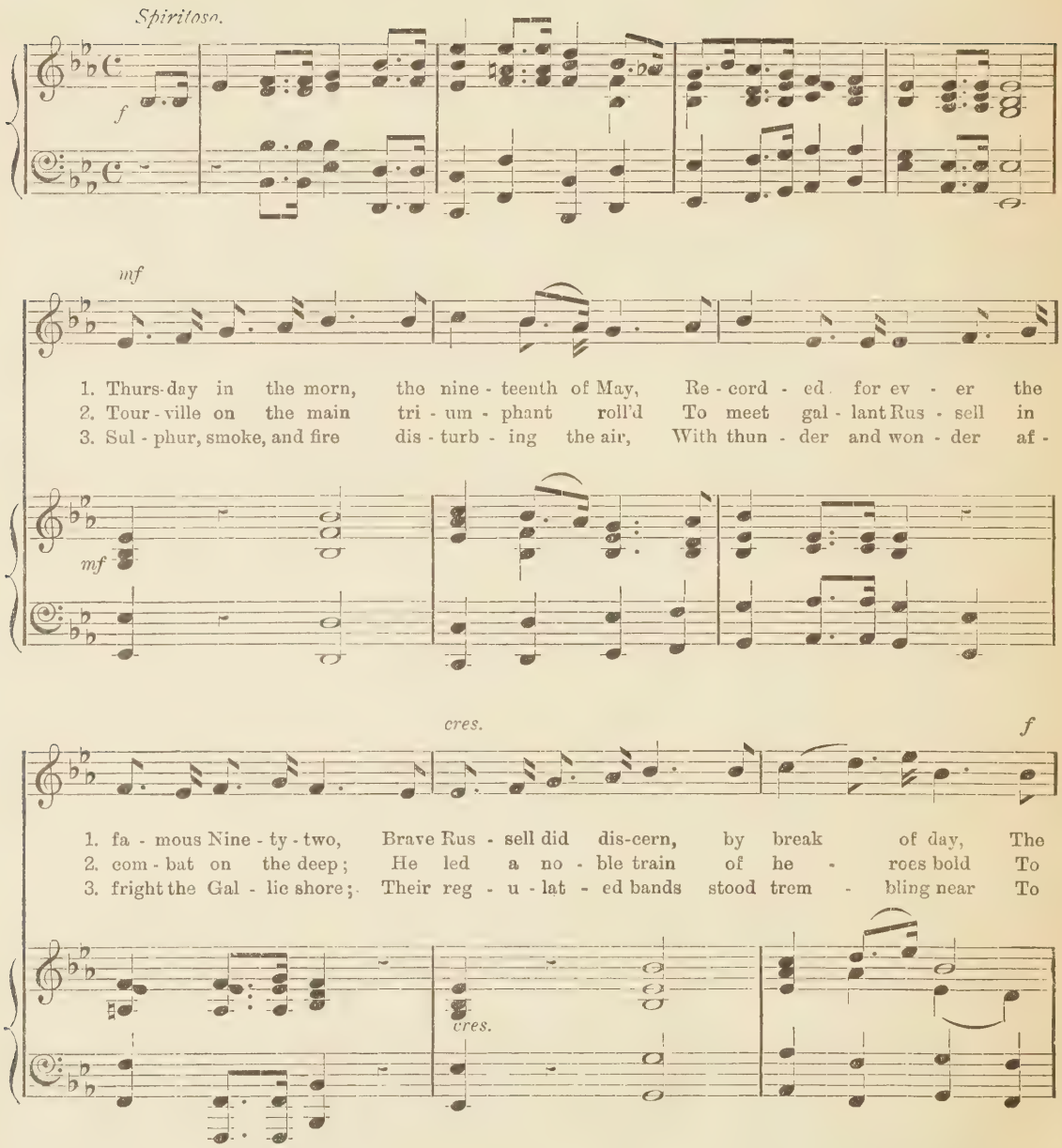
Woman, Love, and Wine.

Con spirito.
f
mf
1. The murm - 'ring brooks, the fan - ning breeze, Gay
2. The rest - less wretch who doats on gold, And
3. May youth and age of all de - grees On
4. Ye sons of joy, for true de - light, In
sf
mf
1. myr - tles, flow - 'ry banks, and trees, To doat on some in -
2. would in flames the world be - hold To see his trea - sure
3. such in - spir - ing com - forts seize, 'Twill ev - 'ry sense re -
4. wo - men, love, and wine u - nite, This great re - solve is

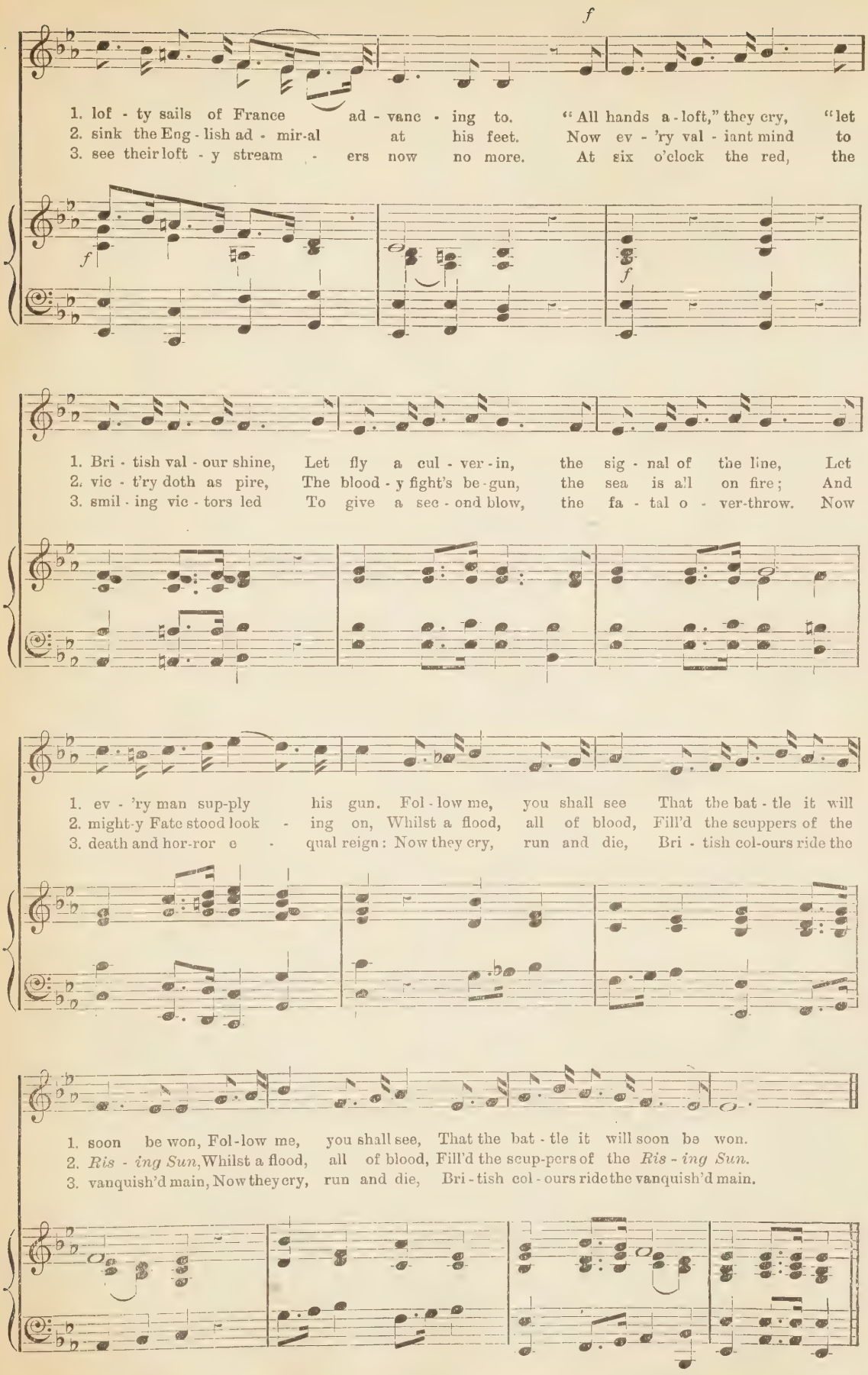
A clever little song taken from *Vocal Music; or, the Songster's Companion*, printed by Robert Horsfield, *circa* 1770-2. No composer's or author's name is there indicated.

1. cline; But no - bler bless - ings I ad - vise, The
2. shine, Shall gen - 'rous grow, his pelf de - spise, Be -
3. fine To see man - kind so no bly bless'd Su -
4. mine: For - get - ting ev - 'ry care that's pass'd, My
1. great - est joys be - low the skies Are wo - man, love, and wine, ... But
2. hap - py, joy - ous, hon - est, wise By wo - man, love, and wine, ... Shall
3. per - ior pow'rs shall wish to taste Of wo - man, love, and wine, ... To
4. joy shall flow while life doth last From wo - man, love, and wine, ... For -
ff
1. no - bler bless - ings I ad - vise, The great - est joys be - low the skies Are
2. gen - 'rous grow, his pelf de - spise, Be hap - py, joy - ous, hon - est, wise By
3. see man - kind so no - bly blest Su - per - ior pow'rs shall wish to taste Of
4. get - ting ev - 'ry care that's pass'd, My joy shall flow while life doth last From
rit.
1. wo - man, love, and wine.
2. wo - man, love, and wine.
3. wo - man, love, and wine.
4. wo - man, love, and wine.
ff
rit.
rit.

The Bonny Grey-Ey'd Morn.

Andantino tranquillo.
p
p
1. The bonny grey-ey'd morn be -
2. Up - on his bosom Jen - ny
rit.
p
1. gan to peep, When Colin, rous'd with love, came blithe - ly on, And
2. laid her head, And, blushing, heard his pret - ty tale of love; Her

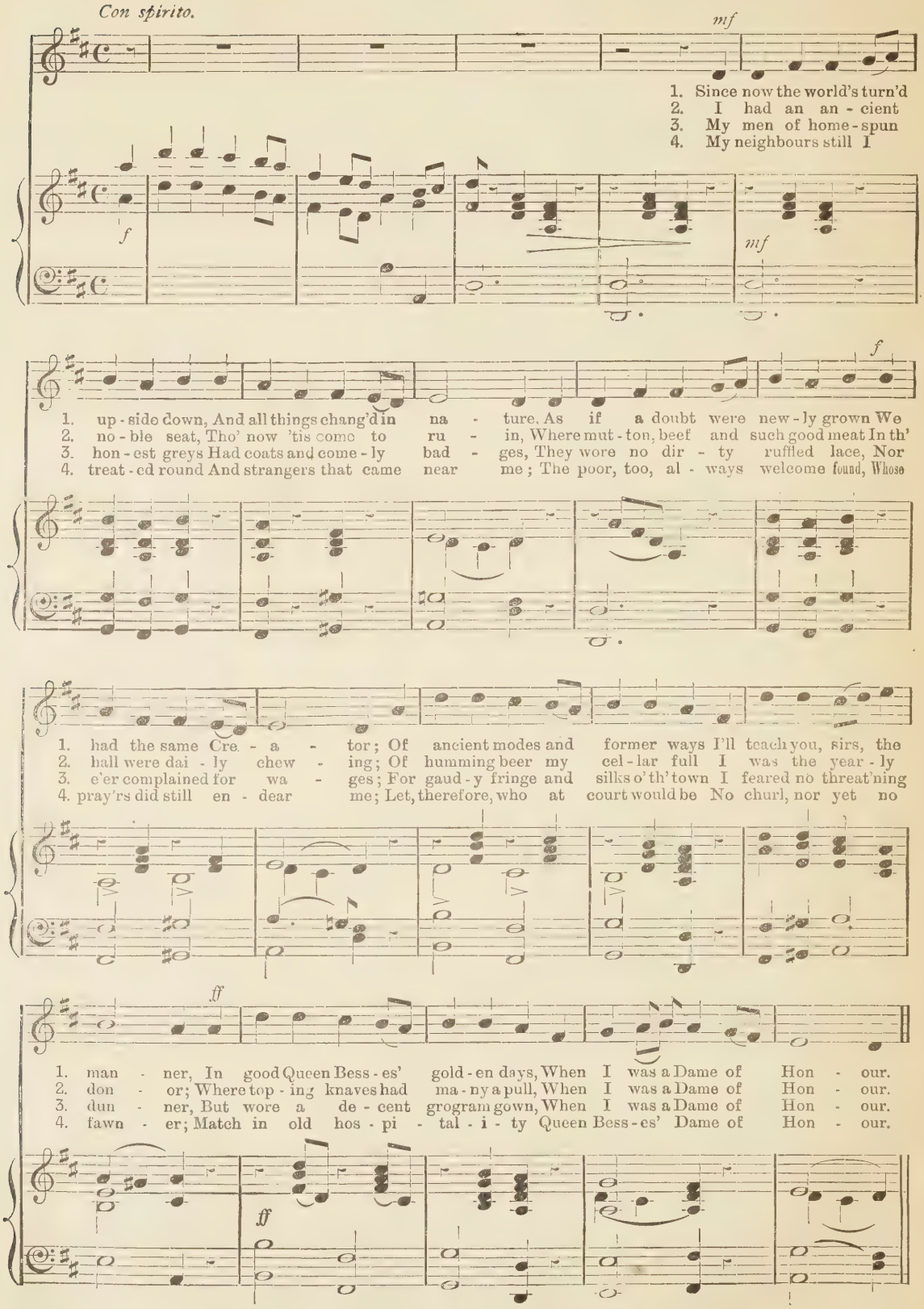
This has been claimed as a Scottish melody, but Hawkins asserts that it was composed by Jeremiah Clark, and was introduced in D'Urfey's comedy, *The Fond Husband, or, The Plotting Sisters*, acted in 1676. The air, under its own title, is in the additional sheet to the second part of the *Dancing Master*, 1696 and 1698, while it also appears in the 1703, 1716, and later editions of the *Dancing Master*. With the words it is contained in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1698, 1707, vol. i., and in vol. iii. of the 1719 edition. Allan Ramsay used the tune with fresh words in *The Gentle Shepherd*, 1725, as did Gay in *The Beggars' Opera*, 1727-8.

From its introduction in Allan Ramsay's work it was considered by Scottish collectors as belonging to Scottish national melody and was printed as such in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion* and many other works. Stenhouse, in his notes to *Johnson's Museum*, doubts the statement that Jeremiah Clark was the composer of "The Bonny Grey-Ey'd Morn." He had sufficient reason for this if Clark was born in 1669 (Brown and Stratton say "or earlier"), and if the tune came out with the first performance of *The Fond Husband* in 1676. There does not appear to be a copy of the first edition of the play in the British Museum Library, and the song is not printed in either the 1685 or the 1711 editions. It may be that it was introduced by some singer at a subsequent period, and Hawkins perhaps has found it stated on a music sheet to be sung by such singer. Personally, I am unable to trace the air in print prior to 1696, but both words and tune indicate it to be an Anglo-Scotch song of that period. As the old words are scarcely fitted for the modern drawing-room the above adaptation of them is used instead.

1. he, who long had lain de - priv'd of sleep, Ab - horred the la - zy hours that
2. yielding heart, at ev - 'ry word he said Did flut - ter up and down and
1. slow did run; But ma - ny were his joys, when, in his view, He
2. strange - ly move; She sigh'd, he kiss'd her hand, and vow'd and swore That
1. at a window spied his on - ly dear, And on the wings of love he
2. she a - lone did hold his heart in thrall, And now he begg'd that ere a
rit.
1. to her flew: For he had fancied all his heav'n was there.
2. month was o'er That Jen - ny he might then his fair bride call.
rit.

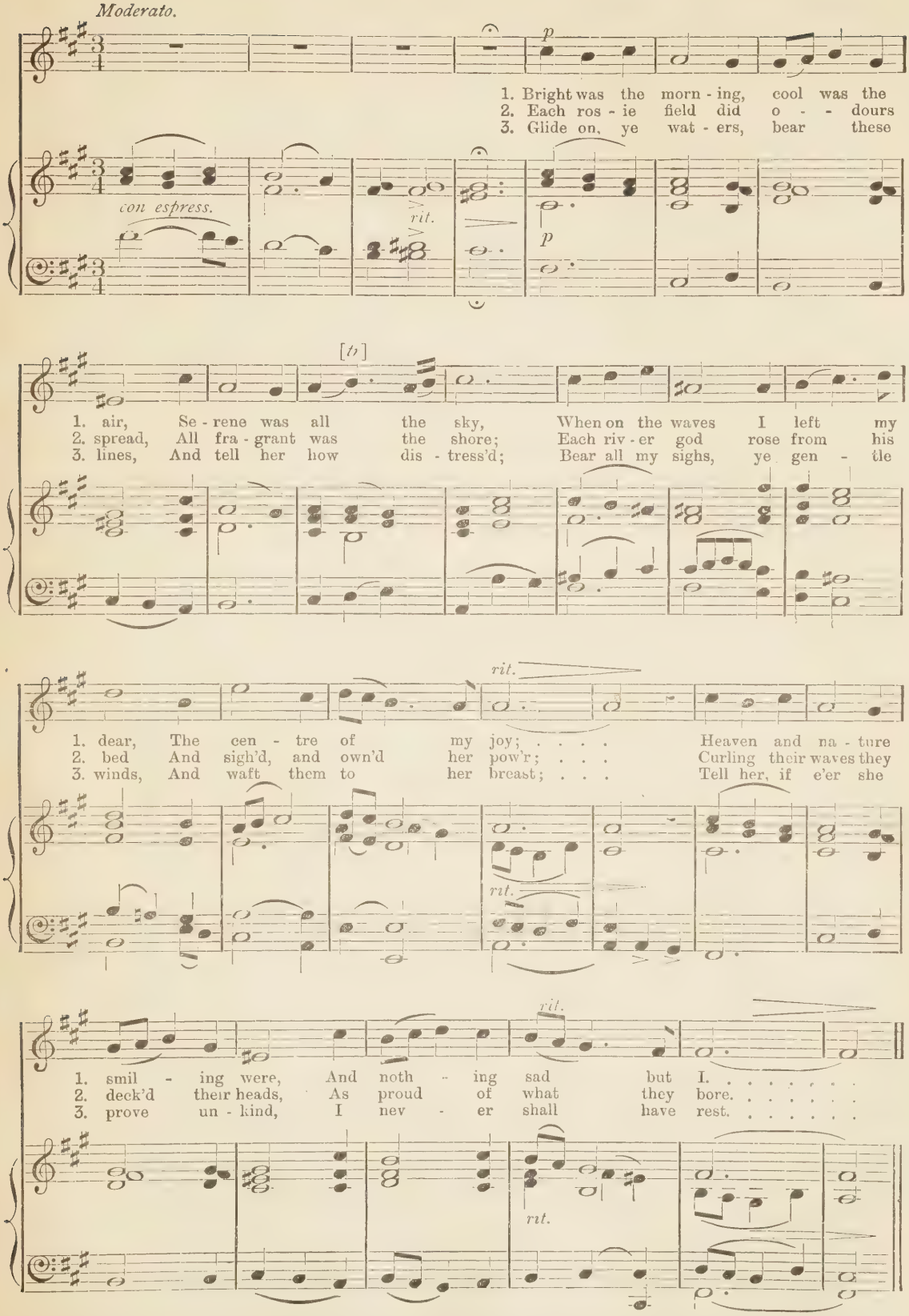
Russell's Triumph.

Spiritoso.
f
mf
1. Thurs-day in the morn, the nine-teenth of May, Re-cord-ed for ev-er the
2. Tour-ville on the main tri-um-phant roll'd To meet gal-lant Rus-sell in
3. Sul-phur, smoke, and fire dis-turb-ing the air, With thun-der and won-der af-
mf
cres.
f
1. fa-mous Nine-ty-two, Brave Rus-sell did dis-cern, by break of day, The
2. com-bat on the deep; He led a no-ble train of he-roes bold To
3. fright the Gal-lic shore; Their reg-u-lat-ed bands stood trem-bling near To
cres.

An early sea song, which for over a hundred years enjoyed great popularity. It relates to the victory of the English (under Admiral Russell), combined with the Dutch, over a large French fleet, off Cape la Hogue, on May 19th, 1692. The victory was celebrated by Queen Mary by the giving up of her palace at Greenwich for the use of disabled seamen, and by the foundation of the present Greenwich Hospital. The song and the tune, under the title, "'The Sea Fight in Ninety-two,' set by Mr. Akeroyde,'" appear in *Pills*, iv., 1719, and later on half-sheets and in many song books. Copies of the air vary considerably, especially in the first four bars of the second strain; the earliest and best is here used. In regard to the words, early versions begin, "Thursday in the morn the *Ides* of May." Samuel Akeroyde, the composer of the melody, was a Yorkshireman, whose compositions figure largely in the later publications of Henry Playford and D'Urfey.

f
1. lof - ty sails of France ad - vanc - ing to. "All hands a - loft," they cry, "let
2. sink the Eng - lish ad - mir-al at his feet. Now ev - 'ry val - iant mind to
3. see their loft - y stream - ers now no more. At six o'clock the red, the
f
f
1. Bri - tish val - our shine, Let fly a cul - ver - in, the sig - nal of the line, Let
2. vic - t'ry doth as pire, The blood - y fight's be - gun, the sea is all on fire; And
3. smil - ing vic - tors led To give a sec - ond blow, the fa - tal o - ver-throw. Now
1. ev - 'ry man sup-ply his gun. Fol - low me, you shall see That the bat - tle it will
2. might-y Fate stood look - ing on, Whilst a flood, all of blood, Fill'd the scuppers of the
3. death and hor-ror e - qual reign: Now they cry, run and die, Bri - tish col-ours ride the
1. soon be won, Fol - low me, you shall see, That the bat - tle it will soon be won.
2. *Ris - ing Sun,* Whilst a flood, all of blood, Fill'd the scup-pers of the *Ris - ing Sun.*
3. vanquish'd main, Now they cry, run and die, Bri - tish col - ours ride the vanquish'd main.

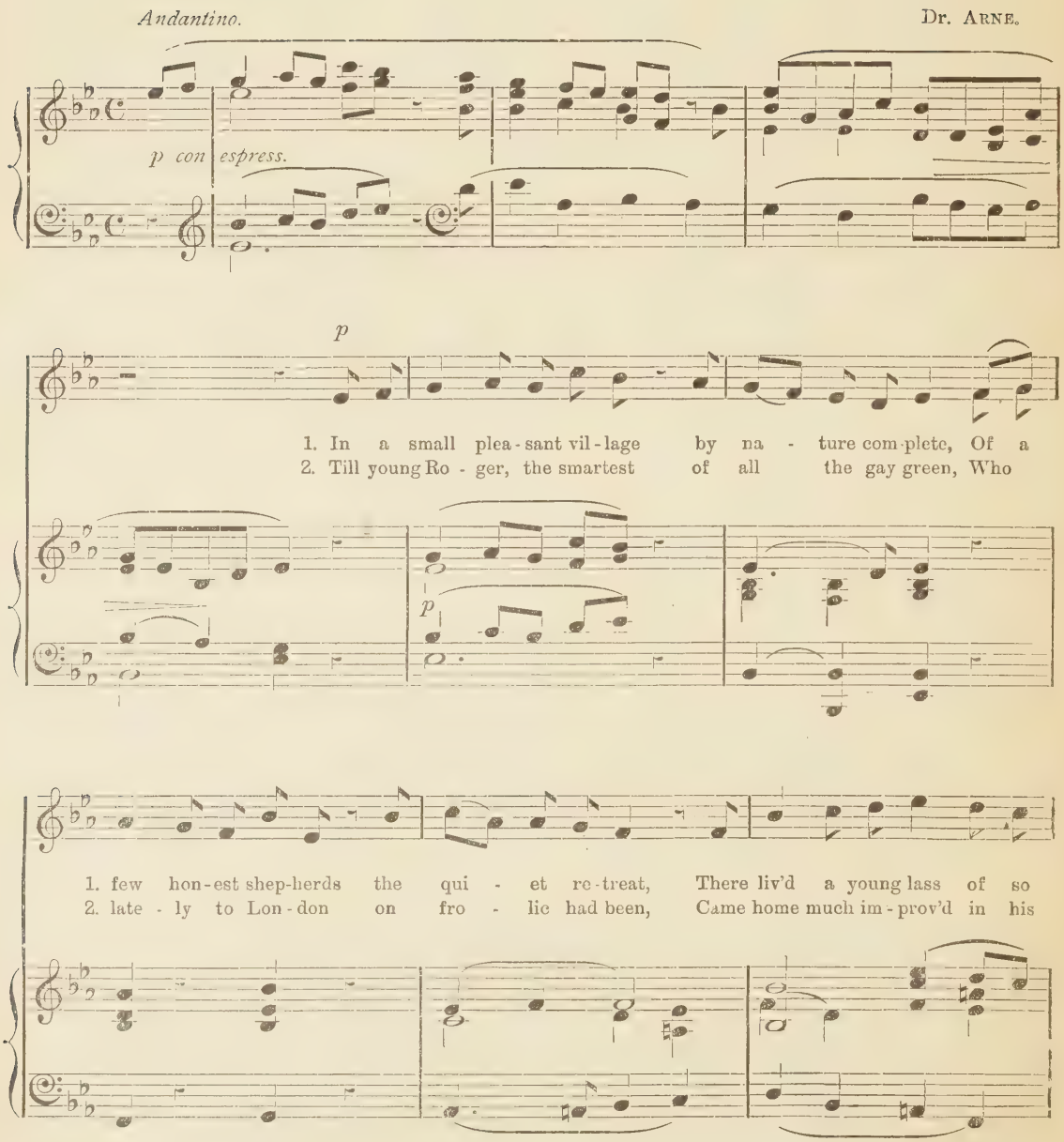
Queen Besses' Dame of Honour.

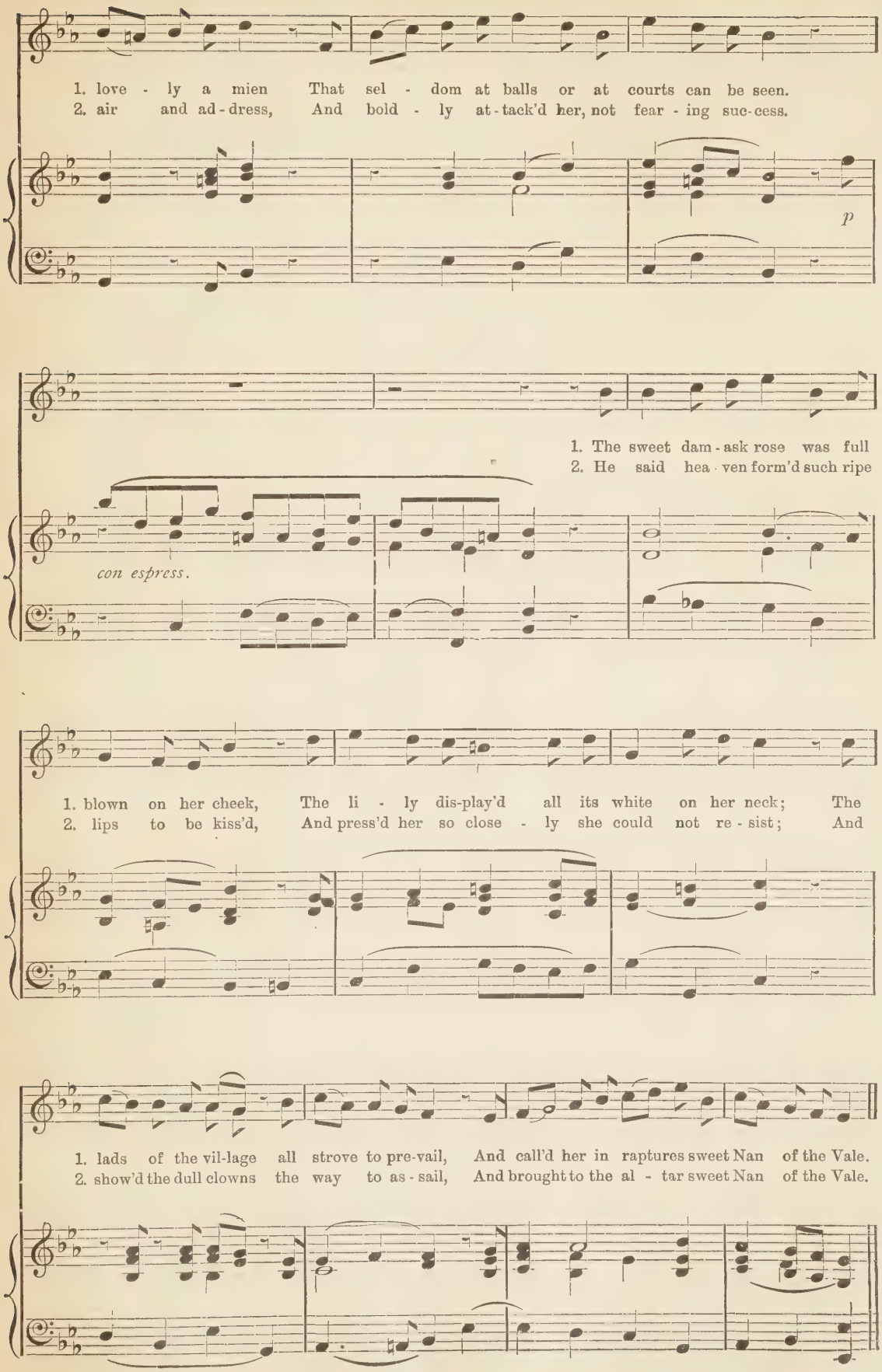
Air—"I am a lusty, lively lad."

Con spirito.
mf
1. Since now the world's turn'd
2. I had an an - cient
3. My men of home - spun
4. My neighbours still I
f
mf
f
1. up - side down, And all things chang'd in na - ture. As if a doubt were new - ly grown We
2. no - ble seat, Tho' now 'tis come to ru - in, Where mut - ton, beef and such good meat In th'
3. hon - est greys Had coats and come - ly bad - ges, They wore no dir - ty ruffled lace, Nor
4. treat - ed round And strangers that came near me; The poor, too, al - ways welcome found, Whose
1. had the same Cre - a - tor; Of ancient modes and former ways I'll teach you, sirs, the
2. hall were dai - ly chew - ing; Of humming beer my cel - lar full I was the year - ly
3. e'er complained for wa - ges; For gaud - y fringe and silks o' th' town I feared no threat'ning
4. pray'rs did still en - dear me; Let, therefore, who at court would be No churl, nor yet no
ff
1. man - ner, In good Queen Bess - es' gold - en days, When I was a Dame of Hon - our.
2. don - or; Where top - ing knaves had ma - ny a pull, When I was a Dame of Hon - our.
3. dun - ner, But wore a de - cent grogram gown, When I was a Dame of Hon - our.
4. fawn - er; Match in old hos - pi - tal - i - ty Queen Bess - es' Dame of Hon - our.
ff

For note to this song see Appendix.

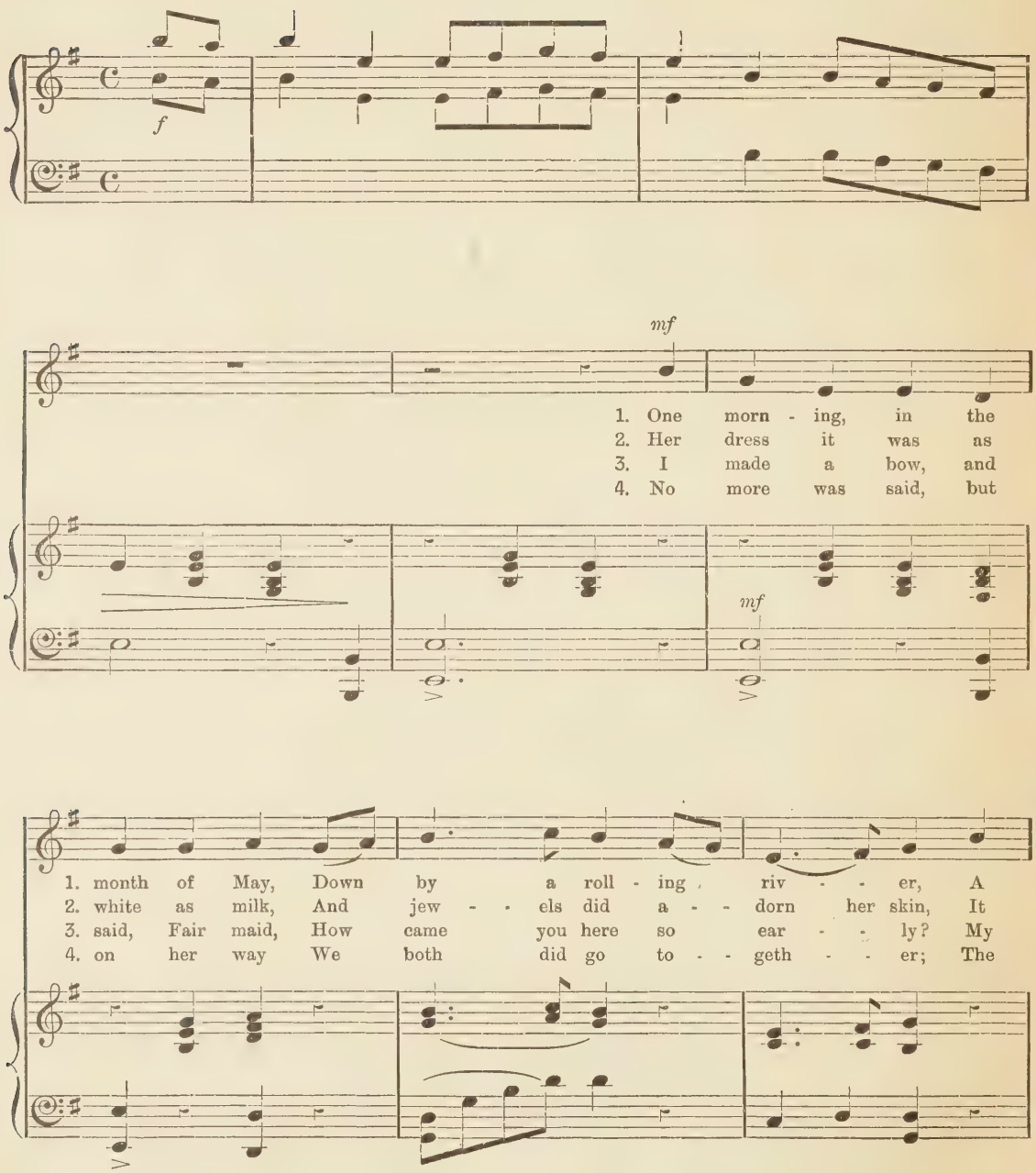
Bright was the Morning.

Moderato.
p
1. Bright was the morn - ing, cool was the
2. Each ros - ie field did o - - dours
3. Glide on, ye wat - ers, bear these
con espress.
rit.
p
[b]
1. air, Se - rene was all the sky, When on the waves I left my
2. spread, All fra - grant was the shore; Each riv - er god rose from his
3. lines, And tell her how dis - tress'd; Bear all my sighs, ye gen - tle
rit.
1. dear, The cen - tre of my joy; . . . . Heaven and na - ture
2. bed And sigh'd, and own'd her pow'r; . . . Curling their waves they
3. winds, And waft them to her breast; . . . Tell her, if e'er she
rit.
rit.
1. smil - ing were, And noth - ing sad but I. . . . . .
2. deck'd their heads, As proud of what they bore. . . . . .
3. prove un - kind, I nev - er shall have rest. . . . . .
rit.

A song in the first volume of *Pills*, 1719. The same words, set to an air by William Turner, appear in Henry Playford's *Theater of Music*, 1685. The melody used above is the one from *Pills*, and differs from that by Turner.

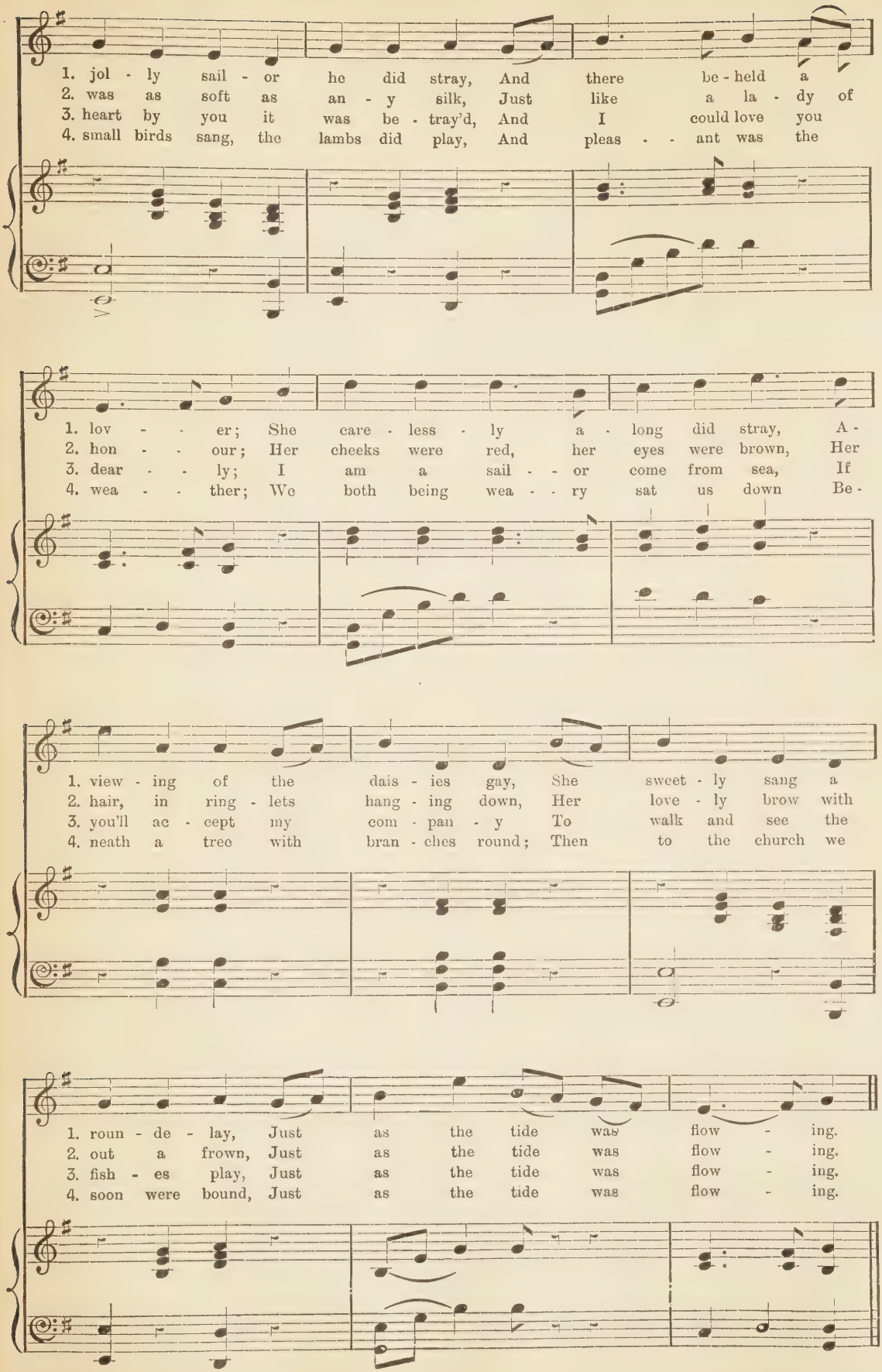
Sweet Nan of the Vale.

Andantino.
Dr. Arne.
p con espress.
p
1. In a small plea-sant vil-lage by na - ture com-plete, Of a
2. Till young Ro - ger, the smartest of all the gay green, Who
p
1. few hon-est shep-herds the qui - et re-treat, There liv'd a young lass of so
2. late - ly to Lon-don on fro - lic had been, Came home much im-prov'd in his

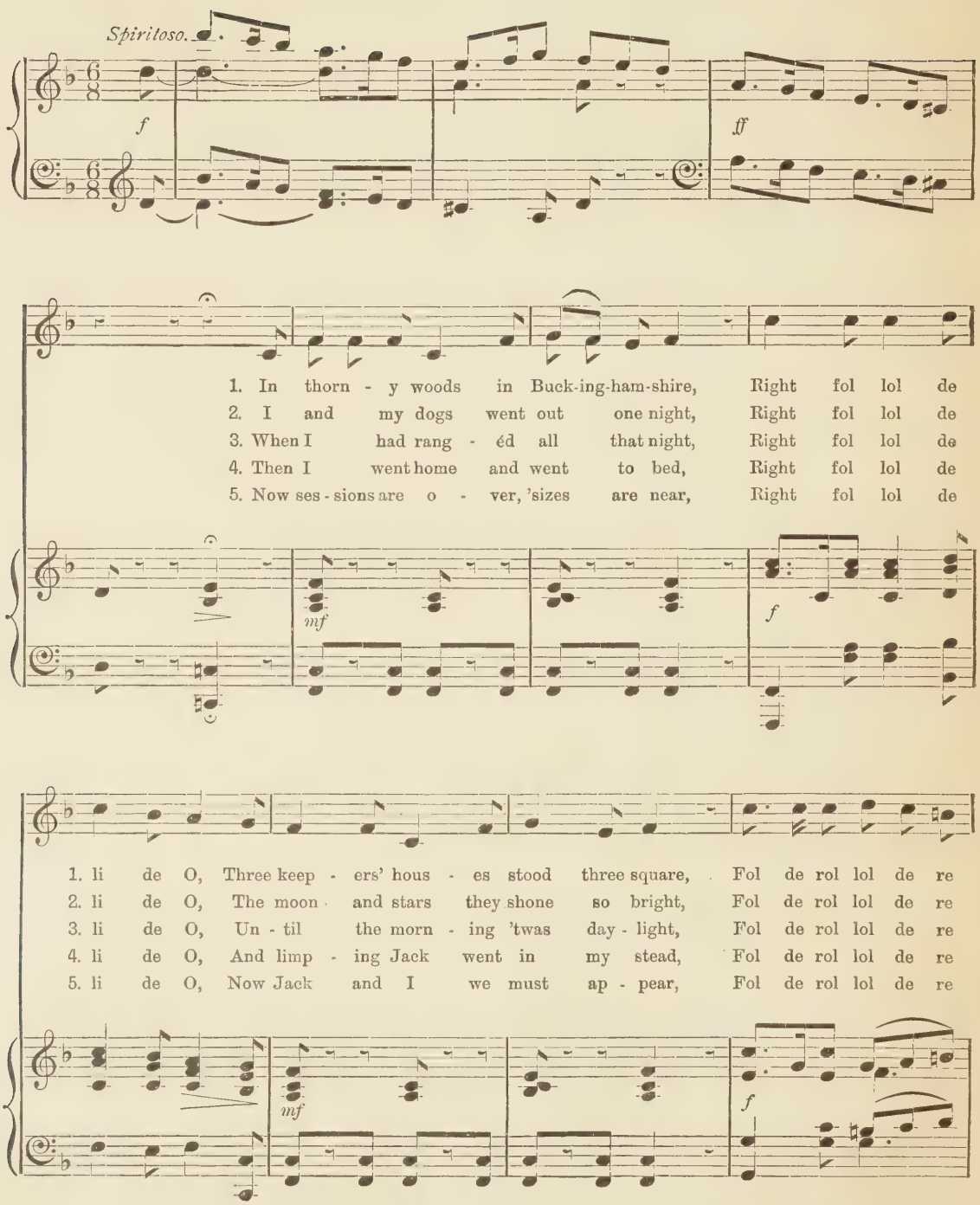
Another of Dr. Arne's tuneful pastoral melodies. The song was sung at the public gardens about the year 1751. One engraved half-sheet states: "Sung at the New Spring Gardens, Greenwich." As "A New Song" it appears in *The Universal Magazine* for November, 1751. It is also in *The Muse's Delight*. Liverpool, 1754; *Clio and Euterpe*, vol. i., 1758; Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress*, 1783, etc. The words may be possibly by John Cunningham, although they are not included in the small edition of his works published in 1795.

1. love - ly a mien That sel - dom at balls or at courts can be seen.
2. air and ad - dress, And bold - ly at - tack'd her, not fear - ing suc - cess.
p
1. The sweet dam - ask rose was full
2. He said hea - ven form'd such ripe
con espress.
1. blown on her cheek, The li - ly dis-play'd all its white on her neck; The
2. lips to be kiss'd, And press'd her so close - ly she could not re - sist; And
1. lads of the vil-lage all strove to pre-vail, And call'd her in raptures sweet Nan of the Vale.
2. show'd the dull clowns the way to as - sail, And brought to the al - tar sweet Nan of the Vale.

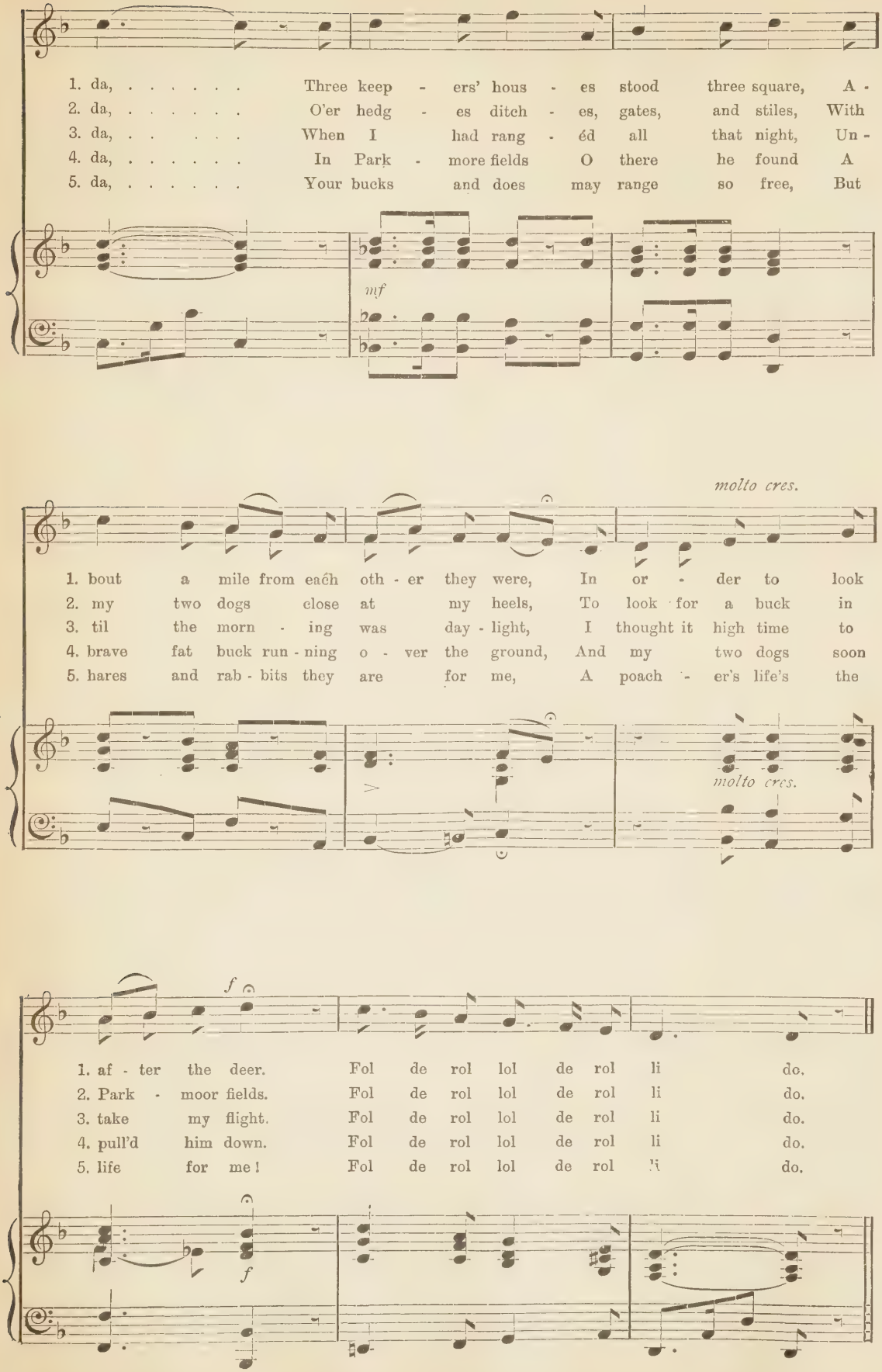
Just as the Tide was Flowing.

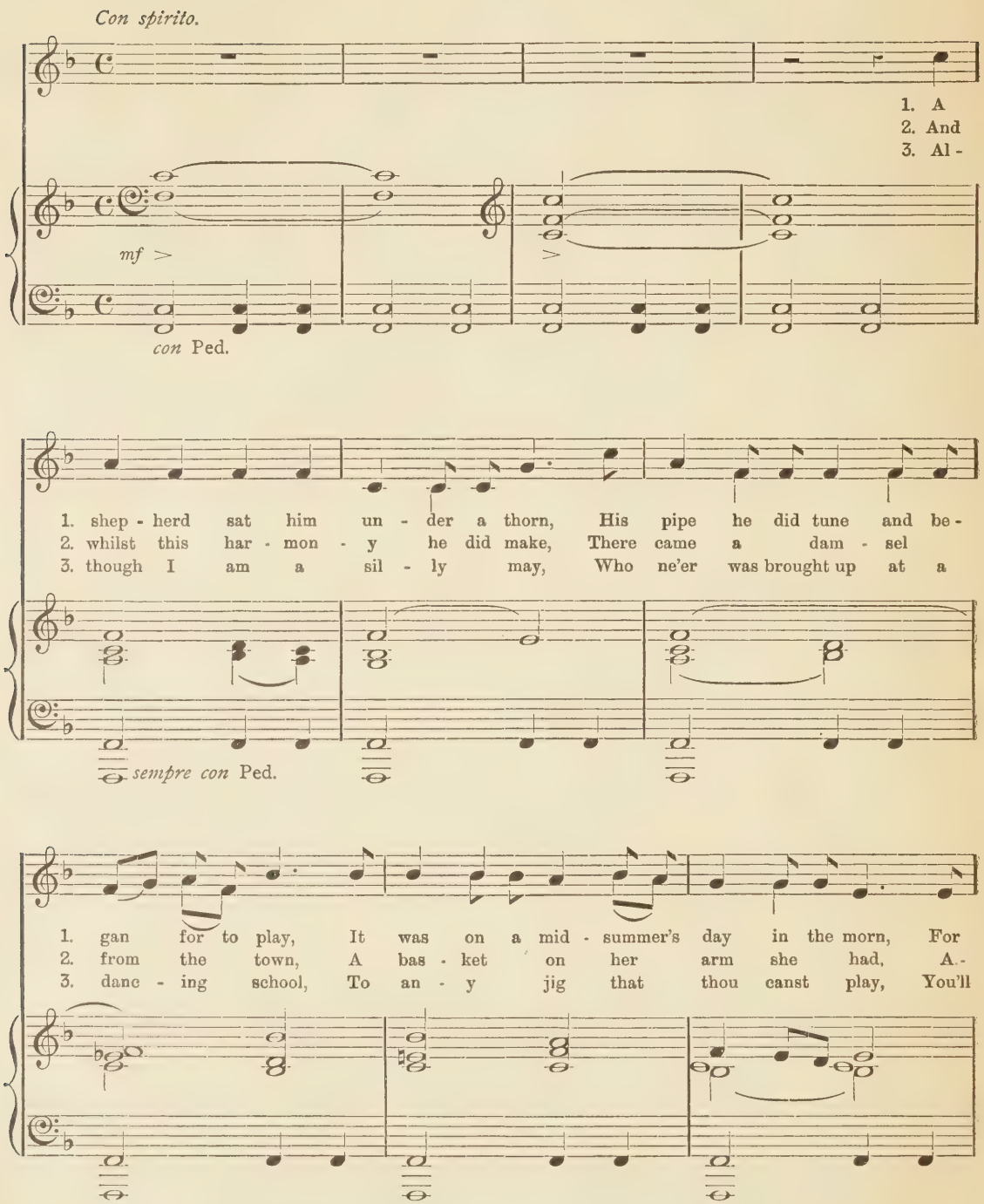
Con spirito.

f
mf
1. One morn - ing, in the
2. Her dress it was as
3. I made a bow, and
4. No more was said, but
mf
1. month of May, Down by a roll - ing riv - - er, A
2. white as milk, And jew - - els did a - - dorn her skin, It
3. said, Fair maid, How came you here so ear - - ly? My
4. on her way We both did go to - - geth - - er; The

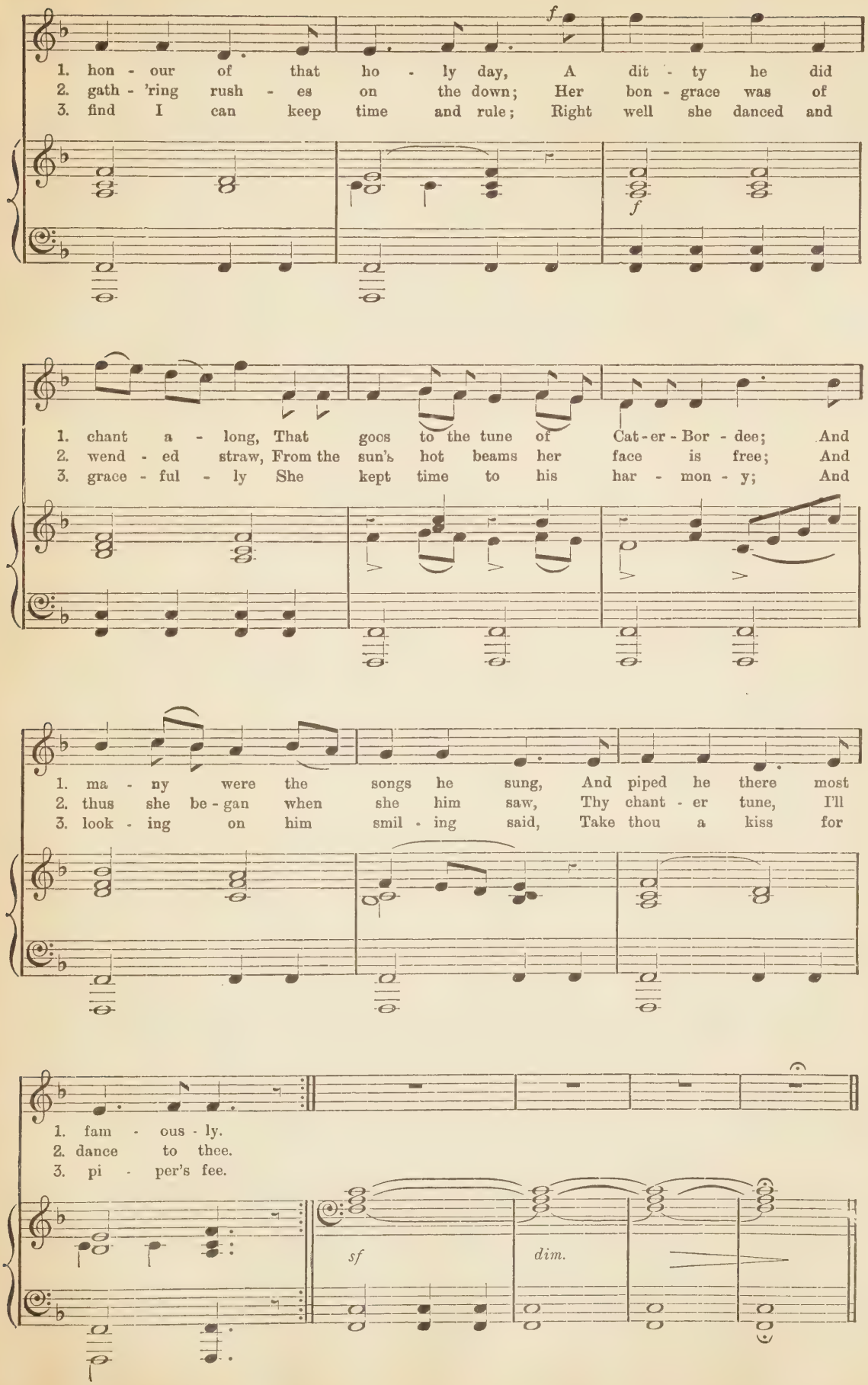
Taken, by permission, from *Traditional Tunes: a Collection of Ballad Airs chiefly obtained in Yorkshire and the South of Scotland. . . . Collected and edited by Frank Kidson*, 1891.

The tune was taken down in the East Riding of Yorkshire from traditional singing and has been heard to the same words in the North Riding. The words were frequently printed on broadsides. The air has a distinct similarity to a dance air named "The Peacock."

1. jol - ly sail - or he did stray, And there be - held a
2. was as soft as an - y silk, Just like a la - dy of
3. heart by you it was be - tray'd, And I could love you
4. small birds sang, the lambs did play, And pleas - - ant was the
1. lov - - er; She care - less - ly a - long did stray, A -
2. hon - - our; Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown, Her
3. dear - - ly; I am a sail - - or come from sea, If
4. wea - - ther; We both being wea - - ry sat us down Be -
1. view - ing of the dais - ies gay, She sweet - ly sang a
2. hair, in ring - lets hang - ing down, Her love - ly brow with
3. you'll ac - cept my com - pan - y To walk and see the
4. neath a tree with bran - ches round; Then to the church we
1. roun - de - lay, Just as the tide was flow - ing.
2. out a frown, Just as the tide was flow - ing.
3. fish - es play, Just as the tide was flow - ing.
4. soon were bound, Just as the tide was flow - ing.

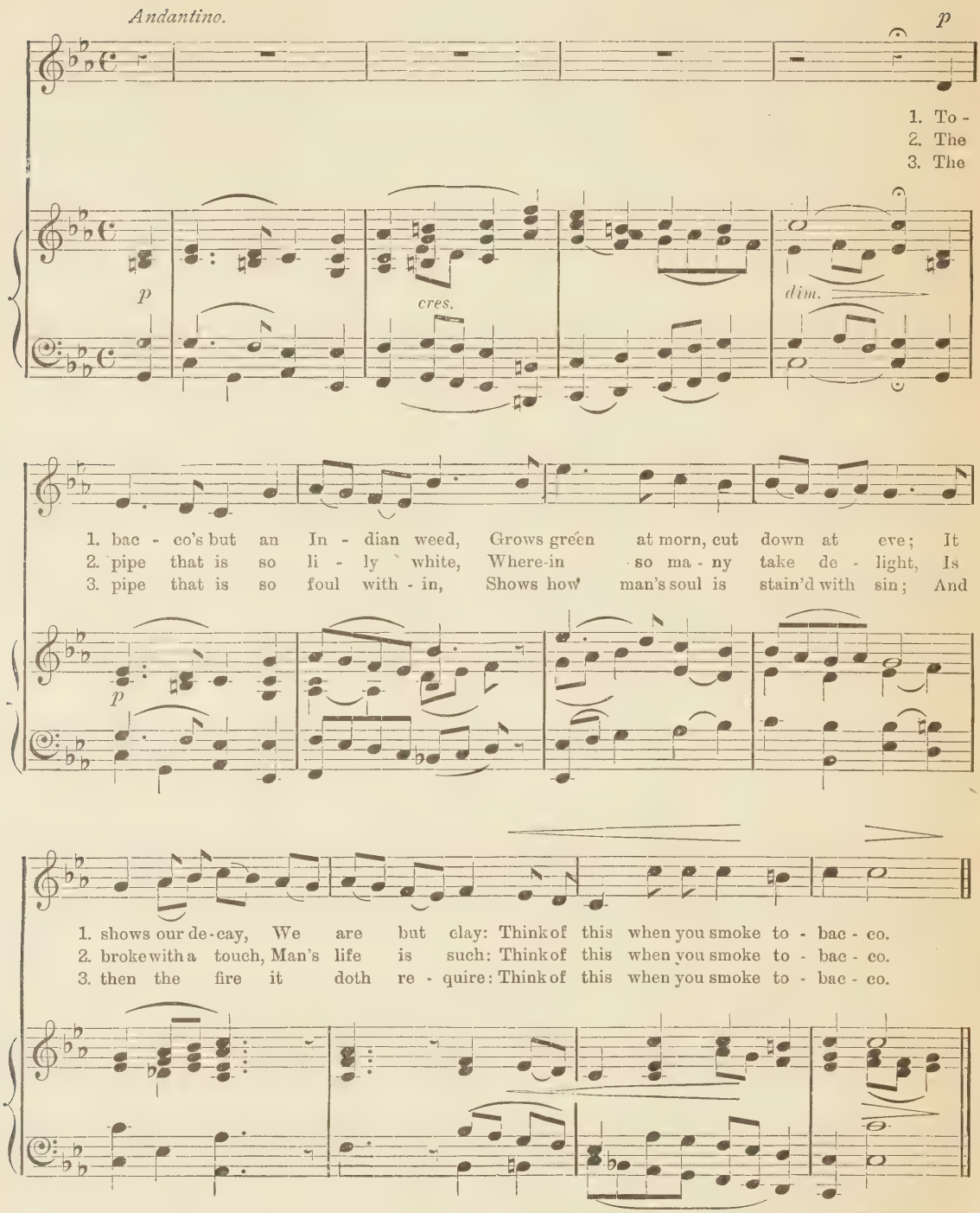
The Poacher's Song.

Spiritoso.
f
ff
1. In thorn - y woods in Buck-ing-ham-shire, Right fol lol de
2. I and my dogs went out one night, Right fol lol de
3. When I had rang - éd all that night, Right fol lol de
4. Then I went home and went to bed, Right fol lol de
5. Now ses - sions are o - ver, 'sizes are near, Right fol lol de
mf
f
1. li de O, Three keep - ers' hous - es stood three square, Fol de rol lol de re
2. li de O, The moon and stars they shone so bright, Fol de rol lol de re
3. li de O, Un - til the morn - ing 'twas day - light, Fol de rol lol de re
4. li de O, And limp - ing Jack went in my stead, Fol de rol lol de re
5. li de O, Now Jack and I we must ap - pear, Fol de rol lol de re
mf
f

Taken from *Old English Songs, as now Sung by the Peasantry of the Weald of Surrey and Sussex*, folio, collected by the late Rev. John Broadwood, and published anonymously in 1843. The words are on ballad sheets and in Dixon's *Songs of the Peasantry*, where the locality is probably more properly named "In Thornehagh-Moor woods in Nottinghamshire." This is near Newark. As the whole of the verses, with the "Fol de rol" chorus, is more than our space permits, we only use a selection from them.

1. da, ... Three keep - ers' hous - es stood three square, A -
2. da, ... O'er hedg - es ditch - es, gates, and stiles, With
3. da, ... When I had rang - éd all that night, Un -
4. da, ... In Park - more fields O there he found A
5. da, ... Your bucks and does may range so free, But
mf
molto cres.
1. bout a mile from each oth - er they were, In or - der to look
2. my two dogs close at my heels, To look for a buck in
3. til the morn - ing was day - light, I thought it high time to
4. brave fat buck run - ning o - ver the ground, And my two dogs soon
5. hares and rab - bits they are for me, A poach - er's life's the
molto cres.
f
1. af - ter the deer. Fol de rol lol de rol li do.
2. Park - moor fields. Fol de rol lol de rol li do.
3. take my flight. Fol de rol lol de rol li do.
4. pull'd him down. Fol de rol lol de rol li do.
5. life for me! Fol de rol lol de rol li do.
f

The Northumberland Bagpiper.

Con spirito.
1. A
2. And
3. Al -
mf
con Ped.
1. shep - herd sat him un - der a thorn, His pipe he did tune and be -
2. whilst this har - mon - y he did make, There came a dam - sel
3. though I am a sil - ly may, Who ne'er was brought up at a
sempre con Ped.
1. gan for to play, It was on a mid - summer's day in the morn, For
2. from the town, A bas - ket on her arm she had, A -
3. danc - ing school, To an - y jig that thou canst play, You'll

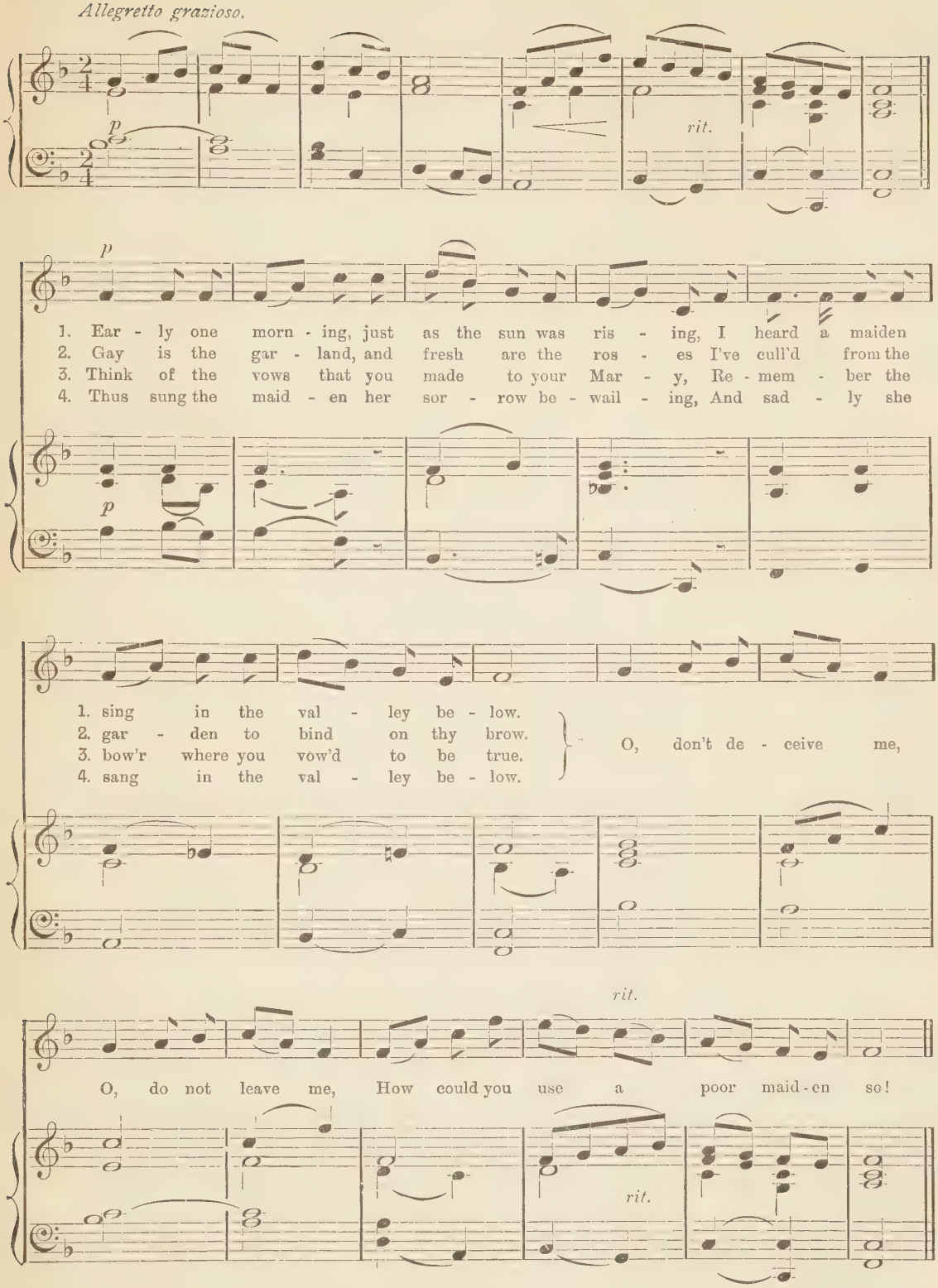
The ballad is on black-letter broadsides in the Roxburghe and the Bagford Collections, and it is also printed in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. iv., 1719, united to the tune we give. Chappell says that the air alone is also contained in the 1693 edition of *Apollo's Banquet*, where it is named, "A New Dance in the Play *The Marriage Hater Matched*," which, by the way, is a play written by D'Urfey and acted in 1692. The tune of "The Northumberland Bagpiper" bears a strong similarity to one in the Leyden MS. (in date about 1690-2) named "The Watter of Boyne," which is the same as "The Boyan," in Daniel Wright's first volume of *Country Dances, circa* 1735. These last named tunes are probably the original ones to which a version of the political ballad "Boyne Water" was sung, although this song is now associated with a totally different air. We have found it necessary to make some slight alterations in the song given above.

f
1. hon - our of that ho - ly day, A dit - ty he did
2. gath - 'ring rush - es on the down; Her bon - grace was of
3. find I can keep time and rule; Right well she danced and
f
1. chant a - long, That goos to the tune of Cat - er - Bor - dee; And
2. wend - ed straw, From the sun's hot beams her face is free; And
3. grace - ful - ly She kept time to his har - mon - y; And
1. ma - ny were the songs he sung, And piped he there most
2. thus she be - gan when she him saw, Thy chant - er tune, I'll
3. look - ing on him smil - ing said, Take thou a kiss for
1. fam - ous - ly.
2. dance to thee.
3. pi - per's fee.
sf
dim.

Tobacco's but an Indian Weed.

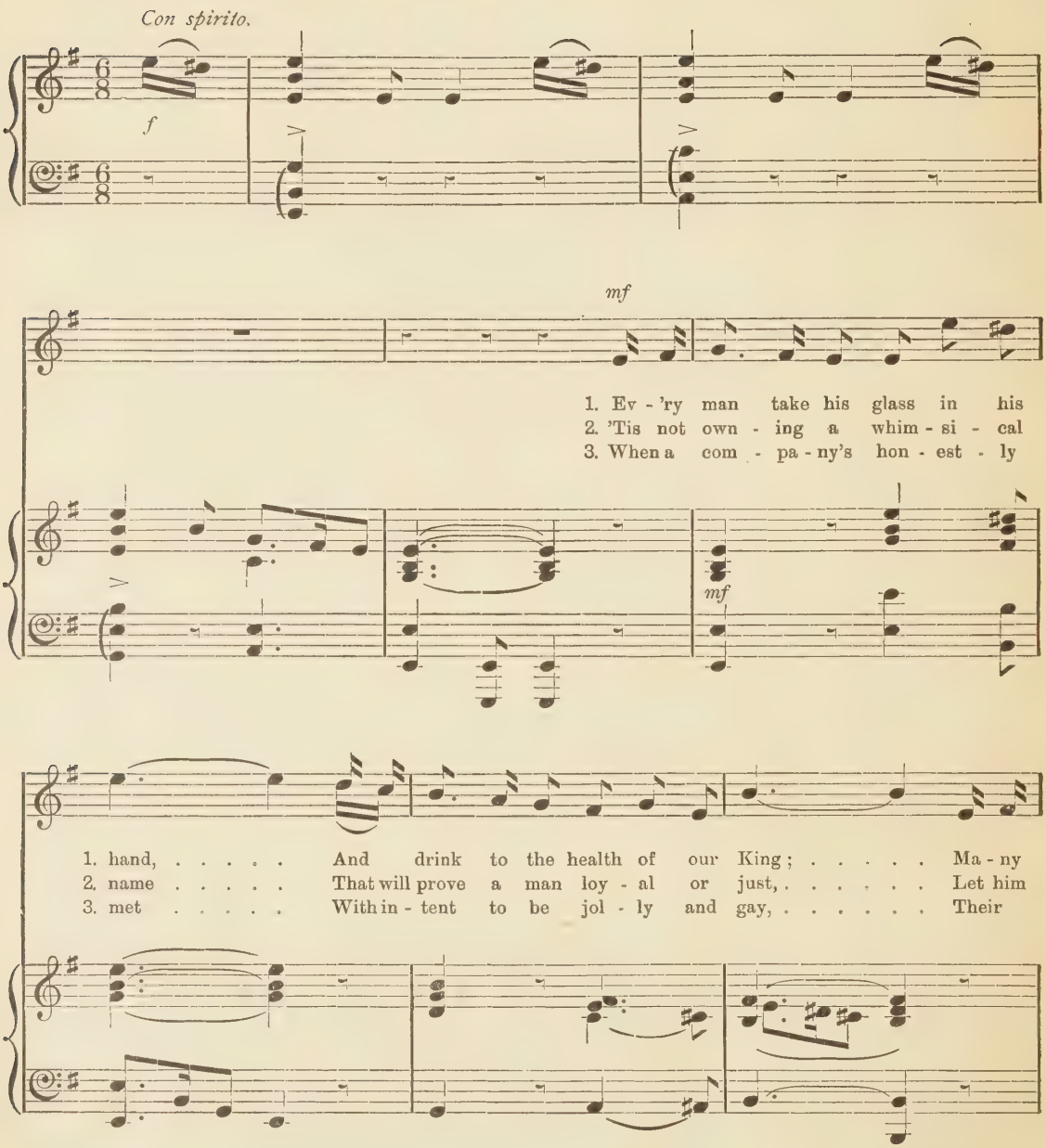

Andantino.
p
1. To -
2. The
3. The
p
cres.
dim.
1. bac - co's but an In - dian weed, Grows green at morn, cut down at eve; It
2. pipe that is so li - ly white, Where-in so ma - ny take de - light, Is
3. pipe that is so foul with - in, Shows how man's soul is stain'd with sin; And
p
1. shows our de-cay, We are but clay: Think of this when you smoke to - bac - co.
2. broke with a touch, Man's life is such: Think of this when you smoke to - bac - co.
3. then the fire it doth re - quire: Think of this when you smoke to - bac - co.

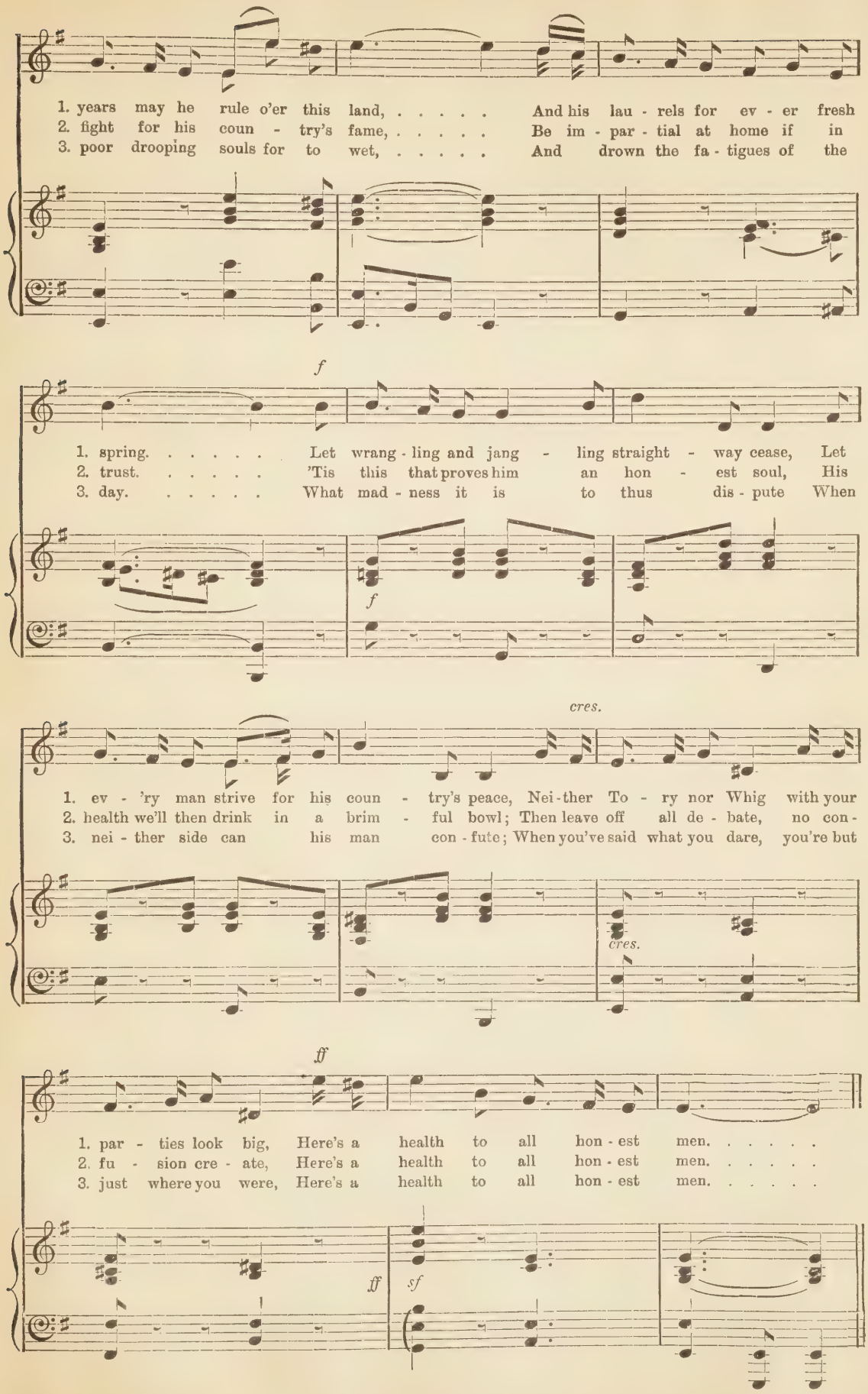
The song is at an early date (period of James I.) found in a manuscript volume which at one time belonged to Mr. Payne Collier. It is there signed "G. W.," and this is considered by some to stand for the initials of George Wither. The song has not been traced in print earlier than 1670, at which date, with slight variation, it was included in *Merry Drollery Comple'e*, and also began to be printed on broadsides. It is included, with the tune, in all editions of *Pills* from 1698-99 to 1719. The versions of the song are innumerable, and to a German translation, the composer J. S. Bach wrote a melody with figured bass. During the early part of the eighteenth century, the Rev. Ralph Erskine included the poem, with an added second part, in his *Gospel Sonnets*, which sequel is, after its pithy predecessor, a perfect failure. The old forms of the song have the expression "drink tobacco," an early and characteristic expression, alluding to the method of inhaling the smoke and passing it back through the nostrils. Readers of *Handy Andy* will remember fragments of the song there introduced.

Early one Morning.

Allegretto grazioso.

p
rit.
p
1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, just as the sun was ris - ing, I heard a maiden
2. Gay is the gar - land, and fresh are the ros - es I've cull'd from the
3. Think of the vows that you made to your Mar - y, Re - mem - ber the
4. Thus sung the maid - en her sor - row be - wail - ing, And sad - ly she
p
1. sing in the val - ley be - low.
2. gar - den to bind on thy brow.
3. bow'r where you vow'd to be true.
4. sang in the val - ley be - low.
O, don't de - ceive me,
rit.
O, do not leave me, How could you use a poor maid - en so!
rit.

This traditional English melody was first published by Thomas Moore in the sixth number of his *Selection of Popular National Airs*, quarto, *circa* 1828. He called the melody "Old English," and wrote words for it commencing "Hope comes again." It was next noted down from tradition by Mr. William Chappell, and printed in his *National English Airs*, 1838, and in his *Popular Music*, from which it has fallen into many collections of English songs. The words are extant on penny garlands of songs published early in the 19th century.

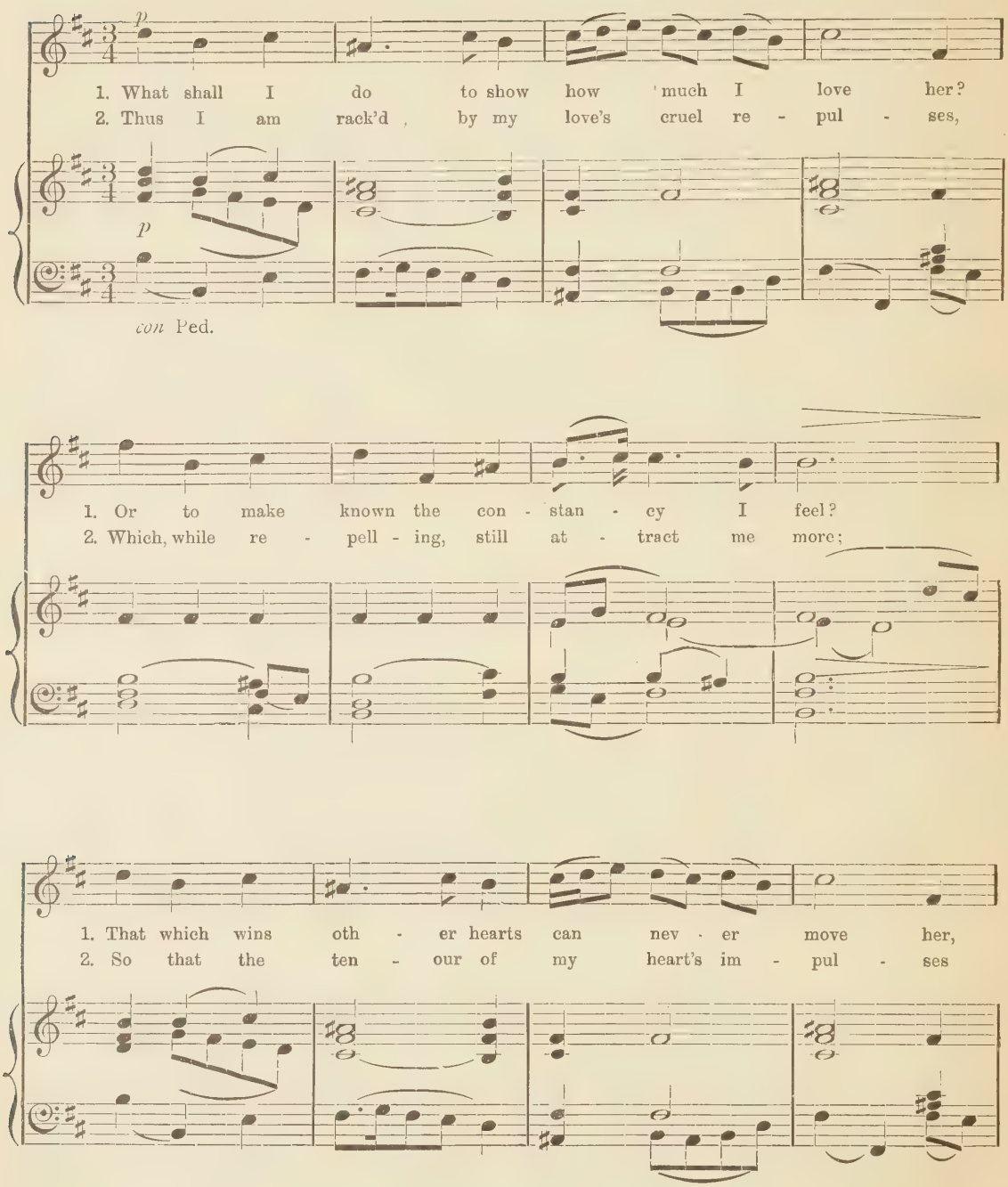
Every Man take his Glass in his Hand.

Con spirito.
f
mf
1. Ev - 'ry man take his glass in his
2. 'Tis not own - ing a whim - si - cal
3. When a com - pa - ny's hon - est - ly
mf
1. hand, ... And drink to the health of our King; . . . . . Ma - ny
2. name . . . . . That will prove a man loy - al or just, ... Let him
3. met . . . . . With in - tent to be jol - ly and gay, ... Their

A fine tune, associated with good sturdy verses. The air alone, under its proper title, is in the second volume of the *Dancing Master*, 1718, 1719, and 1728, p. 317; next, with the song, in Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol. iii., 1730, and in many later song books; in *Convivial Songster*, 1782; *Musical Miscellany*, Perth, 1786; Ritson's *English Songs*, 1783; *Calliope; or, the Vocal Enchantress*, 1788, etc. The tune was also employed for a song in the *Jovial Crew*, 1731. The air bears much resemblance to a once popular melody (with words by Dr. Parnell), "My Days have been so Wondrous Free," to be seen in Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv.

1. years may he rule o'er this land, ... And his lau - rels for ev - er fresh
2. fight for his coun - try's fame, ... Be im - par - tial at home if in
3. poor drooping souls for to wet, ... And drown the fa - tigues of the
f
1. spring. . . . . Let wrang - ling and jang - ling straight - way cease, Let
2. trust. . . . . 'Tis this that proves him an hon - est soul, His
3. day. . . . . What mad - ness it is to thus dis - pute When
f
cres.
1. ev - 'ry man strive for his coun - try's peace, Nei - ther To - ry nor Whig with your
2. health we'll then drink in a brim - ful bowl; Then leave off all de - bate, no con -
3. nei - ther side can his man con - fute; When you've said what you dare, you're but
cres.
ff
1. par - ties look big, Here's a health to all hon - est men. . . . . .
2. fu - sion cre - ate, Here's a health to all hon - est men. . . . . .
3. just where you were, Here's a health to all hon - est men. . . . . .
ff
sf

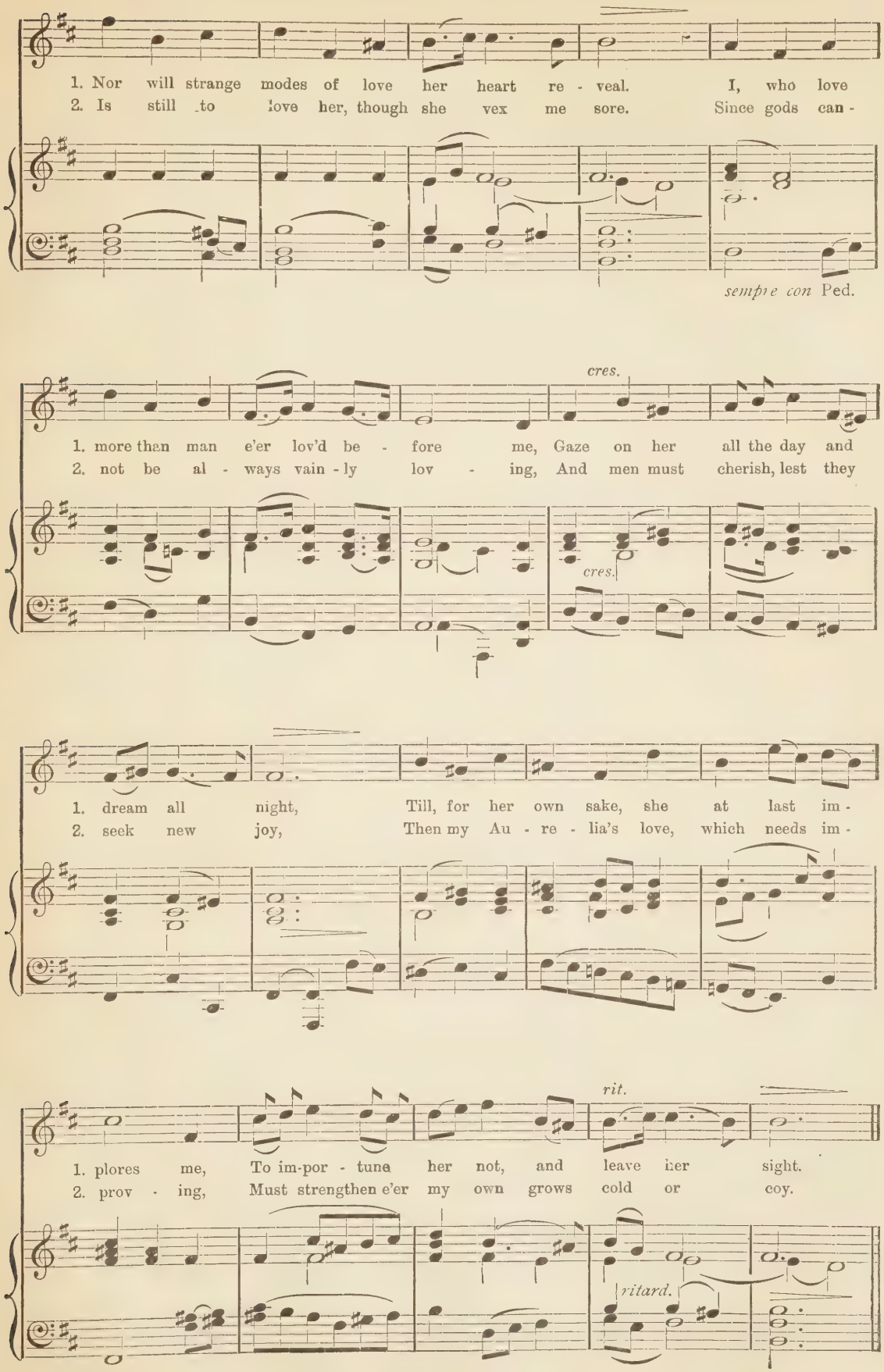
What shall I do to show how much I love her?

HENRY PURCELL.

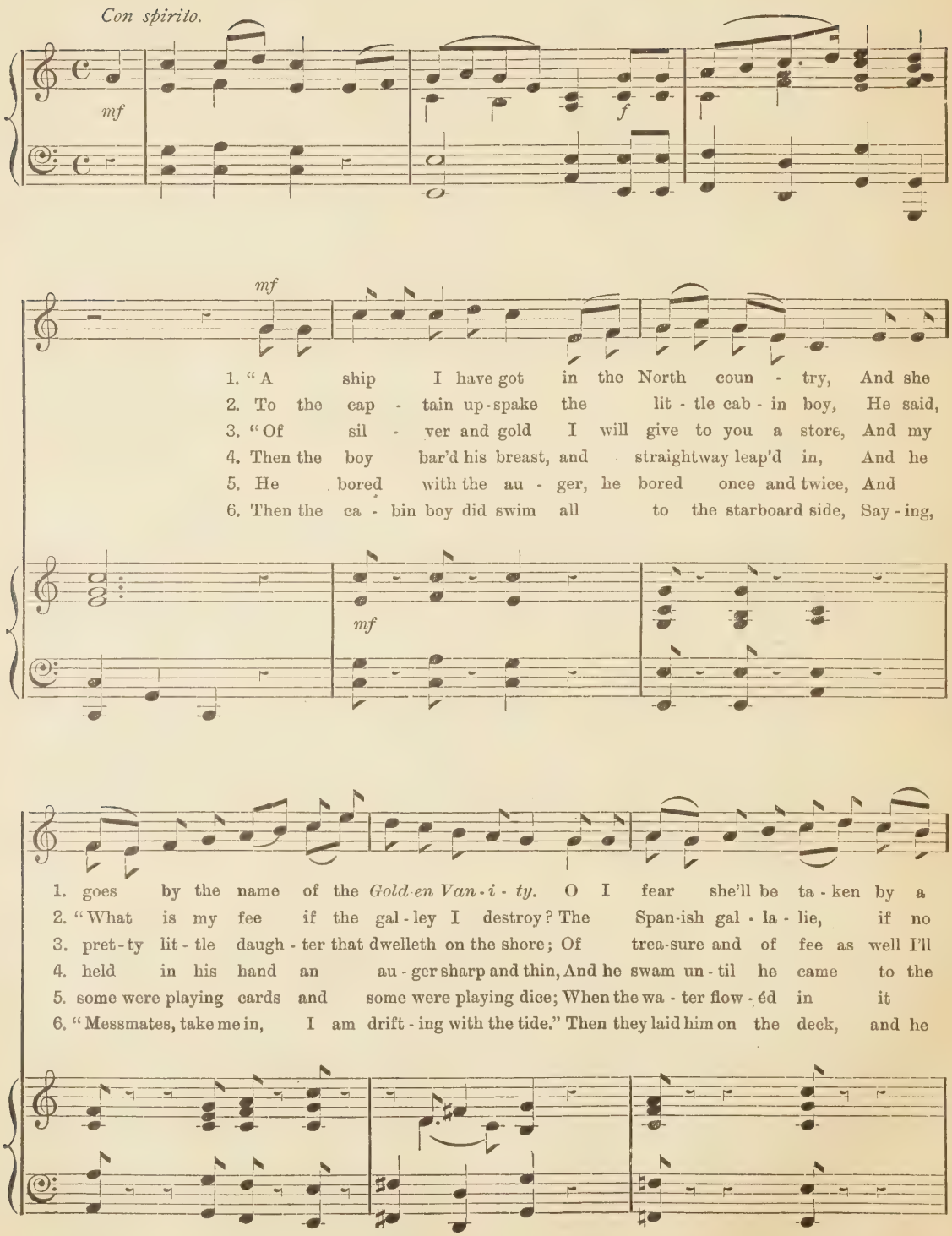
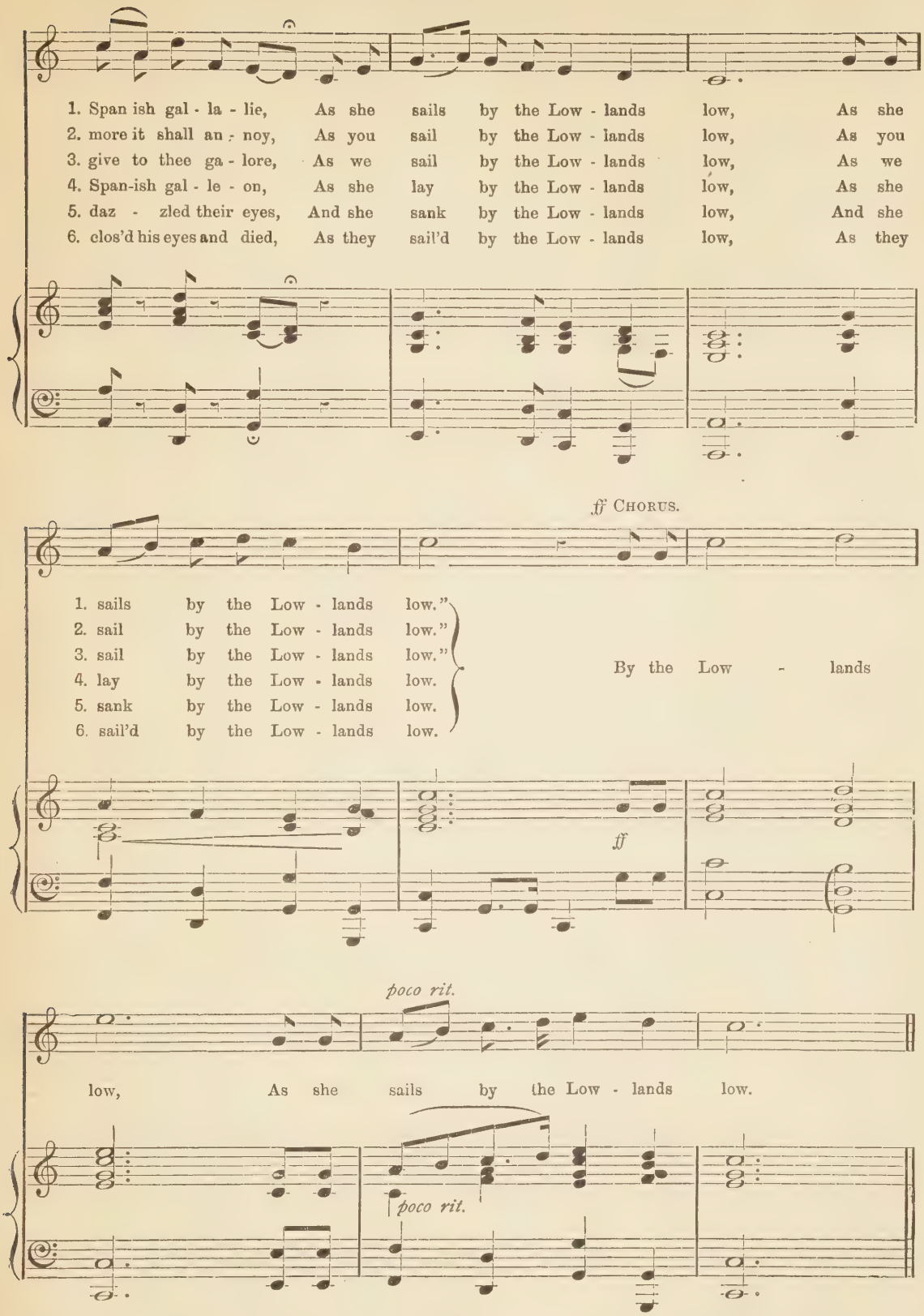
Andante con espressione.


p
1. What shall I do to show how much I love her?
2. Thus I am rack'd, by my love's cruel re - pul - ses,
p
con Ped.
1. Or to make known the con - stan - cy I feel?
2. Which, while re - pell - ing, still at - tract me more;
1. That which wins oth - er hearts can nev - er move her,
2. So that the ten - our of my heart's im - pul - ses

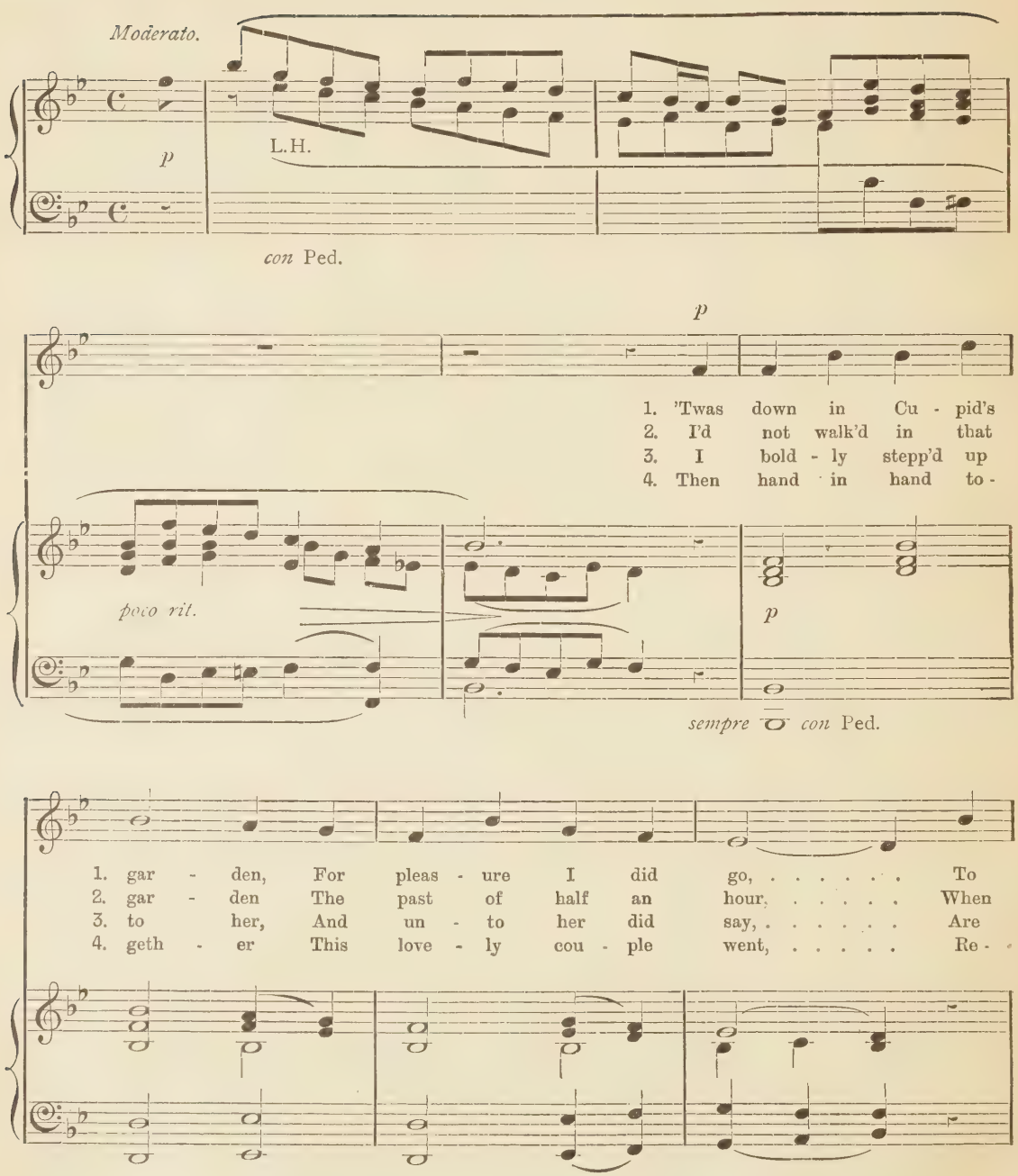
The melody of this fine song is by Henry Purcell and forms part of the vocal music in *The Prophetess; or, The History of Dioclesian*, printed in 1691, but produced in the previous year. The song and air are in vol. iv. of *Pills*, 1719.

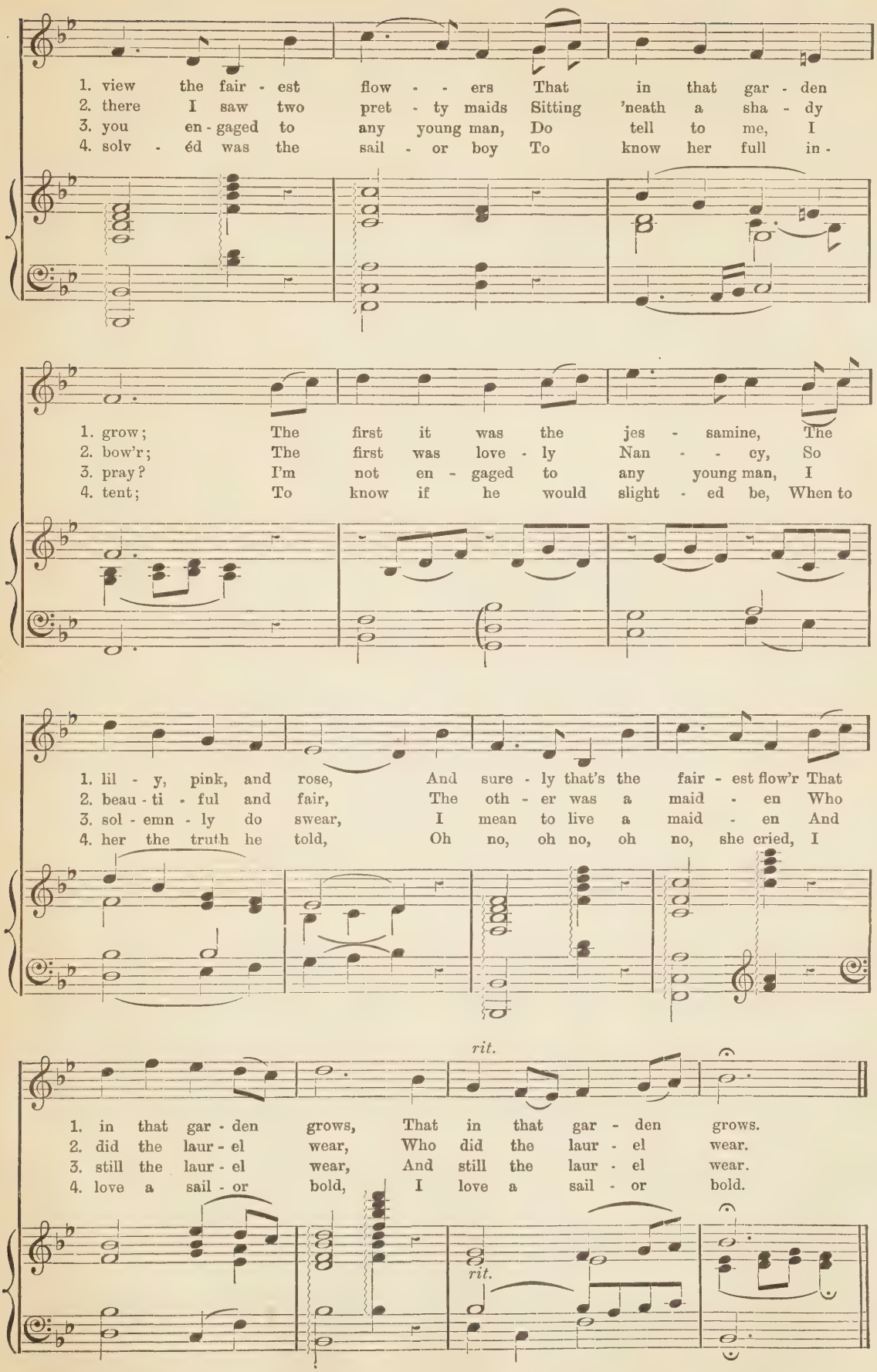
John Gay used the air for the sixth song in *The Beggar's Opera*. Henry Purcell was born in 1658; the world of music was made poorer by his early death in 1695.

1. Nor will strange modes of love her heart re - veal. I, who love
2. Is still to love her, though she vex me sore. Since gods can -
sempre con Ped.
cres.
1. more than man e'er lov'd be - fore me, Gaze on her all the day and
2. not be al - ways vain - ly lov - ing, And men must cherish, lest they
cres.
1. dream all night, Till, for her own sake, she at last im -
2. seek new joy, Then my Au - re - lia's love, which needs im -
rit.
1. plores me, To im-por - tune her not, and leave her sight.
2. prov - ing, Must strengthen e'er my own grows cold or coy.
ritard.

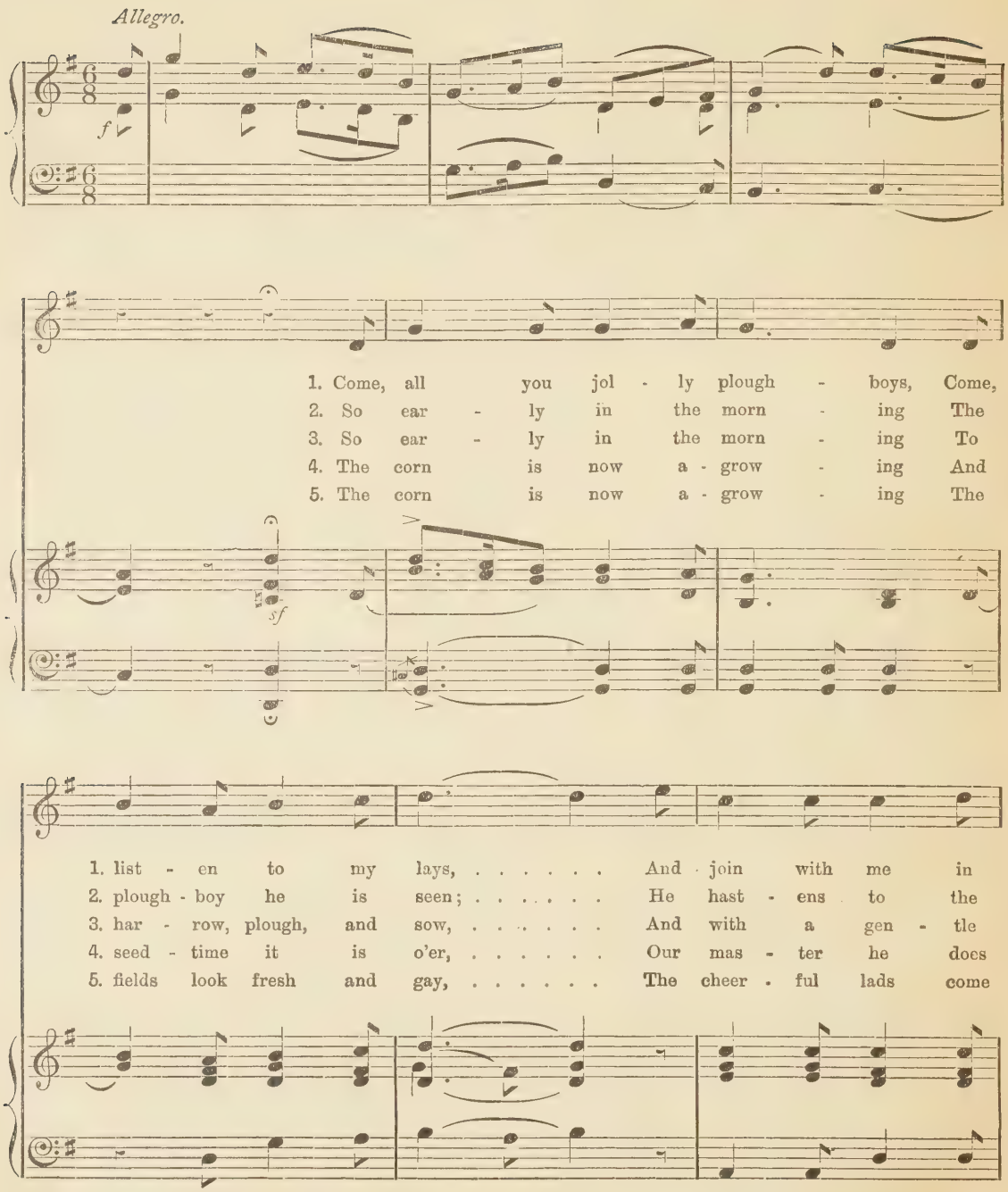
The Golden Vanity.


Con spirito.
mf
f
mf
1. "A ship I have got in the North coun - try, And she
2. To the cap - tain up-spake the lit - tle cab - in boy, He said,
3. "Of sil - ver and gold I will give to you a store, And my
4. Then the boy bar'd his breast, and straightway leap'd in, And he
5. He bored with the au - ger, he bored once and twice, And
6. Then the ca - bin boy did swim all to the starboard side, Say - ing,
mf
1. goes by the name of the *Gold-en Van-i - ty.* O I fear she'll be ta - ken by a
2. "What is my fee if the gal - ley I destroy? The Span-ish gal - la - lie, if no
3. pret - ty lit - tle daugh - ter that dwelleth on the shore; Of trea-sure and of fee as well I'll
4. held in his hand an au - ger sharp and thin, And he swam un - til he came to the
5. some were playing cards and some were playing dice; When the wa - ter flow - ed in it
6. "Messmates, take me in, I am drift - ing with the tide." Then they laid him on the deck, and he

1. Span ish gal - la - lie, As she sails by the Low - lands low, As she
2. more it shall an - noy, As you sail by the Low - lands low, As you
3. give to thee ga - lore, As we sail by the Low - lands low, As we
4. Span-ish gal - le - on, As she lay by the Low - lands low, As she
5. daz - zled their eyes, And she sank by the Low - lands low, And she
6. clos'd his eyes and died, As they sail'd by the Low - lands low, As they
ff CHORUS.
1. sails by the Low - lands low."
2. sail by the Low - lands low."
3. sail by the Low - lands low."
4. lay by the Low - lands low.
5. sank by the Low - lands low.
6. sail'd by the Low - lands low.
By the Low - lands
ff
poco rit.
low, As she sails by the Low - lands low.
poco rit.

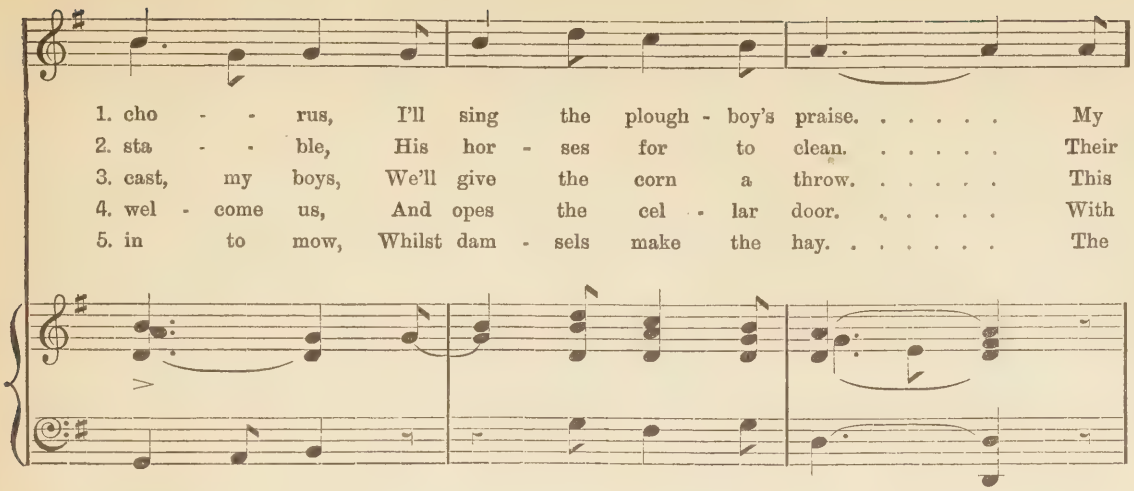
This famous old sea song dates from Queen Elizabeth's days, and there is an early broadside version extant, entitled, "Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Lowlands, shewing how the famous ship, called the *Sweet Trinity*, was taken by a false galley, and how it was again restored by the craft of a little sea boy, who sunk the galley, as the following song will declare. To the tune of 'Sailing in the Lowland.'" There are many variants of the tune current; the one given above is from *Songs of the West*, by permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co. and of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould and H. F. Shepard.

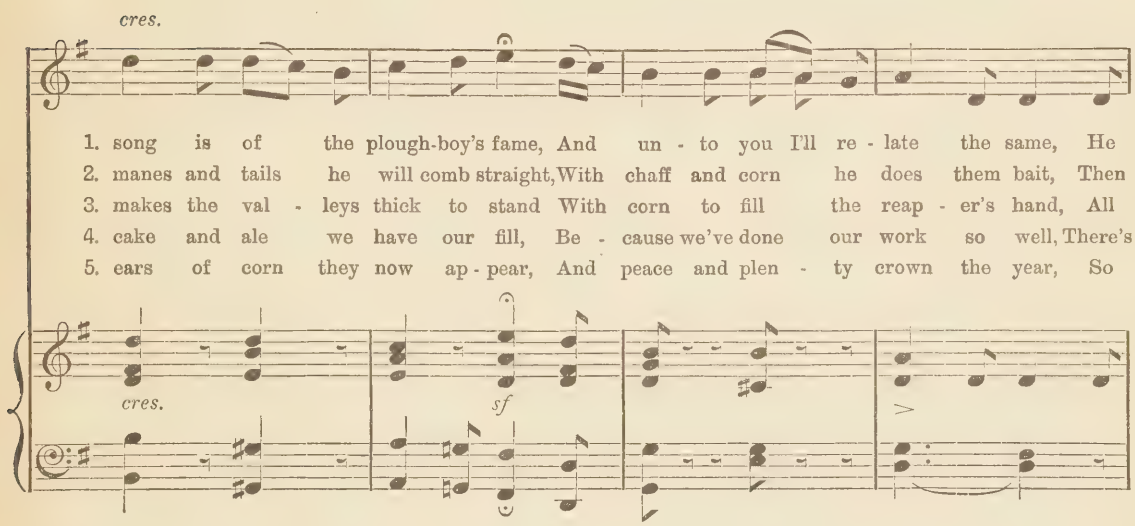
Cupid's Garden.

Moderato.
p
L.H.
con Ped.
p
1. 'Twas down in Cu - pid's
2. I'd not walk'd in that
3. I bold - ly stepp'd up
4. Then hand in hand to -
poco rit.
p
sempre con Ped.
1. gar - den, For pleas - ure I did go, ... To
2. gar - den The past of half an hour, ... When
3. to her, And un - to her did say, ... Are
4. geth - er This love - ly cou - ple went, ... Re -

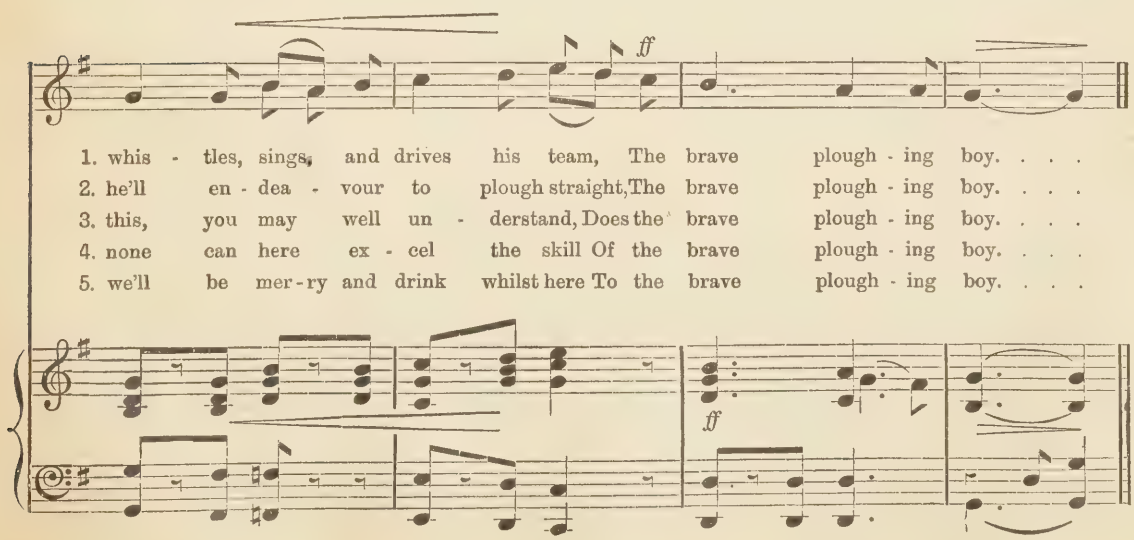
A quaint old-fashioned love song which, even so late as the forties and fifties, was a great favourite traditionally in most country places. Chappell suggests that "Cupid's Garden" should be "Cupar's Garden," a pleasure resort on the Surrey side of the Thames, but I feel disposed to question this, and imagine that it is simply an allegorical fancy on the part of the writer of the song. The present tune has not appeared in print much more than forty or fifty years, but it is certainly an early air. In the *Dancing Master*, 1690, and in later editions there is an air which fits the words and may be their original tune. I give this in the Appendix.

1. view the fair - est flow - - ers That in that gar - den
2. there I saw two pret - ty maids Sitting 'neath a sha - dy
3. you en - gaged to any young man, Do tell to me, I
4. solv - éd was the sail - or boy To know her full in -
1. grow; The first it was the jes - samine, The
2. bow'r; The first was love - ly Nan - - cy, So
3. pray? I'm not en - gaged to any young man, I
4. tent; To know if he would slight - ed be, When to
1. lil - y, pink, and rose, And sure - ly that's the fair - est flow'r That
2. beau - ti - ful and fair, The oth - er was a maid - en Who
3. sol - emn - ly do swear, I mean to live a maid - en And
4. her the truth he told, Oh no, oh no, oh no, she cried, I
rit.
1. in that gar - den grows, That in that gar - den grows.
2. did the laur - el wear, Who did the laur - el wear.
3. still the laur - el wear, And still the laur - el wear.
4. love a sail - or bold, I love a sail - or bold.
rit.

The Ploughboy.

Allegro.
f
1. Come, all you jol - ly plough - boys, Come,
2. So ear - ly in the morn - ing The
3. So ear - ly in the morn - ing To
4. The corn is now a - grow - ing And
5. The corn is now a - grow - ing The
sf
1. list - en to my lays, ... And join with me in
2. plough - boy he is seen; . . . . . He hast - ens to the
3. har - row, plough, and sow, ... And with a gen - tle
4. seed - time it is o'er, ... Our mas - ter he does
5. fields look fresh and gay, ... The cheer - ful lads come

One of the numerous songs in praise of a ploughman's life over any other worldly occupation. It is from the Rev. John Broadwood's *Collection of Sussex Songs*, issued in 1843. It is to be noticed that while in the south country the folk-song is frequently one having for its theme the pleasures of a rural life, yet as we advance northward this kind of ditty is gradually left behind, and probably the more barren land and the greater hardness of winning crops make the farmer and his labourer less inclined to sing of the joys of farming.

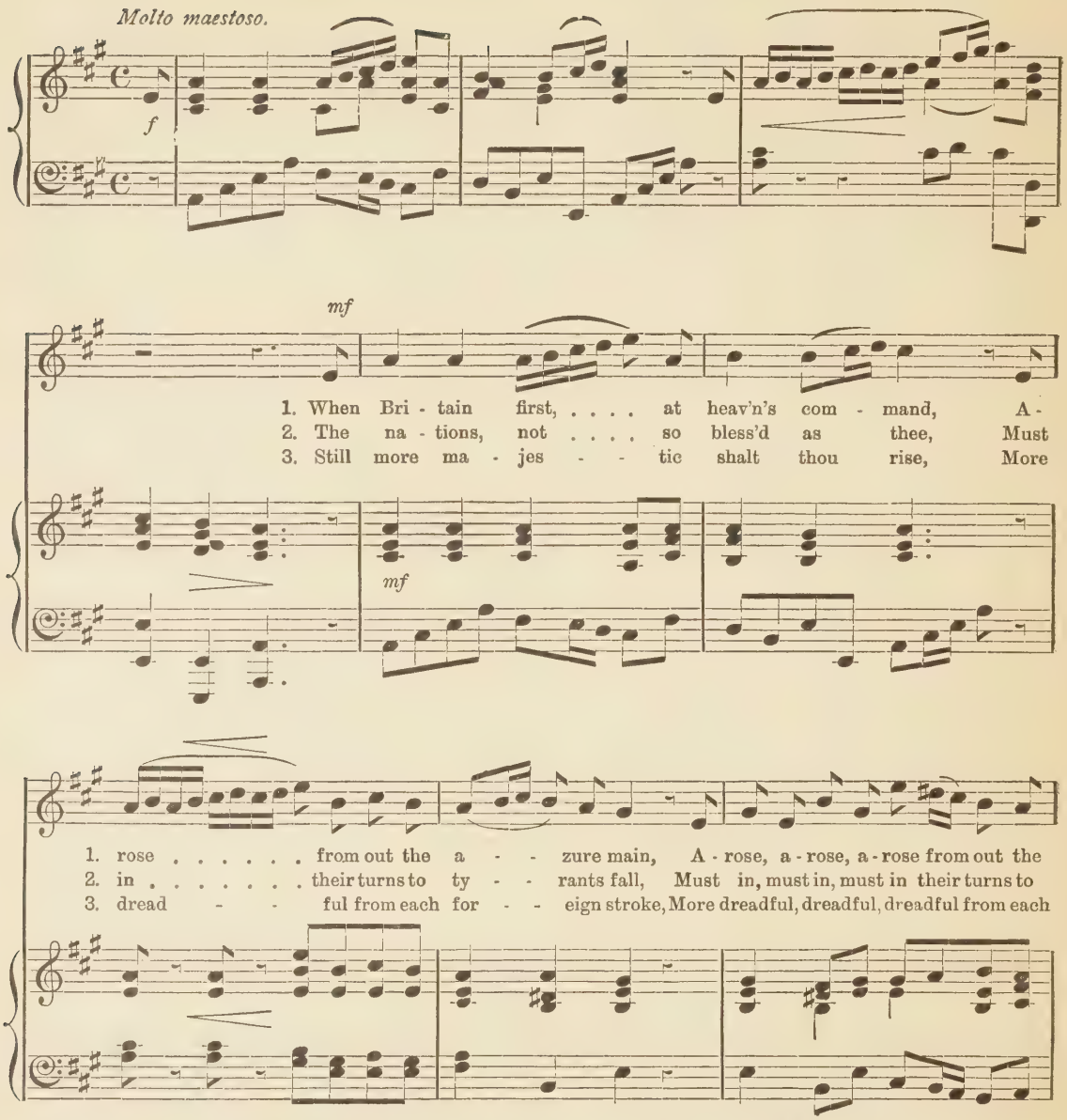

1. cho - - rus, I'll sing the plough - boy's praise. . . . . My
2. sta - - ble, His hor - ses for to clean. . . . . Their
3. cast, my boys, We'll give the corn a throw. . . . . This
4. wel - come us, And opes the cel - lar door. . . . . With
5. in to mow, Whilst dam - sels make the hay. . . . . The


cres.
1. song is of the plough-boy's fame, And un - to you I'll re - late the same, He
2. manes and tails he will comb straight, With chaff and corn he does them bait, Then
3. makes the val - leys thick to stand With corn to fill the reap - er's hand, All
4. cake and ale we have our fill, Be - cause we've done our work so well, There's
5. ears of corn they now ap - pear, And peace and plen - ty crown the year, So
cres.
sf


ff
1. whis - tles, sings, and drives his team, The brave plough - ing boy. . . .
2. he'll en - dea - vour to plough straight, The brave plough - ing boy. . . .
3. this, you may well un - derstand, Does the brave plough - ing boy. . . .
4. none can here ex - cel the skill Of the brave plough - ing boy. . . .
5. we'll be mer - ry and drink whilst here To the brave plough - ing boy. . . .
ff

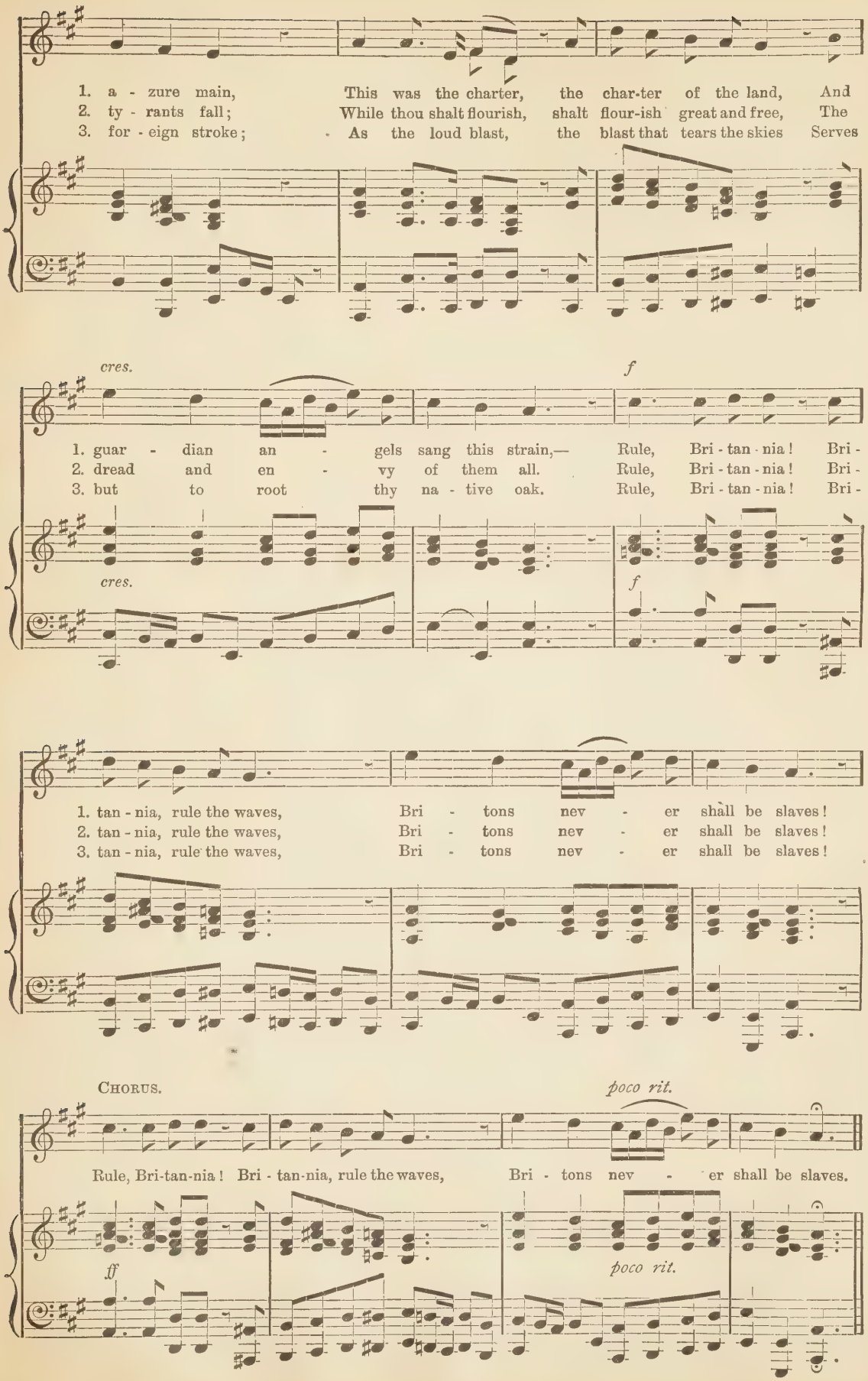
Rule, Britannia!

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.


Molto maestoso.
f
mf
1. When Bri - tain first, ... at heav'n's com - mand, A -
2. The na - tions, not . . . . so bless'd as thee, Must
3. Still more ma - jes - - tic shalt thou rise, More
mf
1. rose . . . . . from out the a - - zure main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the
2. in . . . . . their turns to ty - - rants fall, Must in, must in, must in their turns to
3. dread - - ful from each for - - eign stroke, More dreadful, dreadful, dreadful from each

"Rule, Britannia!" first occurred in a masque, written by command of Frederick, Prince of Wales, for an entertainment produced in the gardens of his house at Cliefden, on the Thames, on August 1st, 1740. It was in honour of the birthday of his daughter (then three years old) and in commemoration of the Hanoverian succession which commenced on August 1st. The masque was repeated the following day. The title of the masque was *Alfred*, and it was jointly written by David Mallet and James Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*, the music being by Dr. Arne. On the same occasion was performed *The Judgement of Paris*, another of Dr. Arne's works. In 1745 the masque, *Alfred*, was performed at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and rewritten by Mallet, again at Drury Lane in 1751. In the early printed versions the song, "Rule, Britannia!" is headed "An Ode." It has been much in dispute as to whether Thomson or Mallet wrote the words of this, and it is now most frequently assigned to Thomson. For this, however, there has never been the slightest particle of evidence put forth; indeed, while the matter is still likely to remain an unclearable mystery, a careful examination will show that the honour may with greater likelihood rest on Mallet.

In 1751, Mallet, in a note prefixed to his altered version of *Alfred*, tells us he "was obliged to reject a good deal of what I had written, neither could I retain of my friend's part more than three or four single speeches and part of one song." Here he distinctly states that the only lyrical part of Thomson's work left in the piece is *one song*, of which there are four so named, one headed "Stanzas," and the remaining one titled "An Ode," this latter being, of course, "Rule, Britannia!" Unless Mallet wished to wilfully deceive, had the ode been by Thomson he would have explicitly so named it. In 1751 some verses were added to the "Ode" by Lord Bolingbroke, but they form no part of the version now sung.

Arne's music to the "Ode" was published by Henry Waylett in folio at the end of the music in *The Judgement of Paris*. "Rule, Britannia!" did not spring into very great fame until well on in the 19th century. The song with its music was, of course, well known and frequently reprinted, but it by no means quickly became the national song of England, the position it now so worthily holds. It may be worth while mentioning that "*rules* the waves" is a modern change, the old and original form being "*rule*."

1. a - zure main, This was the charter, the char-ter of the land, And
2. ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flourish, shalt flour-ish great and free, The
3. for - eign stroke; As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies Serves
cres.
f
1. guar - dian an - gels sang this strain,— Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
2. dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
3. but to root thy na - tive oak. Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
cres.
f
1. tan - nia, rule the waves, Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves!
2. tan - nia, rule the waves, Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves!
3. tan - nia, rule the waves, Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves!
CHORUS.
poco rit.
Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri - tan-nia, rule the waves, Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves.
ff
poco rit.

APPENDIX.

NOTE.—Where Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1650, is mentioned, it must be understood that the reference is to the first edition, which is dated 1651, though really published in the latter part of the previous year.

GOD SAVE THE KING. (See page 3.)

ALTHOUGH the discussion as to the composer of "God save the King" has not attained the same magnitude as the questions relating to the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask and to that of the author of the *Letters of Junius*, the subject is still involved in the same degree of obscurity as when the matter first became the subject of inquiry more than a hundred years ago. While nothing very definite is claimed to be set forth in this note, yet attention is directed to an overlooked channel wherein the secret may still be waiting discovery.

We shall in the present inquiry pass over all similarities which are known to exist in several early melodies, such as "Remember, O thou Man," in *Melismata*, 1611; Forbes' *Cantus*, 1662, 1666, 1682; "Franklin is Fled Away," 1669; "A Lesson," by Purcell, 1696; and the "Ayre," in a MS. formerly belonging to Dr. John Bull, 1619. For particulars of all these the reader is referred to Chappell's *Popular Music;* Dr. Cumming's articles in the *Musical Times*, 1878; Groves' *Dictionary of Music and Musicians;* and to Richard Clark's *Account of the National Anthem*, 1822. Although the present note is concerned mainly with the consideration of the National Anthem as we now know it, a brief comment on the above melodies may usefully be made.

"Remember, O thou Man" is a religious carol first printed in *Melismata*, 1611, and from thence copied into an Aberdeen publication named Forbes' *Cantus*, first issued in 1662. "Franklin is Fled away" is a song, and the air to this is to be found in *Apollo's Banquet for the Treble Violin*, 1669, also under the title "Ho Hone" in later publications, *e.g.*, *A Collection of Loyal Songs*, 1684, etc. Henry Purcell's "Lesson," for the harpsichord, was published with others in a volume issued by his widow in 1696. Each of these melodies has very much in common with "God save the King," but the fact remains that notwithstanding much structural likeness, not one of them can be accepted as the equivalent of our modern version of "God save the King," which must be considered as a tune apart from these.

Besides the printed melodies mentioned, there are at least two airs in manuscript which must be noticed. One of these, said to be entitled "God save the King," is mentioned as being in a manuscript collection of melodies formerly belonging to the late Mr. Andrew Blaikie, of Paisley. Wm. Chappell, who examined the MS., fixed the date at about 1745, but other writers claimed for it a date fifty or sixty years prior to this. This particular manuscript has disappeared, and until it again comes to light there is little use in discussing it.

The other manuscript has a more important bearing on the question. It is a volume bearing the date 1619, containing compositions by Dr. John Bull, the Elizabethan musician. Picked up in the Netherlands, it came into the library of Dr. Pepusch before the middle of the eighteenth century, afterwards passing into the hands of Dr. Kitchiner, whose son sold it to Richard Clark, author of the before-mentioned *Account of the National Anthem*, 1822. It was still in the possession of Clark's widow in 1878, but of its subsequent history we have no knowledge. At that date (1878) Mrs. Clark refused to let it be seen or copied; but an early transcript had been made by Sir George Smart, and the "Ayre," as it is entitled in the MS., shows a very marked resemblance to our National Anthem. It is, however, a matter of common belief that Richard Clark had tampered with the MS., and this is further borne out by the fact that Kitchiner, who possessed the MS., and described it in his *Loyal and National Songs*, 1823, where he wrote on the origin of the melody, distinctly denies the likelihood of there being any copy of our "God save the King" prior to 1745. Some discredit is thrown on Kitchiner's evidence when it is remembered that he was under the necessity of employing Edward Jones, the Welsh bard, to translate into modern notation an air in the MS. which *was* named "God save the King," though not in the least like our National Anthem. This fact shows that Kitchiner might have easily passed over the "Ayre" without being able to read it as there set down.

Leaving, however, all these questions, Jacobite and other claims, we may devote the rest of the note to the consideration of the air as we ourselves know it.

It is now generally accepted that Henry Carey was the composer of our National Anthem as it now stands, but upon what slight evidence this is admitted will be shown by the following particulars setting forth the claims of

JAMES OSWALD.

The first authentic notice we have of the present National Song is from a paragraph in the *Daily Advertiser* of September 30th, 1745, which reads as follows:—

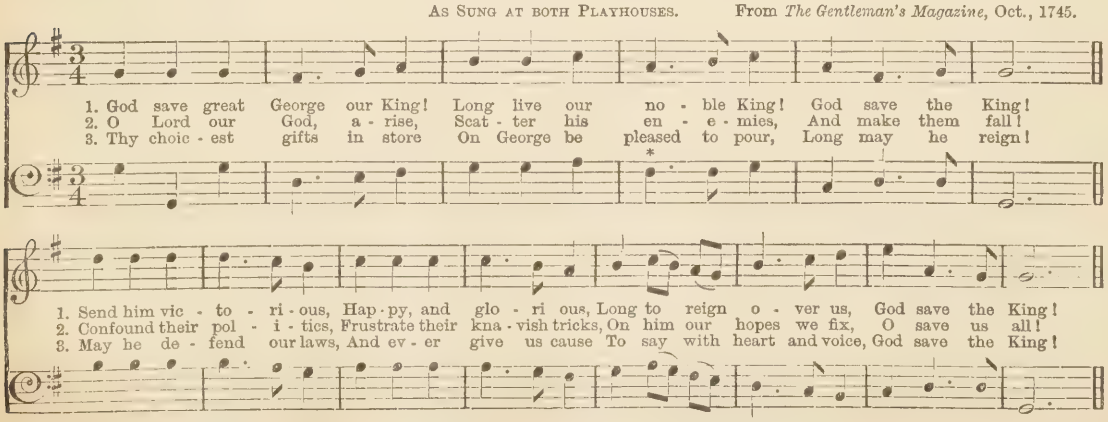
"On Saturday last, the audience at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, were agreeably surprised by the gentlemen of that house performing the anthem of 'God save the King.' The universal applause it met with, being encored with repeated huzzas, sufficiently denoted in how great an abhorrence they held the arbitrary schemes of our insidious enemies," etc., etc.

The performance above described was doubtless called forth by the reception of the news of the defeat of Sir John Cope's army at Prestonpans a few days previous. Covent Garden and other theatres followed suit, and there are frequent references in the London news-sheets to the song being sung in the theatres.

"God save the King," words and music, appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1745, published at the end of the month, and as this is the first dated copy of the piece, it is here reproduced verbatim:—

A SONG FOR TWO VOICES.

AS SUNG AT BOTH PLAYHOUSES. From *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct., 1745.


1. God save great George our King! Long live our no - ble King! God save the King!
2. O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies, And make them fall!
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store On George be pleased to pour, Long may he reign!
1. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py, and glo - ri ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King!
2. Confound their pol - i - tics, Frustrate their kna - vish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, O save us all!
3. May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause To say with heart and voice, God save the King!

* The harmony in the 4th bar is here apparently wrong. In the *Harmonia* and *Thesaurus* the treble notes are A A B, but the engraving in early copies shows traces that they have originally stood A B C as in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

In the November number of the same magazine a correspondent contributed another set of verses, commencing "Fame, let thy trumpet sound," as an improvement on the previously printed words.

Under the heading "For Two Voices," the first and second verses, with the music attached, appear on page 22 of a folio musical publication named *Harmonia Anglicana*, published by John Simpson of Sweeting's Alley; not dated. Chappell supposes that this work was published in 1742, but his conclusion is by no means proved, and it is more than probable that the date may be fixed in or near the year 1745. *Harmonia Anglicana* did not long exist under this name, which was removed from the engraved title page plate, and replaced by *Thesaurus Musicus;* the rest of the title was untouched and the contents remained the same. The title page then stood, "A Collection of Two, Three, and Four-Part Songs, several of them never before printed, to which are added some Choice Dialogues, set to Musick by the most Eminent Masters: viz., Dr. Blow, H. Purcell, Handel, Dr. Green, Dl. Purcell, Eccles, Weldon, Leveridge, Lampe, Carey, etc. The whole revis'd, carefully corrected, and figured by a Judicious Master."

While the melody and harmony in this work are precisely as in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, the opening words are "God save our *Lord* the King," not "Great *George* our King." Which of the two versions is the earlier will not now be easily discovered, but appearances point to the *Harmonia Anglicana* rather than to *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

With regard to the last-named publication, it is to be observed as negativing Carey's claim, that while Carey's name appears on the title page as one of importance, and is appended in the body of the work to certain airs, yet it does not appear in connection with "God save the King," and the same fact applies to *Calliope*, another work to be presently spoken of. It is therefore evident that Simpson did not regard Carey as the composer, otherwise his name would have been appended to the song as in other cases.

In 1746 John Simpson brought to a conclusion another musical work which had been running in periodical numbers for some years, commencing in 1738. Henry Roberts, an engraver, had first issued it under the title *Calliope; or, English Harmony*, and the first volume is dated 1739. After the work had proceeded a few numbers it appears to have been dropped, until Simpson completed it in 1746. This date is fixed by an advertisement in the book relating to "An Ode on the Return of the Duke of Cumberland from Scotland" (after Culloden), and a "Loyal Song" at page 155, dealing with the Scotch invasion of 1745. We may dismiss from consideration all later copies of "God save the King."

Before 1795 nobody appears to have considered it worthy of inquiry as to who was the composer. In that year George Saville Carey made an application for a pension from the State upon the ground that his father was the composer of the National Anthem. This application was refused, and does not appear to have been ever seriously considered by the Government. George Saville Carey founded his claim upon the following allegations:—

(1) That Dr. Harrington of Bath had told him that Henry Carey had brought the melody to John Christopher Smith in manuscript, and had requested him to help him with the bass, over which he had got into difficulties; Smith himself having told Harrington of this circumstance.

(2) That it was within the knowledge of several people that Carey had sung it at a public dinner held at a tavern in Cornhill, in 1740, on the occasion of Admiral Vernon's victory at Portobello.

These two allegations are *absolutely* the only evidence that has ever been adduced as to Carey's authorship, and these, more than half-a-century after the events, were promulgated in order to uphold a claim for a monetary consideration.

To consider them seriously we may first look at the simple, almost childish bass of the original, as given in *Harmonia Anglicana* and *Gentleman's Magazine*, and ask ourselves if it was likely that Carey, a clever musician of forty years' practice, was likely to have applied for aid in the matter. Secondly, Carey wrote at least two songs in celebration of Vernon's victory at Portobello, and it is quite possible that he may have sung these in public, especially as they would have been distinctly more appropriate to the occasion than "God save the King" at a public dinner in honour of Vernon's victory. It would be scarcely reasonable to ask gentlemen of that wine-bibbing period for particulars as to what happened after dinner, and to the uncertainty of such evidence must be added the weight of fifty-five years of tradition. So much for Carey's claim. In advancing another claim quite new to the public, I admit that nothing is proved, but I venture to say that there is more inherent probability in it than in Carey's.

In 1742 a clever Edinburgh musician, named James Oswald, who was originally a dancing master, left the North for London, and became associated on his arrival there with John Simpson, the publisher of the two early works in which "God save the King" appeared. So far as can be seen, all Oswald's early London work bearing his name was published by Simpson, and there seems to be great likelihood that Oswald did hack work for this London publisher, probably arranging or editing several of his musical publications. The chances also are that Oswald was employed by Simpson in his shop in Sweeting's Alley, near the Royal Exchange; for on the death of Simpson, about 1747, Oswald immediately commenced the trade of musicseller in St. Martin's Lane, where he published his own musical works. Whether such be the case or not, it is very possible that Oswald may have been the "Judicious Master" who "revised and carefully corrected" the pieces in *Harmonia Anglicana.* The figure of James Oswald is shadowy enough, but it is evident from eighteenth century musical publications that he was a notable composer, and that he was patronised by Frederick, Prince of Wales; and by the Princess of Wales, both before and after her husband's death. Oswald dedicated several works to these royal patrons. A peculiarity about James Oswald is that for some reason not now to be discovered he frequently published anonymously and under fictitious names. As, for instance, two sets of sonatas by "I. R., Esq." (generally considered to refer to General John Reid, founder of the Edinburgh music chair), are his. Oswald also published under the name "Dottel Figlio," and while these are established facts, it is suspected that he was also the "San Martini of London," who dedicated to the Princess of Wales a set of sonatas. Even Sir Walter Scott, in *Redgauntlet*, mentions Oswald thus:—"It's no a Scots tune, but it passes for ane; Oswald made it himsel', I reckon. He has cheated mony a ane, but he canna cheat Wandering Willie."

Oswald died in 1769, and William Randall republished as by Oswald certain works to which had been affixed fictitious names, such as the "I R. Sonatas," "Queen Mab," etc. In this work Randall says, "Sometime before Mr. Oswald's death he had fitted for the press a correct edition of his works, as well as those which were really such, but had formerly been published under the names of others for reasons not difficult to guess," etc., etc. Had Randall's edition been continued, "God save the King" might have found a place in it.

In 1761 James Oswald was appointed chamber composer to the new King George III., a significant fact.

The first direct association of Oswald's name with the tune "God save the King" occurs on a dial plate belonging to the chimes of Windsor Church, which were hung in 1769 under the superintendence of Oswald himself. The dial plate was in existence in 1815, and was then found to bear the names of the eight tunes played by the bells, the one indicating "God save the King" being engraved "Osweld's Are." This fact is mentioned in Clark's *Account of the National Anthem* as from the information of a correspondent, but is silently passed over by Clark and subsequent writers. Tabulating the facts, the conclusion is irresistible that they establish a stronger claim in favour of Oswald than any that has been adduced on behalf of Carey.

(1) "God save the King" is named in 1769 on the dial plate of the chimes of Windsor Church as "Osweld's Are."
(2) In 1761 Oswald was appointed chamber composer to George III. over the heads of better-known musicians.
(3) James Oswald was a strong royalist as witnessed by his numerous dedications to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

(4) The numerous fictitious names under which Oswald published prove that he was not anxious to make public claim to much excellent work.

(5) "God save the King" was first published by John Simpson, for whom Oswald at the time of its publication did so much work, and, with the exception of the publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine* copy, no other publisher appears to have issued the song before 1747, the date of Simpson's death. This would suggest that Simpson may have held a copyright. Single half-sheet copies with the music were issued, but these bear no publisher's or engraver's name, and were probably Simpson's own issue.

(6) Simpson's suppression of Oswald's name, a suppression which was probably intentional, at a time when Scotsmen were in disfavour with English loyalists.

The conclusions to be drawn from the facts above set forth may not make out a very strong case for Oswald, but the claim set up in his favour is at least as good as Carey's, and it is possible that the attention now drawn to the facts may be productive of still stronger evidence.

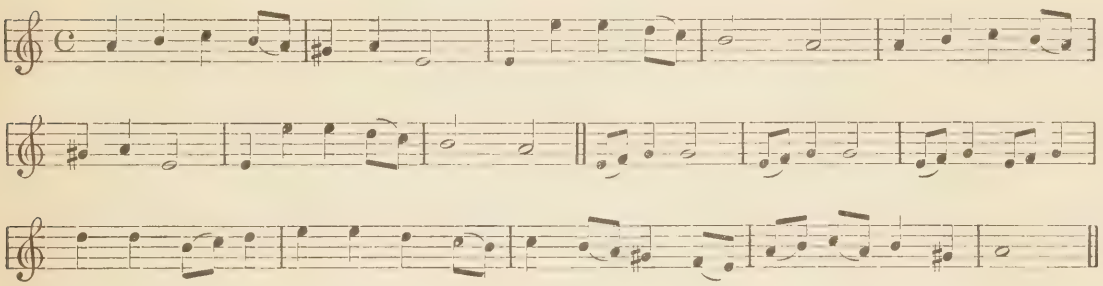
In concluding this lengthy note it may be pointed out that the slight differences in the air which are observable on comparing an early copy with the now accepted version are due to variations made soon after the first publication of the song.

HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW? (See page 9).

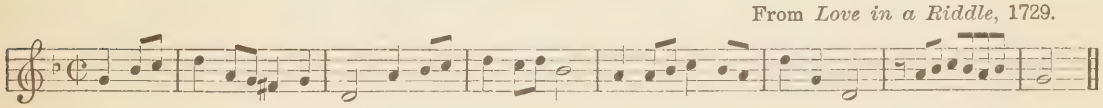
The ballad air may be compared with a tune used to the words, "My simple heart is fled away," in *Love in a Riddle*, 1729, and with the following from the opera, *The Wonders in the Sun; or, the Kingdom of the Birds*, 1706:—

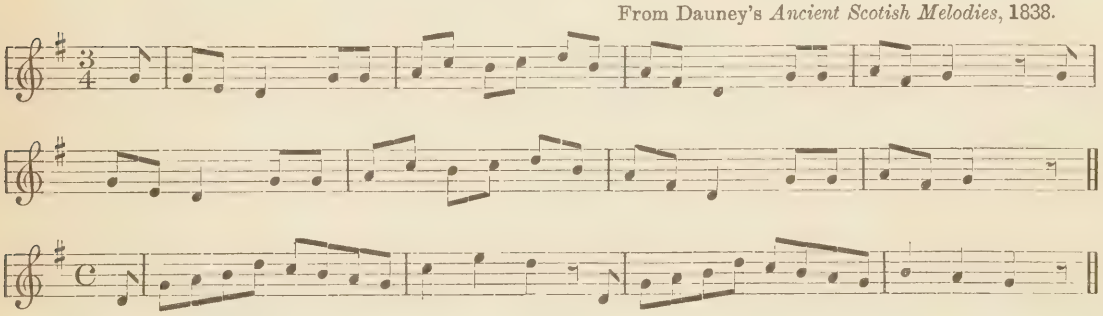
In the Fields in Frost and Snows.

See *Pills*, vol. ii., 1719, and *Dancing Master*, 1719.



My Simple Heart is Fled Away.

From *Love in a Riddle*, 1729.

THE SPANISH LADY (See page 10).

From Dauney's *Ancient Scotish Melodies*, 1838.

ADMIRAL BENBOW (See page 25).

A famous forecastle ditty apparently dating from the death of Benbow, who was fatally wounded in action in 1702. The tune is a fine and sturdy English melody, and we take as the best version the one from Dale's *English Songs*, folio, *circa* 1800. Before this date it had appeared in Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress*, 1783. The words there commence, "O we sail'd to Virginia and thence to New York," and the song has two more verses than usual. The tune alone is in Aird's *Selection of Scotch, English, Irish, and Foreign Airs*, book 5, and for his collection, printed in 1805, the Rev. James Plumptre wrote another ballad to the melody, commencing "When in war on the ocean." The original song was sung on the stage by Charles Incledon. Readers of *Jacob Faithful* will remember old Tom singing the ditty. Another "Death of Admiral Benbow," begins "Come, all ye sailors bold, lend an ear," but this is entirely different in verse and structure, and is fitted to a fine tune of its own.

THE THREE RAVENS (See page 32).

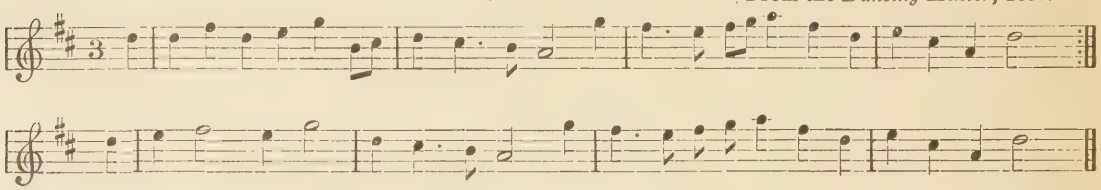
There can be but little doubt that the ballad of "The Three Ravens" is among our very early existing fragments of traditional ballad poetry. Its equivalents are found among Scottish and Danish folk ballads, and the present writer has rescued from tradition a version of the ballad and air once current in Derbyshire (see Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*), and there may still be lingering remembrances of the ballad and air in other parts of rural England. The air and ballad were first printed in a collection of part songs, entitled *Melismata*, published in 1611. The Scottish form of the ballad is "The Twa Corbies,' copies being in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders*, Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 1827, and other collections. Motherwell also gives a traditional air. James Sibbald, of Edinburgh, first unearthed the *Melismata* version for his new series of *The Vocal Magazine*, 1800, and after this followed Chappell's reprint.

TOM TINKER'S MY TRUE LOVE (See page 37).

The original song commencing "Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his dear," is an early 17th century one, but is probably not that intolerably coarse production which is printed in the sixth volume of *Pills*, 1720. As no other version of "Tom Tinker," except this has been discovered, a fresh song has been written for the purpose of enabling the very pretty melody, which is the one employed by D'Urfey in *Pills*, and by Gay in *The Beggars' Opera*, to be sung. Previous to these copies is an air given in the first [1650] and later editions of Playford's *Dancing Master*, but this, though possibly once fitted to an original version of the song, is quite different from the more musical one we use. The *Dancing Master* set will be found below. Doubtless Purcell, when he composed the last movement of his *Golden Sonata*, had the melody of "Tom Tinker" in his memory.

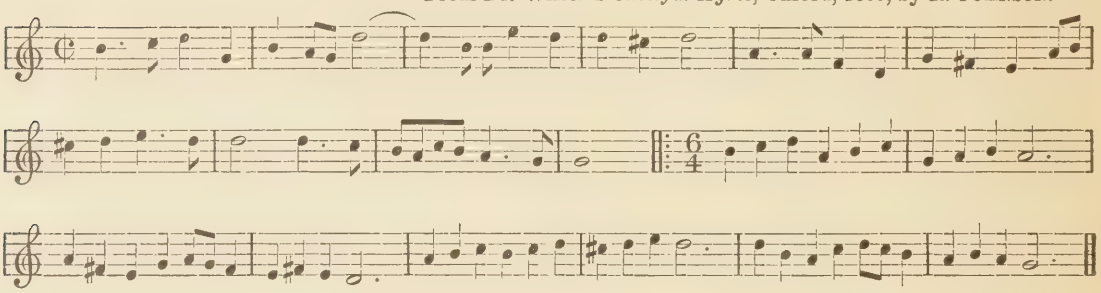
TOM TINKER.

From the *Dancing Master*, 1665.



WHERE THE BEE SUCKS (See page 41).

From Dr. Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres*, Oxford, 1660, by R. JOHNSON.



COME YOU NOT FROM NEWCASTLE? (See page 48.)

A song sung to the "Northern tune, 'Cam'st thou not from Newcastle?'" is quoted in a black letter volume printed in the time of Elizabeth, called *The famous Historie of Fryer Bacon*, and a fragment of the original song is in the Percy folio as follows:—

"Come you not from Newcastle,
Come you not thereaway?
O met you not my true love
Riding on a bonny bay?
* * *
Why should I not love my love,
Why should not my love love me?
* * *

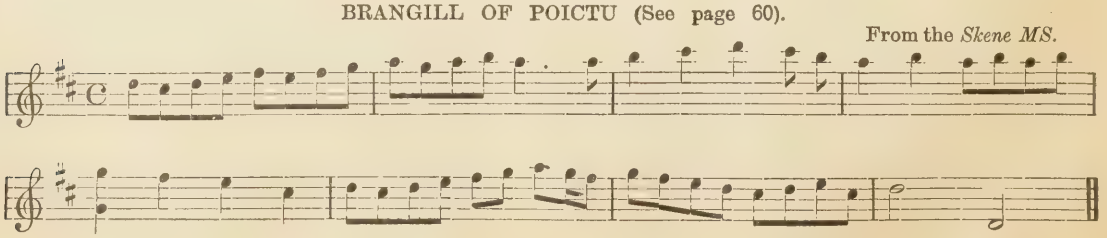
The tune itself under the name "Newcastle" is in *The Dancing Master* from 1650 to the 8th edition of 1690. An entirely new song has been written for the present work, in which is included the above fragment of the original words.

AS I WALKED FORTH ONE SUMMER'S DAY (See page 51).

A rather unusual song to be seen in printed collections of its period. It is to be found with the air by "Mr. Robert Johnson," in *The Treasury of Musick*, 1669, entitled "A Forsaken Lover's Complaint." Robert Johnson, of whom there seems but little known, was a lutenist and composer, whose name occasionally crops up in the Playford publications and in other places. The song itself appears to be part of a version of the lengthy ballad, "Near Woodstock town," for several of the verses of each are practically the same. As before suggested, it is rather remarkable to find what is evidently a folk ballad included among the classic compositions of the 17th century.

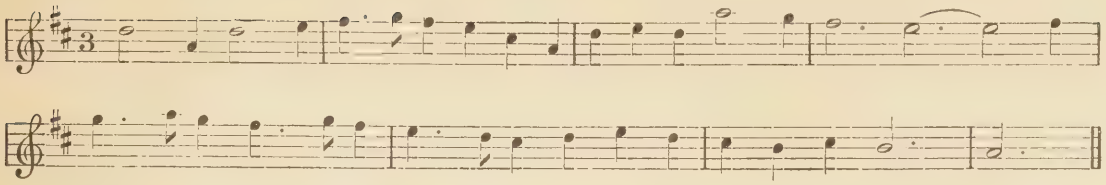
BRANGILL OF POICTU (See page 60).

From the *Skene MS.*

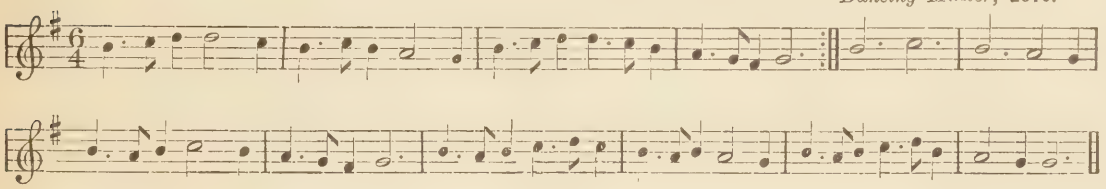


JOG ON, MY HONEY (See page 70).

From the *Dancing Master*, 1670 and 1690.



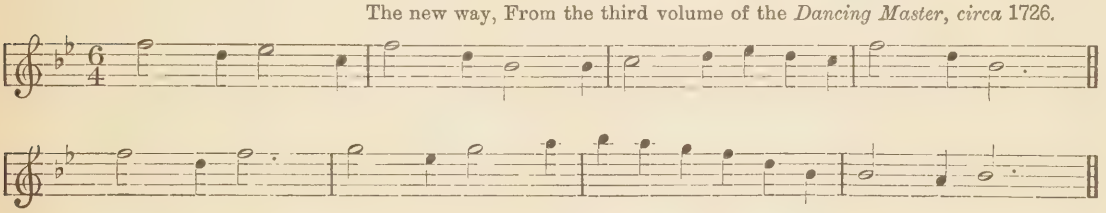
HALF HANNYKIN (See page 72).

Dancing Master, 1670.

HARVEST HOME (See page 74).

Sung in Purcell and Dryden's opera, *King Arthur; or, the British Worthy*, acted in 1691. The stage directions run—"Enter Comus with three peasants, who sing the following song in parts." Comus sings the first verse, and the peasants follow with a verse each. As the original manuscripts of Purcell's music to *King Arthur* were in part lost, it is uncertain whether the above tune first found in *Pills* and there set to the song, is the original one composed by Purcell. Be this as it may, it became the one always associated with the song, and this frequently commenced with the first line of the second verse, "We've cheated the parson." Under this title it is given as the old name for the tune in *Achilles*, 1733, *Lovers' Opera*, 1729, and a number of other ballad operas. The song was printed on ballad sheets with the first line changed to "Our oats they are howed, and our barley's reaped.' It provoked a ballad "Answer," in which the long sermons of the parson are defended (see Chappell, p. 583). A portion of the tune was used in the second part of "Boys and girls, come out to play," printed in the third volume of the *Dancing Master*, *circa* 1726-7.

Boys and Girls, Come Out to Play

The new way, From the third volume of the *Dancing Master*, *circa* 1726.



LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY (See page 87).

The tune is in *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666, and with the song attached, in Forbes' *Cantus*, 1662-1665, 1682. Chappell refers to a copy in *Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol*, 1652; he also states that it is quoted in Brome's play, *The Sparagus Garden*, 1635. The song with the air is in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. vi., 1720, and in Ritson's *English Songs*, 1783. It seems to have been very popular, for it is on black letter ballad sheets, and there are several parodies of it. In Scotland the song was united to a different melody and began "Quite over the mountains" (see Johnson's *Museum*, vol. ii., 1788). This is the setting printed in M'Fadyen's *Repository of Scots and Irish Airs*, as in M'Goun's work of the same title, both Glasgow publications printed near the junction of the 18th and 19th centuries.

GIPSY SONG (See page 106).

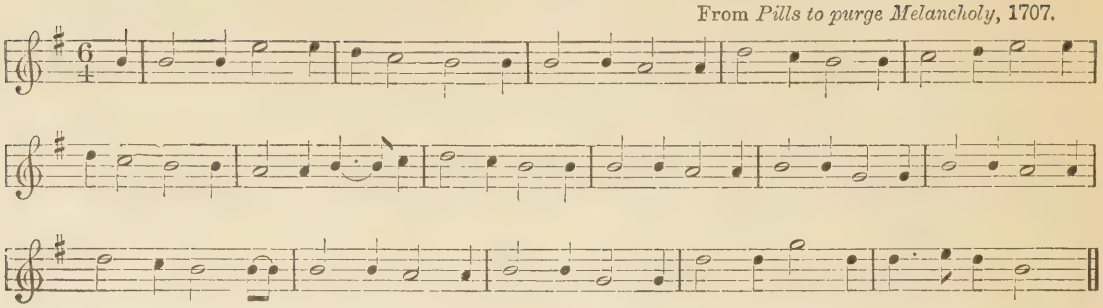
A folk ballad taken from the Rev. John Broadwood's book of Sussex songs, published in 1843. The words frequently occur on ballad sheets under the title, "The Lost Lady found," and another setting of the song is printed in the late Dr. Barrett's *English Folk Songs*. This latter copy was obtained in Cheshire; the melody, however, is wrongly placed with the words, for it is the tune to the folk ballad, "The Summer Morning" (see Dixon's *Songs of the Peasantry*, Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, etc.), which is always united to its own particular tune throughout Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the other northern counties. We have only used a selection of the verses, and have to thank Miss L. E. Broadwood for the loan of the rare volume in which they and the tune originally occur.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN (See page 133).

The Helston Furry Dance is one of the most singular customs still retained in England. The dance is a survival of a "morris," and is performed to the tune given above, every old May day, *i.e.*, 8th of May, at Helston, in Cornwall. Parties of ladies and gentlemen dressed in bright attire with a profusion of flowers, trip in couples, to the number of thirty or forty, through the streets, and even through the houses of the little town. While a band plays the historical old tune given above, the couples sing the verses here given under the music. The festival is supposed to be a survival of a very ancient rite dating from an early British period. The air is distinctly an old "morris" dance tune; it seems to have first seen the light of print in Jones' *Bardic Museum*, 1802, from whence it was taken into Geo. Thomson's *Welsh Melodies*, vol ii., 1811, and another version is given in Davies Gilbert's *Ancient Christmas Carols*, 1823. It also found a place in Wm. Chappell's *National English Airs*, 1838.

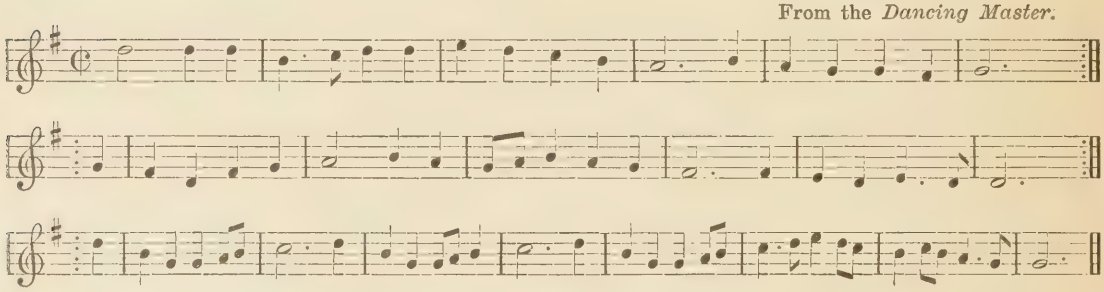
THE LEATHER BOTTLE (See page 148).

From *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1707.



GATHERING PEASCODS (See page 152).

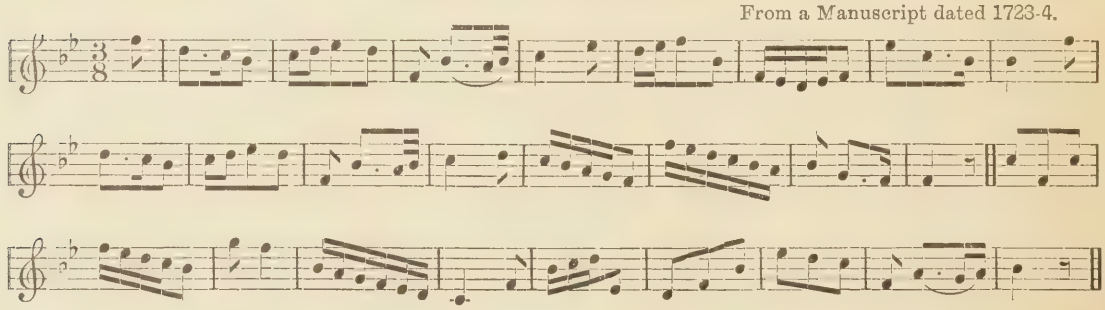
From the *Dancing Master.*



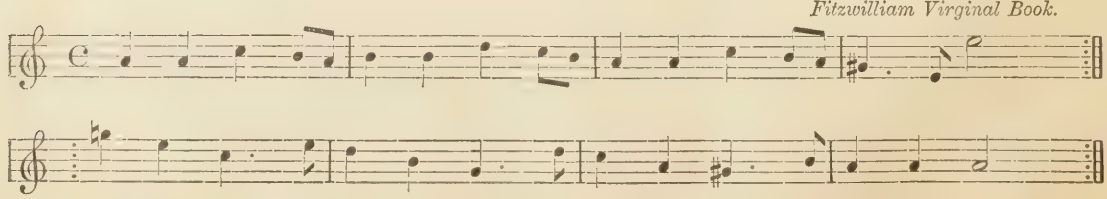
BLACK-EY'D SUSAN (See page 164.)

The words of this sweetest of English lyrics were written by John Gay before 1723. The tune now popular is by Richard Leveridge, a composer and a bass singer, born 1670, died 1758. His tune was by no means the first or only one set to the song, the earliest traceable being an air headed, "Black-Ey'd Susan," in a small manuscript volume of airs for the violin, in the library of the writer, dated on the front page, "Patrick Cummings, his book, Edinburgh, 1723," and on the last page the same name with the date 1724. The ture from this manuscript is printed below. Next in date to this comes an air for it by Henry Carey engraved with the words on half-sheet music, *circa* 1725-30. Carey's tune was not much of a success, and it soon gave place to a version of the present well known one by Richard Leveridge, who was composer of so many of our best English airs. Part of Carey's air is used in *The Beggars' Opera*, and for a song, "In Praise of Annie," in the first volume of Watts' *Musical Miscellany*, 1729. It is also found on the early half sheets; one in the possession of the writer, *circa* 1725-30, has the words set to three separate tunes—one by Carey, another by Leveridge, and a third "by Signr. Sendoni." Leveridge's tune is used in the *Village Opera*, 1729, and with the song (as in most early copies), entitled "Sweet William's Farewell to Black Ey'd Susan," is also in Watts' *Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv., 1730. Besides Signr. Sendoni, J. F. Lampe wrote an air for the song, and this is printed in *The Muse's Delight*, Liverpool, 1754. Attention must be drawn to the fact that the version of the tune as now sung was first printed in its present form by Chappell, and he seems to have had no early authority for the change in the first two or three bars, which are precisely like Dr. Greene's "Fair Sally loved a bonny seaman."

Black-Ey'd Susan.

From a Manuscript dated 1723-4.

QUODLING'S DELIGHT (See page 180).

Fitzwilliam Virginal Book.



MAIDEN FAIR (See page 185).

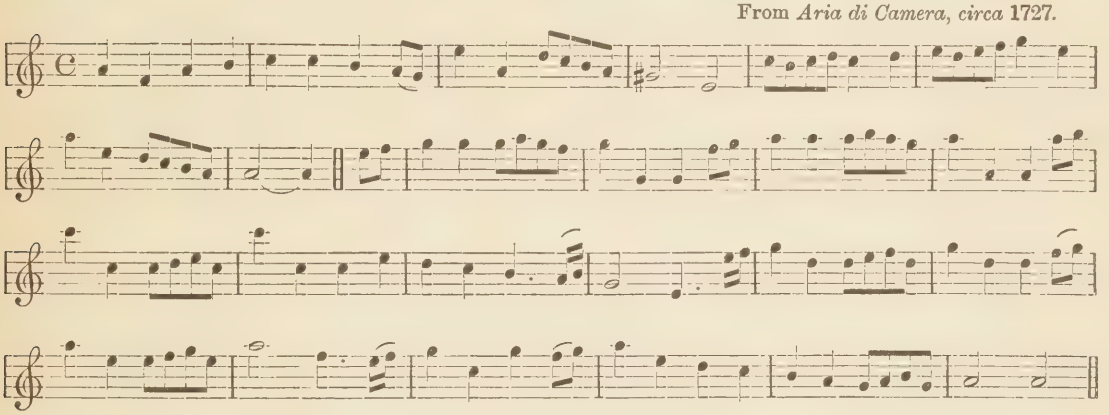
From *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS (See page 214).

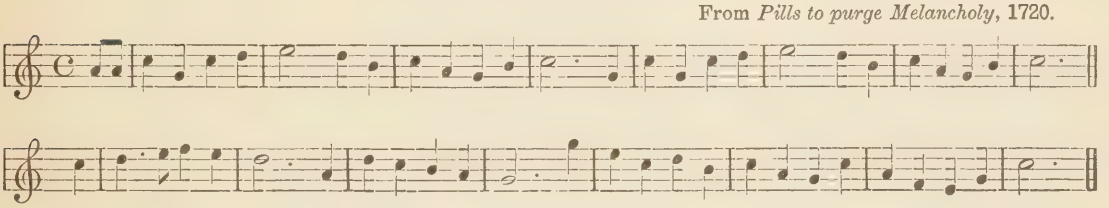
This the most noteworthy of British military tunes, as it now stands, is probably of the reign of Queen Anne. Since that period it has evidently passed down traditionally in the regiment to which it refers, until about 1750, when it appeared on half-sheet music. The present copy is taken from one of those sheets. The air has much affinity to certain other melodies, as, for instance, "Sir Edward Nowell's Delight," "All you that Love Good Fellows," "The London Prentice," etc. There is also an air in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Manuscript called "Nancie" which bears considerable resemblance to this tune. "The London Prentice," or "Blow the Candle Out," has its melody printed in *Pills*, vol. vi., p. 342, 1720, and is evidently the same air as "All you that Love Good Fellows," and this air thus printed is a version of "The British Grenadiers."

Irish musicians have laid claim to the tune of "The British Grenadiers" as the composition of Carolan. Carolan's tune is named "Grace (or Grecy) Nugent," and is included in the edition of his works published by John Lee of Dublin, about 1780; in *Bunting's First Collection*, 1796; Miss Owenson's volume, etc. With words by Robert Burns, commencing "Louis, what reck I by thee?" the first part of the air is printed in Johnson's *Museum*, vol. v., 1797, Burns himself having obtained the air. A much earlier edition of Carolan's "Grace Nugent" occurs in a very rare book, printed about 1727-8, by Daniel Wright, London, entitled *Aria di Camera, being a choice Collection of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh Airs*, 12mo. As this work is excessively rare the air in question is reprinted below as the earliest printed copy of Carolan's tune known. Those interested may decide how much or how little "Grace Nugent" resembles the sturdy tune "British Grenadiers"; the writer is free to confess his inability to reconcile the two. It must also be remembered that "Sir Edward Nowell's Delight," a melody far more like the "British Grenadiers," was printed in a Dutch book in 1634, thirty-six years before Carolan was born; also, that other tunes with a great resemblance to the one just named are to be found in manuscript and in print at even earlier dates.

GRACE NUGENT BY CARRALLAN [CAROLAN].

From *Aria di Camera, circa* 1727.

THE LONDON 'PRENTICE.

From *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1720.



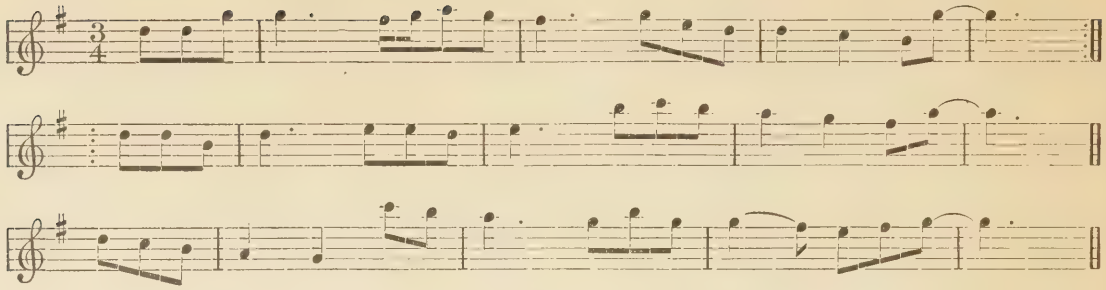
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY (See page 215).

The story of the writing of this our best-known English song is to the effect that Henry Carey, then a young man, accidentally observing the simple courtship of a shoemaker's apprentice and his sweetheart during a holiday, followed them unobserved through all the delights of Moorfields, the Farthing Pye House, Bedlam, and the Flying Chairs, and composed the song which relates the guileless love of the 'prentice for his dear. This must have been some time about 1715, or a couple of years later. Carey, who was then supplying the town with hosts of ballads and tunes, composed an air to the song he had written, which, under the title, "Sally in our Alley," is printed in Walsh's *Compleat Country Dancing Master*, vol. ii., 1719. As "London Sally" the melody occurs in later dance books published by Walsh and by Daniel Wright, and as "Charming Sally" and "Pretty Sally" Carey's tune is used in the different ballad operas, including *The Beggars' Opera*, *The Fashionable Lady*, etc. It must, however, be noted that Carey's tune, though an excellent one in itself, is not the air now known to the words, which was originally fitted to a ballad named "The Country Lass." The ballad itself probably dates before the middle of the 17th century; it begins—

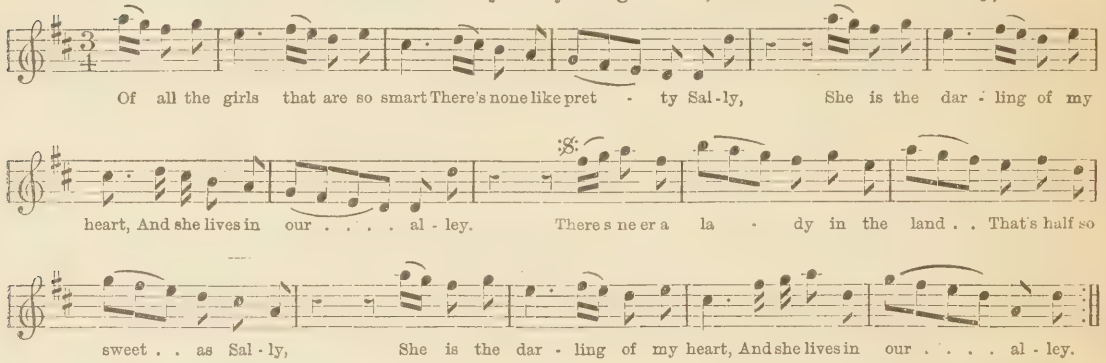
> "Although I am a country lass
> A lofty mind I bear—a," etc.,

and although this was sung to several airs, the present tune for it did not get into print much before 1731—in that year as "What though I am a Country Lass!" A version is printed in *The Devil to Pay*, and as "The Virtuous Country Maid" in Daniel Wright's *Compleat Tutor for ye Flute, circa* 1735. A copy of this air as well as Henry Carey's original one is given on following page. Carey's air was displaced probably not much before 1790-8. It was about this period that Charles Incledon and Dignum sang the song to a version of the tune now known; but in the various copies printed from about 1790 to 1810 the tune has much variation in its versions and is by no means so satisfactory a melody as either the "Virtuous Country Maid" of *circa* 1735, or Carey's own air.

Virtuous Country Maid.

From Wright's *Compleat Tutor for ye flute, circa* 1735.

Sally in our Alley.

Henry Carey's original Air, from his *Musical Century*, 1740.


Of all the girls that are so smart There's none like pret - ty Sal - ly, She is the dar - ling of my
heart, And she lives in our . . . . al - ley. There's ne'er a la - dy in the land . . That's half so
sweet . . as Sal - ly, She is the dar - ling of my heart, And she lives in our . . . . al - ley.

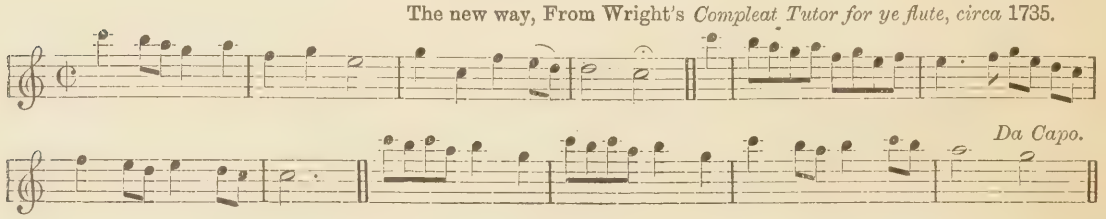
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES (See page 217).

The words of this beautiful and ever-popular song are by Ben Jonson. They are among his earlier poems, and are addressed "To Celia." The first musical setting of the lyric is uncertain, the present tune probably not dating much prior to 1750 or 1760. The composition of the melody has been ascribed to a Colonel Mellish, and in an American work even to Mozart! but while it is impossible to satisfactorily identify the writer of it we may rest well assured that the melody is purely English The air appeared as a glee for three voices on sheet music published by S. Babb (1770-1780), Dale, A. Bland, and others of later date, and thus arranged for three voices it was printed in many books of catches and glees Among song books the tune and words are given in *The Vocal Magazine*, Edinburgh, 1793, *Corri's Collection*, Edinburgh, folio, Dale's *English Songs*, Crosby's *English Musical Repository*, etc., etc.

Before the present well-known tune came into notice the song had other musical settings; one entitled "The Thirsty Lover" was printed by James Oswald on a half sheet about 1750. Another air to the words is to be found in a folio manuscript collection of airs dated 1752 in the writer's library. There is also a fresh setting in Linley's *Posthumous Works* (*circa* 1812) probably by T. Linley.

COUNTRY GARDEN (See page 220).

The new way, From Wright's *Compleat Tutor for ye flute, circa* 1735.



Early version of "The Vicar of Bray," from Edward Ward's *Miscellaneous Writings in Verse and Prose*, vol. iii., 1712.

THE RELIGIOUS TURNCOAT; OR, THE TRIMMING PARSON.

I lov'd no king in forty-one
When Prelacy went down;
A cloak and band I then put on,
And preached against the Crown.

Chorus—A turncoat is a cunning man,
That cants to admiration,
And prays for any side, to gain
The people's approbation.

* * *

When brewer Noll with copper nose
The stinking Rump dismounted,
I wisely still adher'd to those
Who strongest were accounted.

I preached and prayed for Oliver,
And all his vile abettors,
But curs'd the King and Cavalier,
And cried 'em down for traitors.

When Charles returned unto the land,
The English Crown's supporter,
I shifted off my cloak and band
And then became a Courtier

The King's religion I profest,
And found there was no harm in't;
I coged and flattered like the rest,
Till I had got preferment.

* * *

When Royal James began his reign,
And Mass was used in common,
I shifted off my Faith again,
And so became a Roman.

* * *

When William had possess'd the throne,
And cur'd our country's grievance,
New principles I then put on,
And swore to him allegiance.

I then preached up King William's right
Pray'd for his foes' confusion,
And so remained a Williamite,
Till another Revolution.

But when Queen Anne the throne posses't,
I then, to save my bacon,
Turn'd High Church, thinking that was best,
But found myself mistaken.

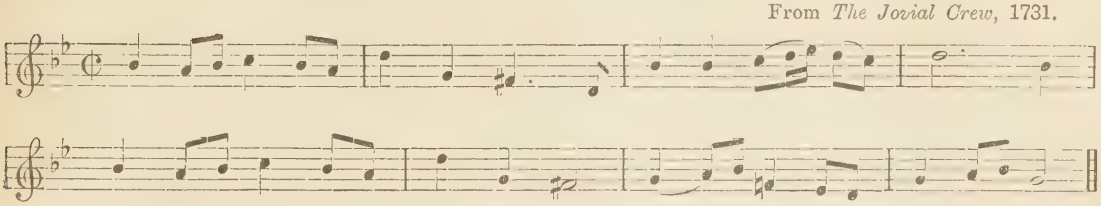
For soon discerning very plain,
The Whigs had got the better,
I turn'd Low Churchman, so remain
A Trimming Moderator.

Therefore all you, both high and low,
Let me for once direct you,—
Serve no cause longer than you know
The party can protect you.

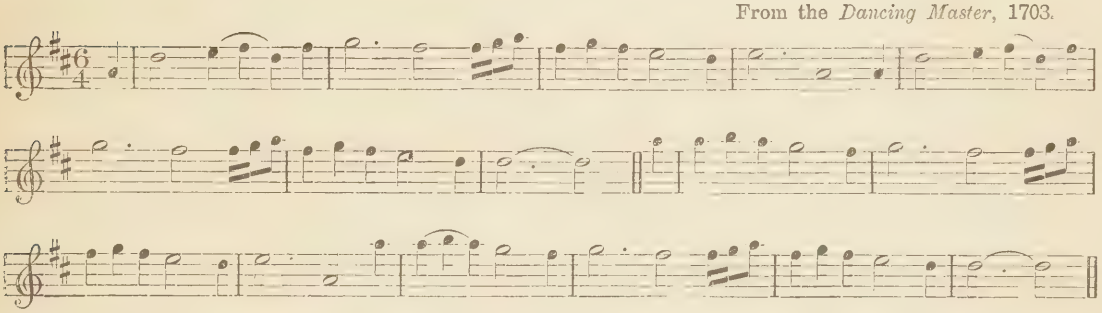
The writer is in possession of a version of the above (having considerable variation), engraved as a half-sheet song, with music. The air employed is one popular at this time, named "London is a Fine Town," and the last monarch named in the song is the first George. The sheet was probably engraved about 1720-30.

THE BAILY'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON (See page 222).

From *The Jovial Crew*, 1731.



THE QUEEN'S JIGG (See page 237).

From the *Dancing Master*, 1703.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN (See page 238).

A Tory song of the reign of Queen Anne and of George I. Although originally merely expressive of loyalty to the sovereign and the fair sex, many political songs became associated with the tune. Hogg, in his *Jacobite Relics*, first series, gives one version with the remark that he is "unacquainted with the song and air;" nevertheless, this fine melody has been deservedly a great favourite in England, and is probably as good an example of a characteristic English tune as could well be chosen. On a half-sheet, engraved about 1720, it is headed:—"A Song, sung by Mr. Dyer at Mr. Bullock's Booth, at Southwark Fair." In singing the song at Lincoln's Inn Theatre at a later date, the singer above named introduced an additional verse. The tune, without the words, is given in the third volume of the *Dancing Master*, *circa* 1726, and is also to be found in several early dance collections issued by John Walsh, senior. It is hardly necessary to mention that the "Dead Men" of the song are the drained bottles, which were usually thrown under the table.

COME, ALL YOU JOLLY WATERMEN (See page 239).

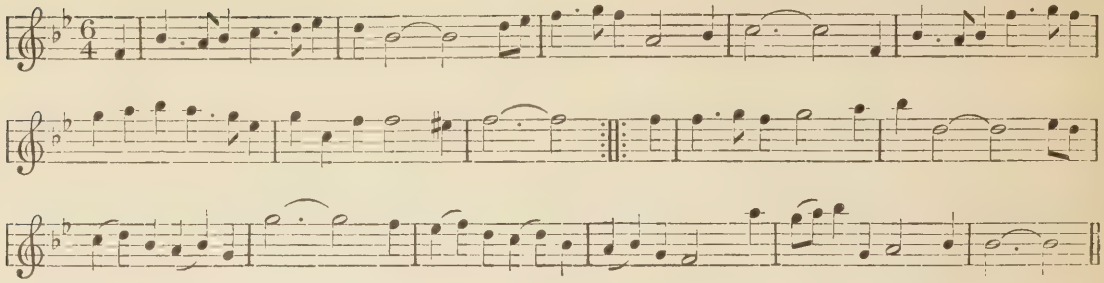
From a half-sheet song in the British Museum, *circa* 1734-40. The song bears upon the marriage of the then Princess Royal of England with the Prince of Orange in March, 1734. The event made a profound sensation in England, and there are numerous songs, musical odes, dance tunes, etc., extant which it called forth. (See *Thesaurus Musicus*, p. 65, for one of these.) The title on the musical half-sheet which is here used runs:—"The Jolly Waterman, sung by Mr. Bardin in the Entertainment at the Theatre in Goodman's Fields:" and Mr. Barclay Squire, who kindly forwards a copy, makes the likely suggestion that the tune is probably by Henry Carey, who wrote a musical entertainment named *The Happy Nuptials*, which was inserted in *Britannia; or, the Royal Lovers*, performed at Goodman's Fields on the occasion of the wedding.

QUEEN BESSES' DAME OF HONOUR (See page 284).

This song was sung by Mrs. Willis in D'Urfey's opera, *The Kingdom of the Birds* (1706), and was printed in *Pills*, vol. i., 1719, to an air of its own. This air is in the present volume replaced by a spirited English tune of a rather earlier date, known as "The Prodigal's Resolution," originally given to a song beginning "I am a lusty, lively lad." It is found with the words in all editions of *Pills to purge Melancholy*. The verses formed one of the songs in a city pageant and were published in 1672. Earlier than this, the tune, under the title, "Jamaica," was printed in the 4th (1670) edition of the *Dancing Master*, as well as in many later ones. Chappell suggests that the name "Jamaica" refers to taking of that island from the Spaniards in 1655.

CUPID'S GARDEN (See page 302).

From the *Dancing Master*, 1690.



RULE, BRITANNIA (See page 306).

Since the note to this song was penned, Mr. John Churton Collins has advocated the claim in favour of Thomson, as author of the words of the famous lyric, in his *Ephemra Critica*, 1901. It does not appear, however, that Mr. Collins has advanced any absolutely fresh facts bearing on the matter. He certainly holds a very poor opinion of Mallet as a man, but the statement, even if true, that David Mallet "was notoriously a man who could not be believed on oath, and was an adept in all those bad arts by which little men filch honours which do not belong to them" is scarcely argument, inasmuch that Mr. Collins admits that he was "a respectable poet" and had already written songs, poems, and ballads, with marked success. "The Birks of Invermay," and "William and Margaret" are now thoroughly incorporated into Scottish song. The initials which are appended to the verses in *The Charmer* of 1752, and the full name, "Jas. Thomson," in the edition of 1782, really afford the strongest claim that may be adduced in favour of Thomson; but as this ascription appears to be otherwise unsupported, it is quite within the bounds of possibility, that the editor appended Thomson's name, rather at haphazard, knowing that Thomson was joint author of *Alfred*.

The authorship of "Rule, Britannia," is unlikely to be ever satisfactorily settled, and we cannot at this length of time definitely say whether the writing is that of one man or the result of collaboration. The glorious tune has had a far greater influence than the words on the adoption of the lyric as our National Song. For a very thorough *resumé* of facts relating to "Rule, Britannia," and for an advocacy of claims on behalf of Mallet, see Dr. Dinsdale's *Ballads and Songs of David Mallet*, 1857.